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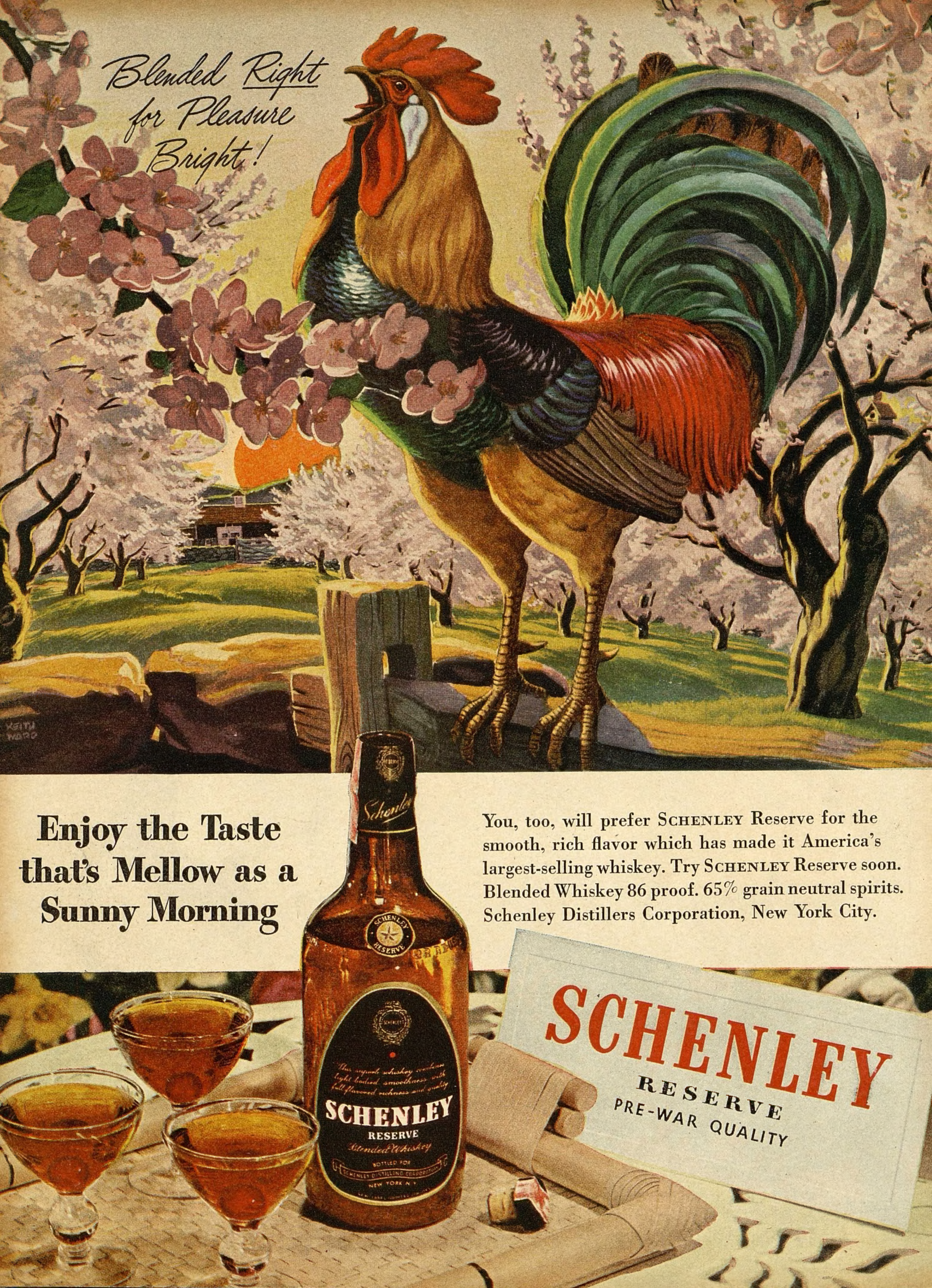
Liberty

ANDREW LOOMIS

Book: FOREVER POSSESS – Romance and Revolt in Old New Yor

WHEN THE JAPS BOMBED MICHIGAN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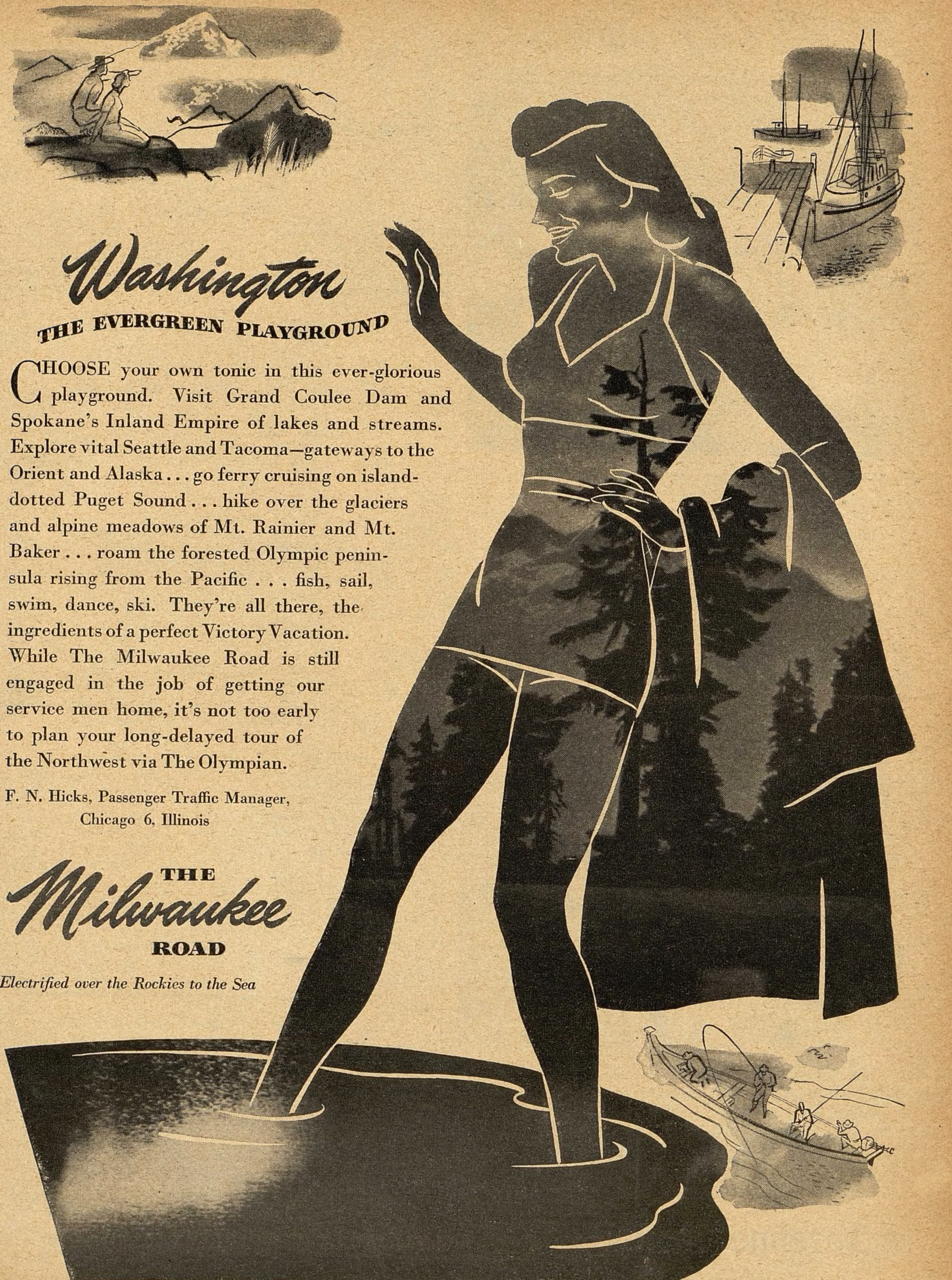

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Painted by Andrew Loomis

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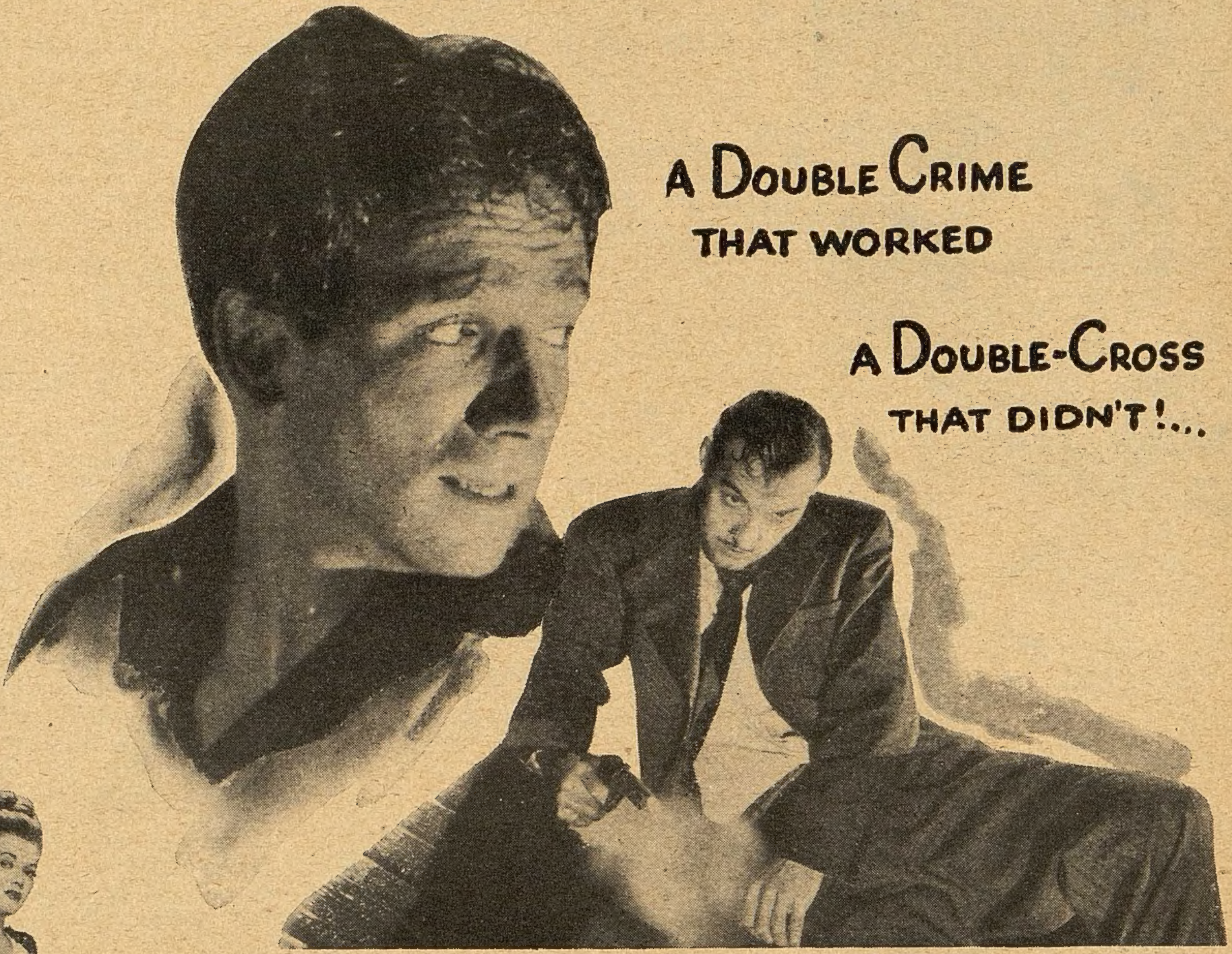

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

RESOUNDING SMACK

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I suppose Jacqueline Cochran's (March 9) modesty prevented her from letting her readers in on what must have been one of the high points of her recent travels. But the kiss General Wainwright gave her at Baguio deserves at least a footnote in history. Liberty's attractive correspondent was the first American woman the hero of Corregidor had seen after his liberation from a Japanese prison camp, when he arrived at the Philippines' shattered summer capital for the surrender of Yamashita. After the ceremony, the emaciated Wainwright hobbled into the press room for a brief interview, and the charming Jackie stepped forward with a question. Wainwright didn't know who she was and he didn't ask. He just took one long look at her, reached out and grabbed her—and gave her a resounding smack. She told us afterward she considered it one of the nicest things that had ever happened to her.—*Lowell M. Limpus* (ex-war correspondent).

LAY OFF THE AGITATING

FORT MACARTHUR, CALIF.—Walter L. Monk states in Vox Pop (March 16) that "World War II was started by the collectivist-run states." This is all quite true.

But I question his authority when he goes on to say, "The countries that were threatening the peace and eventually caused the war were Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan—all run by totalitarian governments."

It is utterly ridiculous to say that Russia was an instigator of World War II. She fought on the side of the Allies, a fact for which all Americans ought to be thankful.

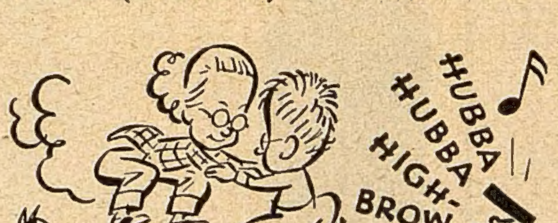
Further, I sincerely believe that World War III, when and if it comes, will not be based as much on activities of Soviet Russia's "unco-operativeness and her stubborn determination to play the game her way or not at all," but rather on the attitude and conduct of some Americans toward our allies. I say we should devote ourselves to building up good will and understanding of other peoples and nations and lay off the agitation and rabble-rousing.—*T/Sgt. Lewis Howard, T/4 Luis Herrero, T/4 Paul E. Francis, T/4 Andrew A. MacCortle, T/5 James S. Hansen, 1st Lt. Glenn K. Deatherage, Capt. Wilson B. Korona, Lt. McCoy E. Palmer.*

CHANGE THE MILITARY

DENVER, COLO.—Herbert R. Smith (Vox Pop, March 16), like many others today, seems to think that it is impossible for us to "carry a big stick" without conscription. This is the result of blind mass thinking. In this atomic age of scientific miracles, surely we should be able to prepare to stop any aggressor without having some master mind tell our young men they *must* submit to military training, or else! Voluntary enlistments would do it—not under our present set-up, but by making our military more democratic and by offering better pay and schooling. Then when they finished a four hitch in any military branch, our young men would be qualified for a well-paid job in civilian life.—*G. H. Rohlf.*

GRAY MATTER GROWING

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I propose a lusty cheer for Donna Geyer's short story, Today Could Be Out of This World (March 9). It's about time somebody admitted that the younger generation has some gray matter.



I was a flapper in the roaring '20s, and neither my friends nor I had a fraction of the horse sense the kids have these days.—*Olive Bradshaw.*

Any comments from other erstwhile flappers?—VOX POP EDITOR.

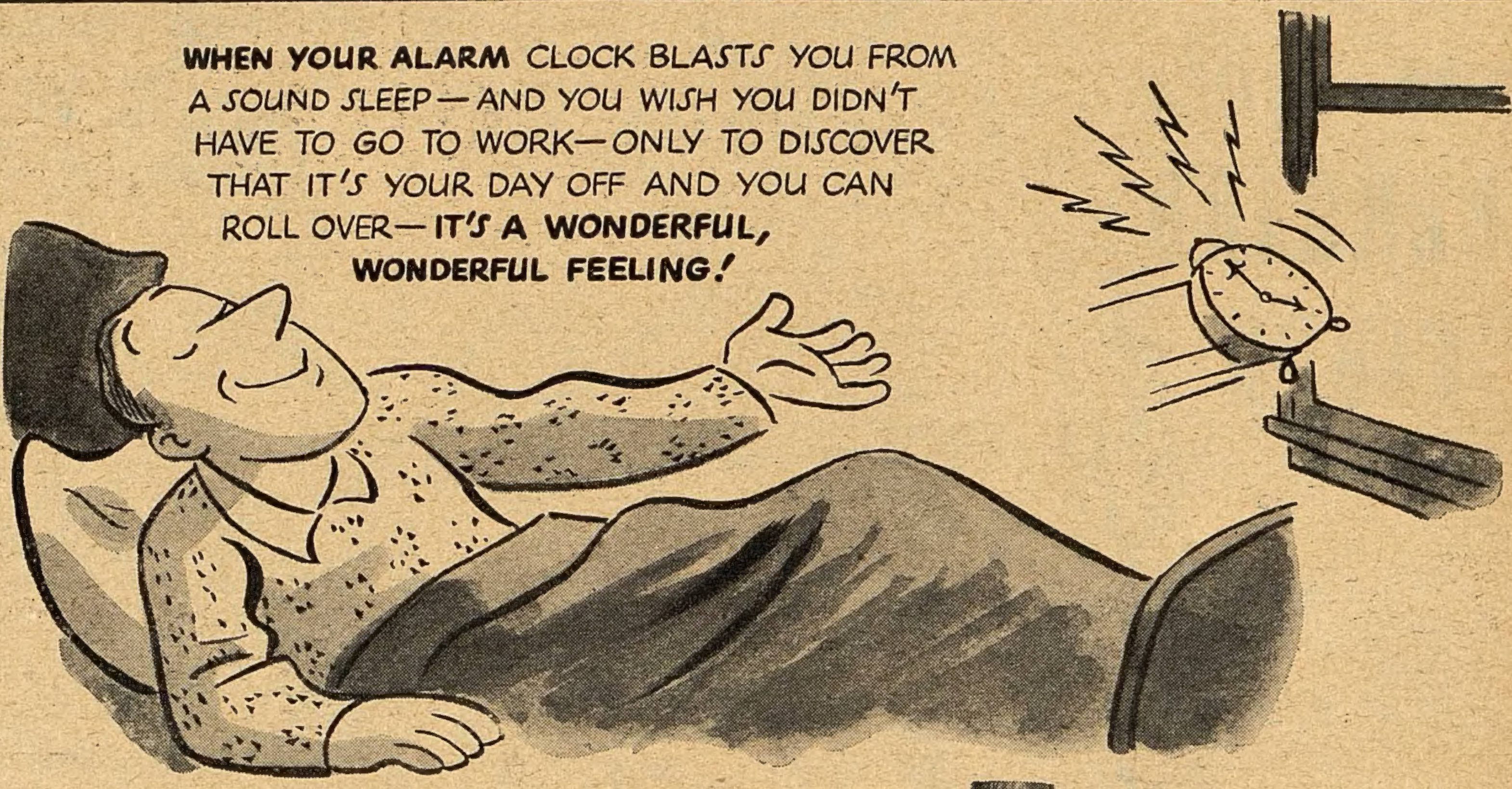
PROGRESS FOR THE NEGRO

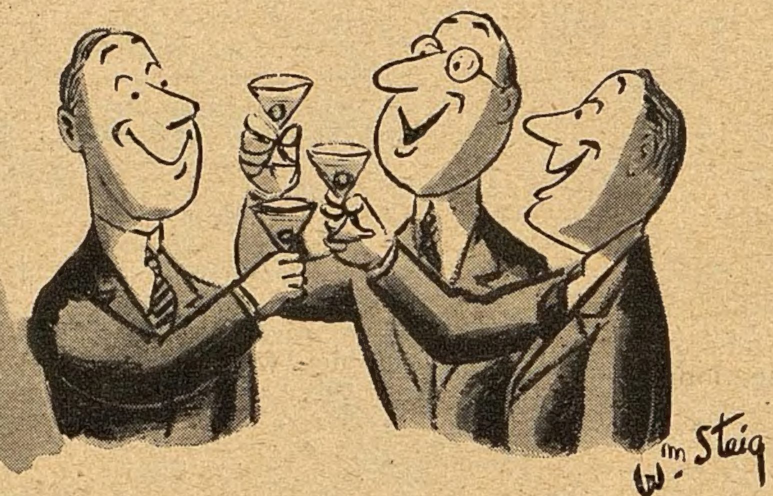
JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—In the long run the Negro would be better off if

(*Continued on page 8*)

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN YOUR ALARM CLOCK BLASTS YOU FROM A SOUND SLEEP—AND YOU WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO TO WORK—ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT IT'S YOUR DAY OFF AND YOU CAN ROLL OVER—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**





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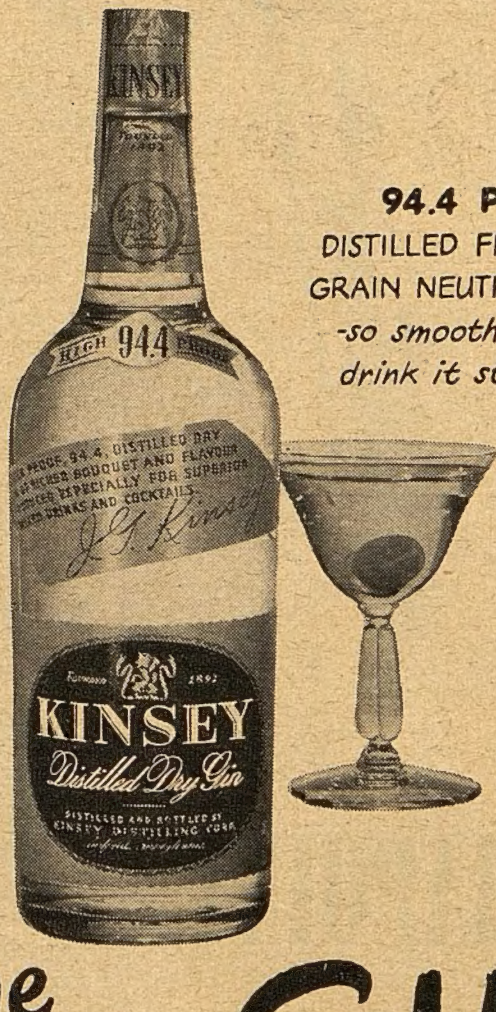

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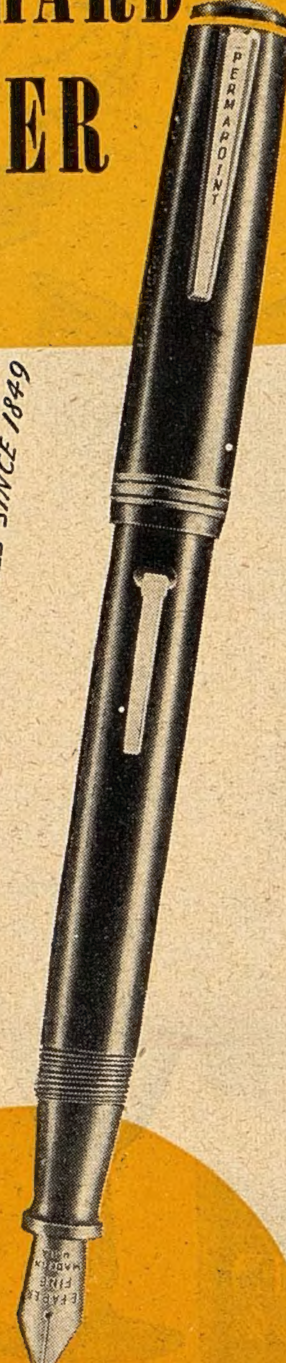

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(*Continued from page 6*)

he developed his own culture and economic system apart from the white man's environment.

Until the Negro has had his own voyage of the Mayflower, so to speak; until he has felled the forest, broken the prairie, subdued primitive nature under his own initiative, and built a strong and virile nation unaided and alone, he will not be secure in his progress.—*Robert C. Barnett.*

COVER COOKIES

LYNN, MASS.—Your cover for March 16, showing grandma taking some newly baked cookies out of the oven, was certainly true to life.

I could almost detect the smell of the cookies.

My grandchildren want me to ask you if, by any chance, you happen to have the recipe for them.

They were mouth-watering.—*Mrs. Edith Moody.*

The only recipe we have for these particular cookies is a paintbrush and some tan paint.—VOX POP EDITOR.

PARTY POLITICS

COLOMA, MICH.—I agree with Paul Hunter, who says in his editorial, America Takes a Wrong Turning, (March 23), that we've let the world down.

But I suspect that the wrong turning came long before V-J Day, when the Democratic Party at its last convention (in an effort to woo Southern racists for a fourth-term election of F. D. R.) rejected Henry Wallace in favor of Truman.

If Wallace, with his sense of the meaning of history and cultural change, his insight and clear understanding of the needs and desires of the common man throughout the world, were President today, world affairs would not be in their present chaotic state.

He could command the respect of both of our former great allies; he would be accorded the role of leader and mediator in world affairs which Roosevelt held, for he too has a firm, well-defined policy based on knowledge and experience.

How much longer will the only true liberal party (the Democratic) woo the Southern reactionaries who no longer have anything in common with the majority of the party? I believe a repudiation of this support would strengthen the party with progressive independents.—*Dorothy Warriner.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

TINKER TAYLOR

WHAT are writers made of? In Samuel W. Taylor's case, it's a fascinating number of unrelated things. He was a spinner, carder, weaver, hotel clerk, bookkeeper, cowboy, candy maker, auto mechanic, sheepherder, creamery worker, concrete mixer, ditch digger, farm hand, and most recently a member of the U. S. Army. His father was an apostle of the Mormon Church; his grandfather succeeded Brigham Young as its president. Mr. Taylor merely passes himself off as a frustrated tinker who was born in a Utah college town. Somewhere along the line he drifted into writing and never drifted out. His latest short story, NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, appears in this week's Liberty.

FIRE-FIGHTER KEARNEY

PAUL W. KEARNEY must have been one of those little boys who wanted to be a fireman when he grew up. For he's now a member of the Speakers Bureau of the National Fire Waste Council, special investigator for the National Fire Protection Association, and an honorary life member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs. Aside from articles like FIGHTING FIRE WITH FOG (page 16), however, he's written about everything from solitaire to automobile safety. And once, when he took up photography as a hobby, he got so interested that he quit free-lancing for a while to earn his living making pictures.

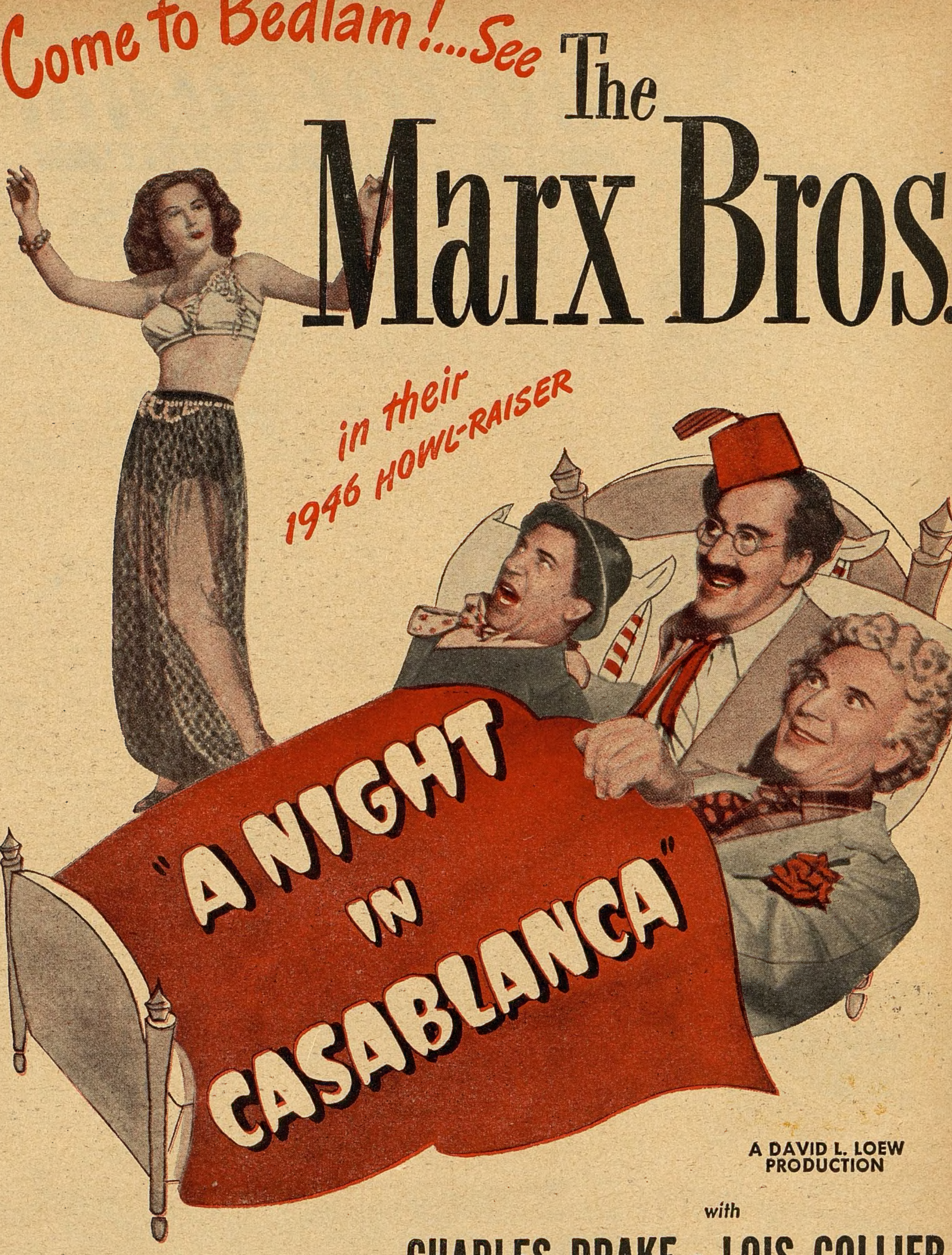
NEXT WEEK

AS UNO's secretary-general, Trygve Lie has powers greater than almost any man in the world. Who is he? And how does he measure up to his job as KEEPER OF THE PEACE? Ned Russell introduces him. . . . Where can you find a modern house with that old New England look? Right on Cape Cod, says Darrell Huff in the first of a series on HOMES FOR AMERICANS. . . . Ursula Parrott starts a two-part story, TOO BUSY FOR LOVE—of a woman who finds another man when her husband stops adoring her. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, MAN AGAINST PAIN, by Howard Riley Raper, is a thrilling story of those who worked to free man from all the agonies of surgery.

Come to Bedlam!...See

The Marx Bros.

in their 1946 HOWL-RAISER



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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Transatlantic fares, still high at 10.4 cents a mile, will soon come down . . . Sea-level cabin comfort coming up—8,000 feet!

IF you've read in the daily press that, after a prolonged disagreement about transatlantic passenger fares, the air lines operating across the pond from either side got together, with government approval, and settled the problem at least temporarily, the result must be interesting to you. It's a passenger fare of about 10.4 cents a mile, in contrast to the approximate 4.5 cents charged for domestic U. S. air service. But the fares will come down before long.

As it stacks up at this writing, it will set you back just $360 to fly from New York to London, or $649 round trip plus federal tax paid at this end. To Paris it's $375, to Oslo $438. Children under two years of age travel for 10 per cent of the fare, those between two and twelve for 50 per cent. Baggage allowance is from 55 to 66 pounds. The air lines signing up for these rates include the three U. S. carriers—American Overseas (London and Scandinavia), TWA (Paris) and Pan American (London)—and the British, the Canadian air line Trans-Canada, the Swedish SILA, Air France, the Dutch KLM, and the Danish and Norwegian companies which are not yet operating.

Pan American wanted a starting fare of $275 to London, but the British and other operators opposed such a low rate to start—about 7 cents a mile. It is interesting that after Pan American campaigned so vigorously last year, arguing that American companies could not compete against the low wage scales of foreign air lines, and hence advocating a monopoly "chosen instrument" air line, its arguments came back in its own back yard when it proposed a fare so low that foreign companies objected. Even now, however, Pan American still charges more than 10 cents a mile on all of its routes to Latin America leading out of Miami. Transatlantic fares will be lowered as soon as the companies have a chance to determine actual operating costs.

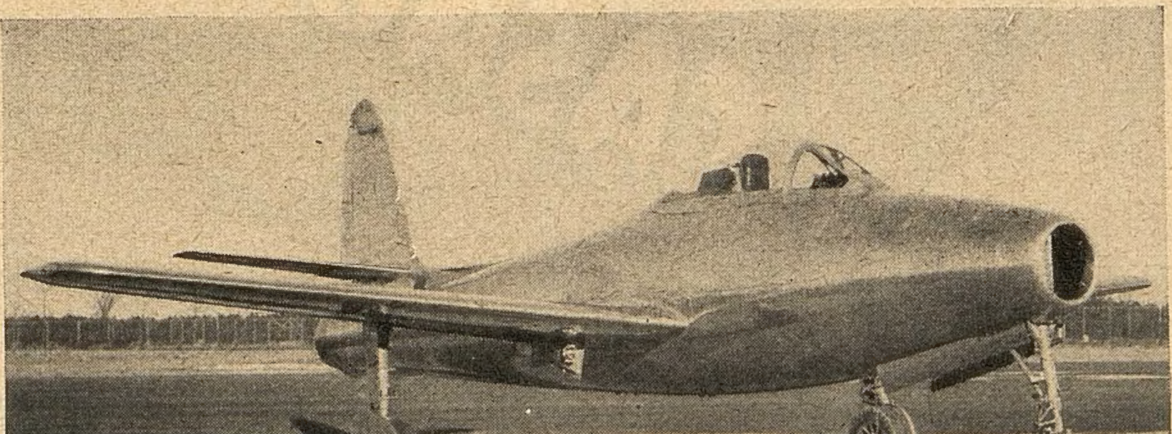
"Altitudes" by Pressurization

Something new in passenger comfort is being worked out for the future—perhaps next year—by United Air Lines and the Glenn L. Martin Company. Passengers flying in the 40-passenger Martin 303s will get low-altitude comfort even at relatively high altitudes.

A new supercharging process is being provided to increase the pressure of air in the cabin so that if the plane is flying at 8,000 feet there is sea-level pressure inside. At 12,000 feet the inside pressure is equivalent to an altitude of 3,500 feet, and at 16,000 feet actual altitude the passengers in the cabin will be at an "altitude" of 5,000 feet.

For the most part they won't even notice the changes in altitude, and the planes can seek efficient operating levels high up, or can go "over" turbulent weather, without discomforting passengers.

Many of the new four-engined airplanes will have similarly pressurized cabins, but United is the first to order pressurization for twin-



Take a peek at the Army's new jet fighter, the Republic XP-84. Its manufacturers want to name it Thunderjet, after its wartime forerunner, their P-47 Thunderbolt.

engined airplanes for local and medium-range travel. Other features will be a lounge separate from the cabin, thermostatically controlled radiant heat panel heating for winter and refrigerated air for summer, large reclining chairs, and indirect lighting. The jet principle will be applied through utilization of the plane's engine exhaust and the speed will be close to 300 miles an hour.

Boons to Private Flyers

Here are two airport developments that will do much to aid private flying. If they prove popular, other cities will follow the same pattern.

Milwaukee has established the first "downtown" landing strip in any metropolitan area. On Lake Michigan frontage near the business district, the landing area is 3,000 feet long and 300 feet wide. The project is sponsored through the activities of the Milwaukee Citizens Committee on Aviation and the airport is operated under private management by A. C. Lang, commercial operator. Two T-shaped hangars have been erected and others will go up soon.

Another important project, this one entirely a private venture, is the purchase of a 1,100-acre plot on the Secaucus, New Jersey, meadows across the Hudson River from midtown Manhattan, by Henry A. Berliner. Once proposed as an air terminal for New York, the field will be developed for private flyers, with two pairs of parallel hard-surfaced runways more than 3,000 feet long. Hangars will be built and a bus service to New York provided—ten minutes driving time. Berliner is president of Engineering & Research Corporation, builders of the Ercoupe lightplane, and served in the Army Air Forces in the war. An old-timer of aviation, he is a keen business man who believes that now is the time for facilities to be provided for the personal flyer.

Jet Fighter—Watch Its Smoke!

The Army's latest jet-propelled fighter looks like a real comer and you'll probably see some new speed and performance records set when the new model gets thoroughly tested. It's the Republic XP-84, the X meaning experimental, which was given its first flight tests a few weeks ago at Muroc Lake, California. No data have been released as yet. Power is supplied by a new axial flow General Electric jet unit.

The XP-84 gives an east coast manufacturer a news break in the jet field, for up to now most developments in this line have come from California. The new model was built by Republic Aviation Corporation at Farmingdale, Long Island, builders of the P-47 Thunderbolt, which did so well in the war.

Even more than the P-80 jet fighter, the propellerless Republic job looks like a winged wind tunnel. One hundred XP-84s are being built.

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The value of your home is almost certain to be from 30% to 50% more today than in 1939. If, for example, it cost you $10,000 then, it is probably worth at least $13,000 today. Yesterday's insurance cannot cover today's higher property values.

Fire losses every day are awakening home owners to these tremendous increases in values—too late! The 1946 files of fire insurance companies could show you the evidence—proof that far too many home owners are suffering disastrous financial losses because of inadequate insurance protection.

We urge you to avail yourself of the services of your local fire insurance agent or broker, now, before fire strikes. A phone call to him today may save you thousands.

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THUNDER OVER POLAND

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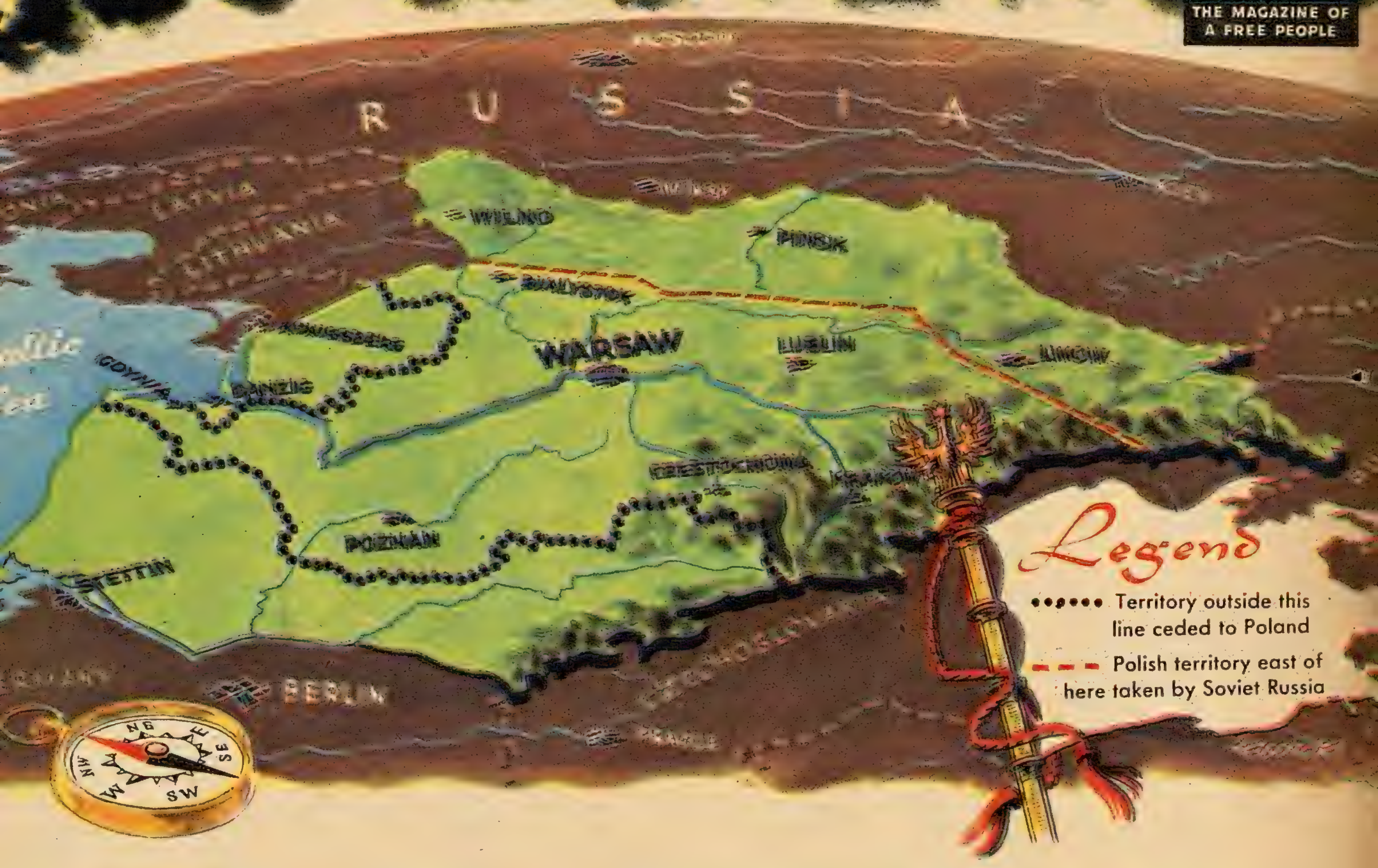
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●●●●●● Territory outside this line ceded to Poland
— — — Polish territory east of here taken by Soviet Russia

Hitler went to war to get the city of Danzig, and thousands of Poles died defending it. Now Poland, a victor nation, has been given German territory in the west, while a friendly Russia has gobbled Polish territory in the east—the potential seed of World War III.

Once again the world gazes anxiously toward Poland, that much disputed piece of earth which still cannot call her political soul her own

BY WILLIAM VAN NARVIG

BOLESLAV KRASNODEBSKY was a second lieutenant in the Russian Czarist Army when the writer first met him in 1915. He was a strapping youngster of twenty-three then and considered any fight a good fight, no matter who was in it. One of his favorite pastimes was to play underhanded tricks on his superior officers who, he asserted, "got there by pull and not because they're any good."

We met again in August, 1939, in Moscow. Except for streaks of gray in his dark hair he seemed the same—still ready to play underhanded tricks on those who "got there by pull." At that time he called himself Boleslav Rutkovsky, for an excellent reason: he occupied the post of section chief with the NKVD—the Soviet secret police.

Those were days of excitement. Joachim von Ribbentrop was in the Kremlin, signing a pact with the Soviet government. Everyone knew it meant the death sentence of Poland as an independent nation. Rutkovsky was very busy organizing a staff of police experts. With that staff he was to go into eastern Poland to conduct a purge of those Polish and Jewish elements who did not wholeheartedly espouse the Soviet Russian cause. This assignment, I later learned, he carried out most efficiently. Rutkovsky was a Russian citizen, had been since the day of his birth in 1891.

And it is this situation that lies at the root of Poland's great political and economic jumble. For Krasnodebsky, alias Rutkovsky, and now going under the name of Boleslav Bierut, is today President of Poland. He was appointed by his Moscow superiors in recognition of his many years of devoted service in the Russian Soviet cause. His closest associates in the government of Poland

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

In wasted Warsaw, the Poles haven't had time to clean up. These market stalls are doing business in the rubble.

are also former Russian citizens and ex-members of the NKVD, such as Stanislaw Radkiewicz, Minister of Public Security, meaning the Secret State Police; Hilary Minc, Minister of Industry and now carrying out the sweeping nationalization decrees; and Wladislaw Gomulka, Vice-Premier and head of the Polish Communist Party, currently calling itself the Polish Workers Party. All took Polish citizenship when assuming their government posts. And all are determined to run Poland the way Russia wants it run.

The average Pole is intensely patriotic and freedom-loving. He demands the right to express himself freely, especially in political matters bearing on the way he should be governed.

Unfortunately, wedged in as Poland was between nations of a definitely authoritarian stamp, this intense love for freedom became the bane of Poland for centuries. In order to remain free as individuals, the Poles always restricted the functions of their government to the absolute minimum. Hence Poland always had weak government and, as a result, bad government. This situation led to the first partition of Poland between her three neighbors 250 years ago. The initiative toward that partition was taken by Russia, and it was this action that the freedom-loving Poles have never forgiven.

Poland's historic quarrel with Russia dates centuries back. Liberty-loving Poland has always lived in continuous fear of authoritarian, expansionist Russia. For her own protection Poland tried to bar all Russian intercourse with western Europe, to prevent the sale of modern arms to Russia's big armies.

It is against this historic background that today's drama must be viewed to be fully understood. The events of 1939 made Poland an innocent pawn in the long rivalry between Russia and England for domination of the Continent. England guaranteed the independence and territorial integrity of Poland. When German and Russian armies swept across Poland for a new partition of the luckless country, the then Polish government found asylum in London. But Russia wanted no part of any Polish government friendly to England. It was this burning issue, and not all the trumped-up pretexts, which prompted Moscow to ignore the London Poles and establish a Polish government of its own composed of Russian citizens of Polish extraction.

At Yalta, England and the United States protested against it, and Russia reluctantly agreed to accept a few London Poles. It took months of wrangling to implement the agreement. At the end of June, 1945, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Jan Stanczyk, and old Wincenty Witos, all of the London group, entered the government, but actual power remained in the hands of the Moscow group. The great irony of it is that all three were, and the two first named still are—Witos having died late last year—leaders of the Polish Peasant Party, which today violently opposes the policies of the government.

The reasons for this opposition lie not just in the historical quarrel between Poles and Russians, but even more in the agrarian reform promulgated on September 6, 1944. Under it, all agricultural land was to be distributed among the peasants, each to receive twelve-and-one-half acres. But at the time this decree was promulgated, the

(Continued on page 63)

Polish peasant women work—as they have always worked—in the fields. But this year's crops are not for Berlin.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

WARNING From Wall Street

Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange. He sells corn on the side.

Let the president of the New York Stock Exchange tip you off on Wall Street. It's not the kind of advice you'd expect, but you'll be richer for it

BY H. D. STEINMETZ

ONE Sunday evening last December Walter Winchell tipped his radio listeners: "Insiders in New York expect a very sharp decline in the stock market . . . suckers!" It came next day. Stock prices, soaring for nearly four years, took a nasty tumble. They were weeks recovering. Brokers damned Winchell from one end of Wall Street to the other. But the boss broker of them all sat back and grinned.

Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, didn't like what Winchell said or the way he said it. But the columnist sneered home a message that Schram himself, in a more dignified way, has been preaching all along: People who haven't the time or inclination to buy stocks intelligently shouldn't buy at all. Too many with short memories are back in the market, bidding fancy prices for shares they know little or nothing about.

Evidence? Plenty, says Schram. Brokerage offices bulging with tape watchers. Tips on this or that stock due for a "play." Low-priced, speculative issues shooting up like radar signals to the moon, as contrasted with the more moderate, though still substantial, rise in sounder, higher-priced securities.

The fantastic advance in penny-ante stocks especially smacks of public speculation, Schram says. Amateur plungers, typically with limited funds, go for the "cheap" shares.

Demand for cats and dogs in recent years has sent them kiting. A distilling company, for instance, with more red ink than black on its books in normal times, kicking around at $1.50 a share before the war, recently selling over $50. A publishing house that lost money year after year, up from 50 cents in 1942 to $26 this year. A hotel chain that needed a war to show a profit, quoted at $1 a share four years ago, lately around $60. There are scores of cases.

With stocks skyrocketing, counsels of caution often go unheeded. Schram-indoctrinated brokers urge customers to stop, look, and listen—to facts, not tips. But many a buyer won't be bothered. Recently one stepped into a brokerage office and ordered 100 shares of Seaboard Air Line. He was offered a statistical study of the company, but waved it aside. A week later he was back. The stock was up, and he sold at a profit. He'd had inside information, he patronizingly told the broker, that aviation stocks were hot. The broker hadn't the heart to spoil his fun by telling him Seaboard Air Line is a railroad.

Cases of this sort don't discourage Schram. Indefatigably he tours the country, lecturing business and civic groups on the pitfalls of uninformed speculation. Stock Exchange advertisements in more than 400 newspapers and magazines, together with circulars to colleges, clubs, and libraries, carry his message: Get the facts, know the risks, or stay out of the market.

Reforming the gamblers in a Monte Carlo market is an uphill battle, and Schram knows it. But he's made a lifelong specialty of uphill battles. Born fifty-two years ago in Peru, Indiana, he worked Saturdays and after school from the time he was big enough to deliver a peck of potatoes for his father's grocery store. Sundays he had a paper route. About the only recreation he can remember in those days was playing with the local fife-and-drum corps at political rallies.

"The Democrats paid us and the Republicans didn't," he says. "I became a Democrat."

During high school he worked in a machine shop, acquiring a mechanical bent he still retains. In Wall Street it's said he once personally repaired a breakdown in the Exchange ticker system. The story is apocryphal, but he probably could if he had to.

On finishing school, Schram wanted to go to college. His father wanted him to be a toolmaker. A local business man, James O. Cole, with extensive coal, timber, and agricultural interests, settled the matter by taking him on as bookkeeper. At that time young Emil formed a friend-

(*Continued on page 54*)

One man with a dog nozzle high on an aerial ladder brought this fifth-floor blaze under control in just twenty seconds.

Fighting Fire with Fog

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

Revolutionary new fire-fighting techniques are cutting New Haven's losses in half, and Fire Chief Heinz's outfit in action is an insurance company's dream

ONE Saturday last November a freight train piled up in the "cut" in the heart of New Haven. The crash overturned a tank car containing 10,141 gallons of gasoline and tore down a high-tension line whose 11,000-volt wires ignited the gasoline. And it toppled a sealed steel freight car loaded with merchandise into the flames. The withering heat was soon transmitted through the steel walls of the car, adding its contents to the roaring blaze.

The fierce heat, the seventy-five-foot flames, the crackling high-tension wires created a spectacle which made every civilian there feel thankful he wasn't a fireman. The heat was so intense it twisted a number of huge steel towers supporting the high-tension lines and left heavy steel railroad tracks warped and useless.

Despite all this, the fire was under control in fifteen minutes—and out in forty. And lest some wiseacre observe that the gasoline was probably all burned up by then, make a note that there were several hundred gallons of unburned gasoline in the tank car when it cooled down enough for inspection.

And whether or not the awed New Havenites who witnessed this fire-fighting feat are aware of the fact, there probably isn't another city in the country whose firemen could duplicate it. The reason is that whereas firemen for generations have been trained in "dry runs," New Haven's department has for three years been drilling on actual fires built on its own proving ground.

This fire in an open oil tank was snuffed out in forty seconds with two light lines throwing fog.

This is a unique idea in municipal fire departments and its father is the energetic, affable, radical Paul P. Heinz, Chief of Department. The word "radical" needn't alarm you: it simply means that Chief Heinz has gone whole hog for the newest development in fire fighting—water fog—while most other chiefs have been dabbling with it in a tentative sort of way or confining its application to minor fires.

Today Chief Heinz is putting out 98 per cent of his fires with fog with an estimated reduction in fire-and-water damage of around 50 per cent. Professional fire fighters can well lift their eyebrows at that first fig-

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

At fifty-five gallons a mintue, the fog that extinguished this typical garage fire also curtains firemen from the heat. They walk right in, wearing modern, self-contained breathing apparatus, and when they come out the other end, the fire is the only casualty.

ure; the taxpayer can well lift his at the second.

Water fog is a peacetime application of a wartime development. Before the war the Navy had always snooted municipal firemen, generally not admitting city apparatus into a naval installation. The Navy went on the theory that it knew all there was to know about fire fighting. But very early in the war the Navy lost ships so fast from fire that it suddenly realized the fallacy of that theory. It quickly got off its high horse and picked Deputy Chief Harold Burke of the New York Fire Department to organize a fire school. Appointed to the rank of commander, Burke selected a group of experienced chief officers from East and West Coast cities, concentrating on men with long experience in fighting shipboard fires. Seven of the now famous Navy fire fighters' schools were organized in various Navy yards. And at the rate of 100 to 200 a day per school, green rookies and weather-beaten CPOs from the Damage Control sections of every ship in port were put to work extinguishing typical ship fires.

THE principal weapon employed was water fog: plain water broken up into millions of small droplets by the design of the nozzle. The faculty would let the boys come up, two by two, and fight the fires themselves. The scared kids, many of whom had never seen a fire hose before, soon found themselves extinguishing blazes fierce enough to justify an abandon-ship order five years ago. For you can put out a lot of fire with water fog if you'll just step up and sock it.

Had we had this fog equipment and this ingenious type of training earlier, we need not have lost the carriers Wasp and Hornet—an assertion borne out by some of the miracles performed by Navy fire fighters on subsequent ships.

It is here that Chief Heinz comes back into the picture. A Navy man himself in World War I, he visited the school at the Boston Navy Yard soon after its inception and came home with a new vision of training for his men. Not only was he deeply impressed by the magic of water fog—as is everybody else who sees it—but he was equally impressed with the idea of training men on real fires under realistic conditions instead of in "dry runs." He set up a drill yard for a couple of hundred dollars on city land along the water front. In this yard are simulated some of the types of fires which may commonly be anticipated, ranging from crashed airplanes to a domestic oil burner. There is, for instance, a twenty-by-thirty-foot pit filled with fuel oil, lacquers, and other volatiles and primed with gasoline. When this is set off, flames leap fifty to sixty feet into the air and the heat is almost unbearable 150 feet away. In short, it is a scale model of a typical industrial oil fire.

In a twenty-by-thirty-foot cinder-block house the blaze beaters get actual practice in smoky cellar fires, lethal gases, the virtues of water fog in ventilating a smoky interior, etc. Near by is a simulated gasoline-tank truck and beneath it is a three-foot-wide ditch about twenty-five feet long. When this set-up is ignited, the boys get an actual taste of the tricky job of handling a wrecked tank truck in the street from which blazing gasoline is pouring down the gutter.

Under construction now is a three-section building. One third will be of highly combustible frame construction; one third, brick and timber; the other third, approved fire-retardant. Here the men will fight real building fires in training, learning the fundamentals of ventilation and fire behavior in these three types of construction.

As soon as he had his drill yard set up, Chief Heinz put every one of the 250 men in his department through a stiff course in handling water fog on typical outbreaks. Thanks to that training, the blaze in the railroad cut was "blacked out" in forty minutes!

AFTER the railroad-cut fire Chief Heinz began to cogitate about two other problems. First, a good eight minutes were lost getting to work on that blaze while the men waited for the power to be shut off. Was that necessary with fog? Second, if they'd had powerful deck guns on hose wagons equipped with fog nozzles, couldn't they have done a much quicker job on that blaze?

Water fog has been pretty consistently sold to date as a weapon designed purely for one- or one-and-a-half-inch lines on trifling fires. But Heinz reasoned that if a small volume of fog was good for a small blaze, a large volume ought to work on many large blazes.

So, in co-operation with the engineers of the Rockwood Sprinkler Company, he set to work on a "fog deck pipe" or deluge set. What they finally came up with was a fog nozzle delivering 500 gallons a minute at 100 pounds pressure, or at least ten times the volume of a typical hand fog line.

Chief Heinz now has two old reconverted hose wagons with two of these new deck guns mounted on

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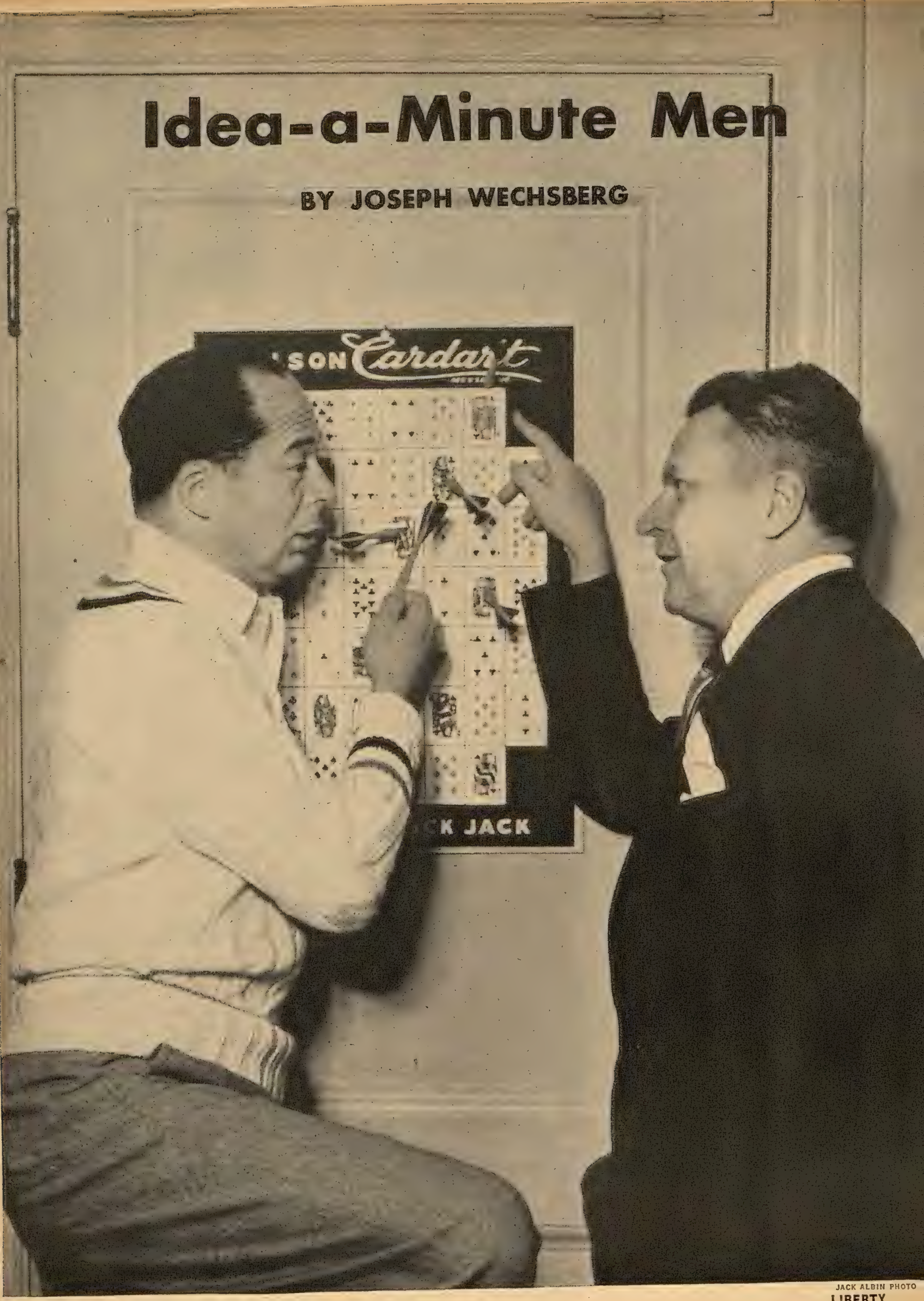
Idea-a-Minute Men

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG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JACK ALBIN PHOTO

THE time is July 17, 1936. The place: the Paramount lot in Hollywood. Into screen writer Charlie Brackett's cubicle pops the head of Paramount's story department. "Charlie Brackett," he says, pushing a lean baby-faced man into the room, "meet Billy Wilder. We are teaming you on our next Lubitsch picture." Little did any of those present realize that history was then being made for Paramount stockholders.

As a writer-producer-director team (Brackett produces, Wilder directs, and both write), Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder have smashed both the box offices and the solar plexus of the nation's movie critics with an unbroken succession of hits that has made Hollywood sit up and gasp. Their latest honor as a team was the Academy Award for their screen play of The Lost Weekend. Wilder also won the Oscar for the best direction for the same picture. On top of that, The Lost Weekend was voted the outstanding picture of 1945.

Their record is impressive even for the super-ultra-extra-colossal standards of the movie capital. Their combined endeavors have grossed Paramount Pictures over $20,000,000. The team now makes around $6,000 a week and is probably worth much more. They have the right to pick their own vehicles and thus belong to the select group of happy people in Hollywood who can put on the screen what they like.

Come into their office and you will meet a gray-haired, dignified, patrician gentleman of about fifty-four, radiating authentic Old World charm, faintly reminding one of the distinguished aristocrats who were seen around the stage doors of the Vienna Hoftheaters, bunches of roses in their hands, waiting to take the prima ballerina out for supper. There is also another man who seems a typical New York City (combination-Lindy's-and-West Fifty-fourth Precinct Station) product. A smart, tough kid with the face of an aging cherub, thinning hair, a springy gait, a lean, flashy figure.

The distinguished Viennese-looking gent is Mr. Charles Brackett of Saratoga Springs, New York. The tough New Yorkerish cherub is Mr. Billy Wilder from Vienna, Austria.

Mr. Brackett's poison is Mr. Wilder's meat. Brackett, a man of sartorial elegance, prefers double-breasted suits in conservative designs and colors. Wilder goes around wearing a pull-over, without necktie, his shirt sleeves rolled up. Brackett is reserved, serene, gentle; Wilder is electric, impassioned, and (outwardly) tough. Brackett loathes physical exercise and buys shoes without laces because he considers tying his laces hard labor; Wilder goes in for tennis, swimming, and other tiring outdoor sports. Brackett looks like the vice-president of a small-town bank, which he is; Wilder looks like one of the cynical police reporters from The Front Page, which he was. Brackett takes his sunshine in doses of vitamin B-1 plus cod-liver oil; Wilder never gets enough of Hollywood's brilliant sun. Brackett is a stout arch-Republican; Wilder a left-wing Democrat. During the last Presidential election their political antagonism became so dangerous to their work that they had to declare a truce between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. of every weekday.

Charlie Brackett and Billy Wilder, whose typewriters are Hollywood's foremost hit factory, are as different as the white and yolk of an egg; but they blend just as sensationally when they're cooking up a story

To define the success of their collaboration is as difficult as to give away the secret of a happy marriage. They both agree that it is due to their entirely different methods of working. Brackett would rewrite a story a dozen or so times to mold it to his liking. Wilder, on the other hand, is awed by the written word and loathes the actual process of setting anything down on paper.

Because Wilder is witty, explosive, and extrovert, and Brackett a man who prefers to listen to rather than to tell a joke, it has been generally assumed that Wilder is the team's constructionist and Brackett the dialogue writer. Actually, Wilder considers Brackett an excellent constructionist and Brackett speaks of Wilder as a perfect dialogue man.

It can be said that Wilder generally comes up with a bagful of ideas, all of them startling and expressions of pure genius, as he calls it, while Brackett acts as an editorial bouncing board and selects the usable ones. Brackett tries to put the brakes on Wilder's enthusiasm, seeing himself as the wise, conservative producer who plays safe with his company's money.

They believe that most of their pictures have realism mixed with a certain quaintness. They both think their pictures have a definite trademark, but they couldn't define it.

They clicked right off with their first picture, which was Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. This created what film historians some day will call the pajamas subdivision of the Brackettandwilder Legend. The two writers and director Lubitsch were trying to find a new way of having the boy meet girl. "The boy goes to the men's shop of a department store," Wilder explained. "He wants to buy a pajama. He sleeps only in the tops and doesn't want to buy the pants. In comes the girl, who sleeps only in pants. . . ."

Their next job was Midnight, which reportedly amused John Barrymore to such an extent that he asked to read the whole script, not just his lines, while it was being shot. After that, they went back to Lubitsch to do Ninotchka, which created an entirely new Garbo and has remained one of the brightest comedies ever produced in Hollywood.

Their next pictures were Arise, My Love, a story about an American flyer with the Loyalists in Spain, and Hold Back the Dawn, a movie drama about the plight of emigrants seeking admission to the United States. Then they made Ball of Fire for Sam Goldwyn, a comedy around a bubble dancer, and started a drive to get Billy Wilder made a director. Like most screen writers, they were always distressed to see how cold-bloodedly their most cherished ideas were being translated into celluloid. It seems that Paramount saw the light. Wilder was assigned to direct their script of The Major and the Minor, a delicate witty comedy with Ginger Rogers. Then Arthur Hornblow, their producer, left Paramount, and one day Brackett came to the studio and found himself made a producer. In their new capacity, they wrote, Wilder directed, and Brackett produced Five Graves to Cairo.

Then followed what the team knows as The Year of Infidelities. While Brackett was producing The Uninvited, Wilder was lured away to do Double Indemnity. "Charlie had nothing to do with this picture," Wilder says, "but he was taken for granted by most people as its producer and by now is firmly convinced that he did produce it."

"Billy got despondent at being without me. He came back, and so we did The Lost Weekend," Brackett says.

Now they both write most of their pictures together. Brackett produces and Wilder directs them, but they

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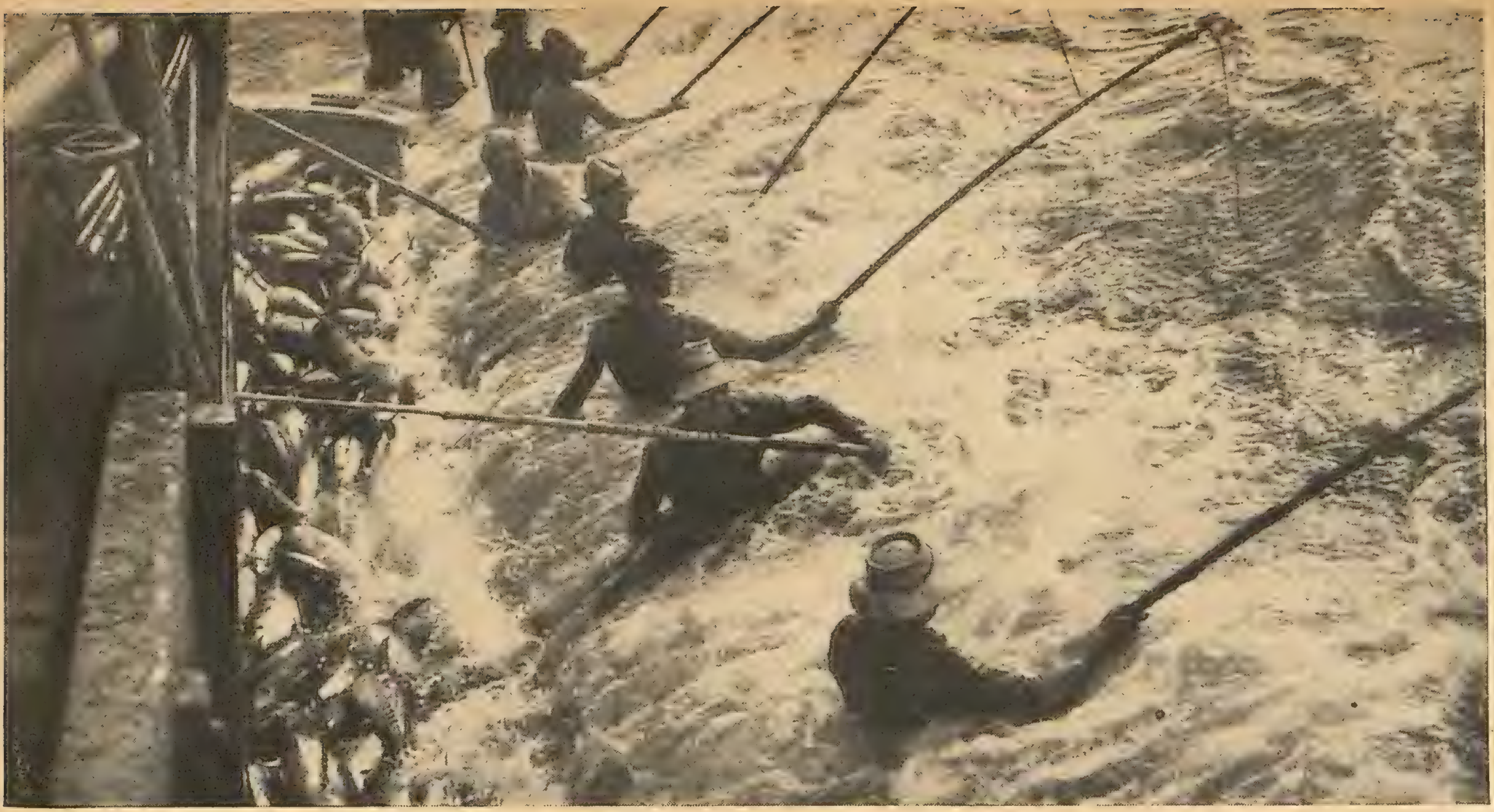
Billie Wilder, left, and Charlie Brackett spend all their odd moments at cards. Here they wrangle over a marginal dart.



Commercial tuna fishermen work from submerged racks with only a low rail to steady them. Sharks are a constant menace.

The Tuna's a Trouble-Maker

By

JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

THE lookout cries, "Tuna to port!" and fishermen crowd the rail. Across glistening tropic seas, a cloud of pelicans and cormorants wheel or alight on a dark and ruffled patch of water. The tuna boat heads that way, its engines almost idling.

Fishermen select bamboo poles, and farther aft others lower iron racks until they're awash. A "chummer" scoops bait from the square tank at the stern, and tosses a handful of sardines out beyond the racks.

These small fish draw tuna like a magnet. The seas blaze with streaks of gold and silver and purple. Tuna flash in the blinding sunlight as they fight for chum. For a quarter of a mile, then a mile or more the seas shimmer and foam as though coming to a boil.

"They look like sixty-pounders," shouts the captain. "Two-pole tuna, men!"

"Two-pole" fish of from thirty-five to seventy pounds require partners, so the fishermen break out poles with two lines connected to a single piano-wire leader. This leader carries a barbless hook, with feathers to resemble a squid when trailed through the water.

Eight men climb over the rail and drop to the racks. They cast their feathered lures among the milling tuna. Suddenly there is a purple blaze. Two partners brace their knees against the low seaward rail of the rack. Their bent poles thrash. Then, swinging together, they send a wriggling fish flying over their heads to the deck. Dozens of tuna soon beat a rataplan with their tails.

Gray fins appear among the fish. The wind freshens, and each roll of the boat plunges men waist-deep into the sea, with no protection from sharks that slash at hooked tuna.

Captain Joe Monise sees a shark moving swiftly toward a tuna about to take his hook. He hurries his strike. His partner, surprised, responds too slowly. The sixty-pound tuna snaps Monise's pole; the weight, falling abruptly on his partner, catapults him over the rail. Luckily he remembers to "skip his feet," and he goes down feet first near the rack.

Monise, dropping to his knees, grasps his partner's hair when it appears. Big and powerful, he literally saves his partner by the hair of his head. The man's feet clear the rail just as the shark's jaws snap harmlessly shut.

Fishing stops for a time, but the chummer continues to strew bait overside to hold the school, and by nightfall the men have boated more than 100 tons of tuna.

Much rugged action takes place before the tuna submits to the can, and there's heavy dough in those heavy seas for the fisherman — if he lives to enjoy it

MONKMEYER PHOTO

In port, it looks like anything but a rugged life.

This, with variations, is a tuna fisherman's typical working day. Year after year he faces risks reminiscent of The Perils of Pauline. He has extended the range of his boat until he can search for the wandering schools of tuna as whalers hunted whales. His odysseys take him over thousands of miles of the vast Pacific. Unhampered by season or foul weather, he's the economic royalist of his calling, earning as much as the top executives of small corporations, and combining high adventure with Old World Portuguese and Italian customs. With it all, he's a shrewd business man.

NOT always a prized fish, tuna went begging for a market until housewives discovered that its red flesh turned white in cooking. Older skippers like Captain Bob Alcott remember when it was hard to sell albacore, the finest grade of tuna, for $30 a ton—less than one tenth its present price. But after a cannery made an experimental pack during a sardine shortage in 1915, Captain Manuel Medina was offered $100 a ton for tuna, and his twelve-ton catch started a $50,000,000 industry that now employs 6,000, a fourth of whom are fishermen. Albacore now brings $325 a ton. The canneries pay $200 a ton for yellowfin tuna, and $180 for skipjack.

Within a year after the first pack, a boat was designed specifically for tuna fishing. Unique, it had a large square bait tank at the stern, with an open-sided roof to keep the hot sun off the sardines and anchovies. This basic design never changed, but the disappearance of albacore from Californian and nearby Mexican waters in 1926—they returned in 1941—led to other changes. Older boats still made the forty-hour run southward to Cedros and Natividad islands—the winter feeding grounds of two less valuable species, the yellowfin and the smaller "skipjack." But boats less than 100 feet in length couldn't carry the bait, ice, and oil they needed to make an extended search for schools.

Tuna fishermen refused to be stumped. They built longer, broader-beamed boats with two, then three bait tanks; with five, six, even seven fish wells amidships; with larger tanks for Diesel oil to increase the cruising range. And then, begrudging the space that ice consumed, they saved it by installing refrigerating coils. They even fitted bait tanks with these coils, and stowed fish in each tank as it was emptied of bait. In short, tuna boats became floating cold-storage plants.

Soon tuna were being taken regularly as far as 700 miles off Costa Rica and Panama and from the

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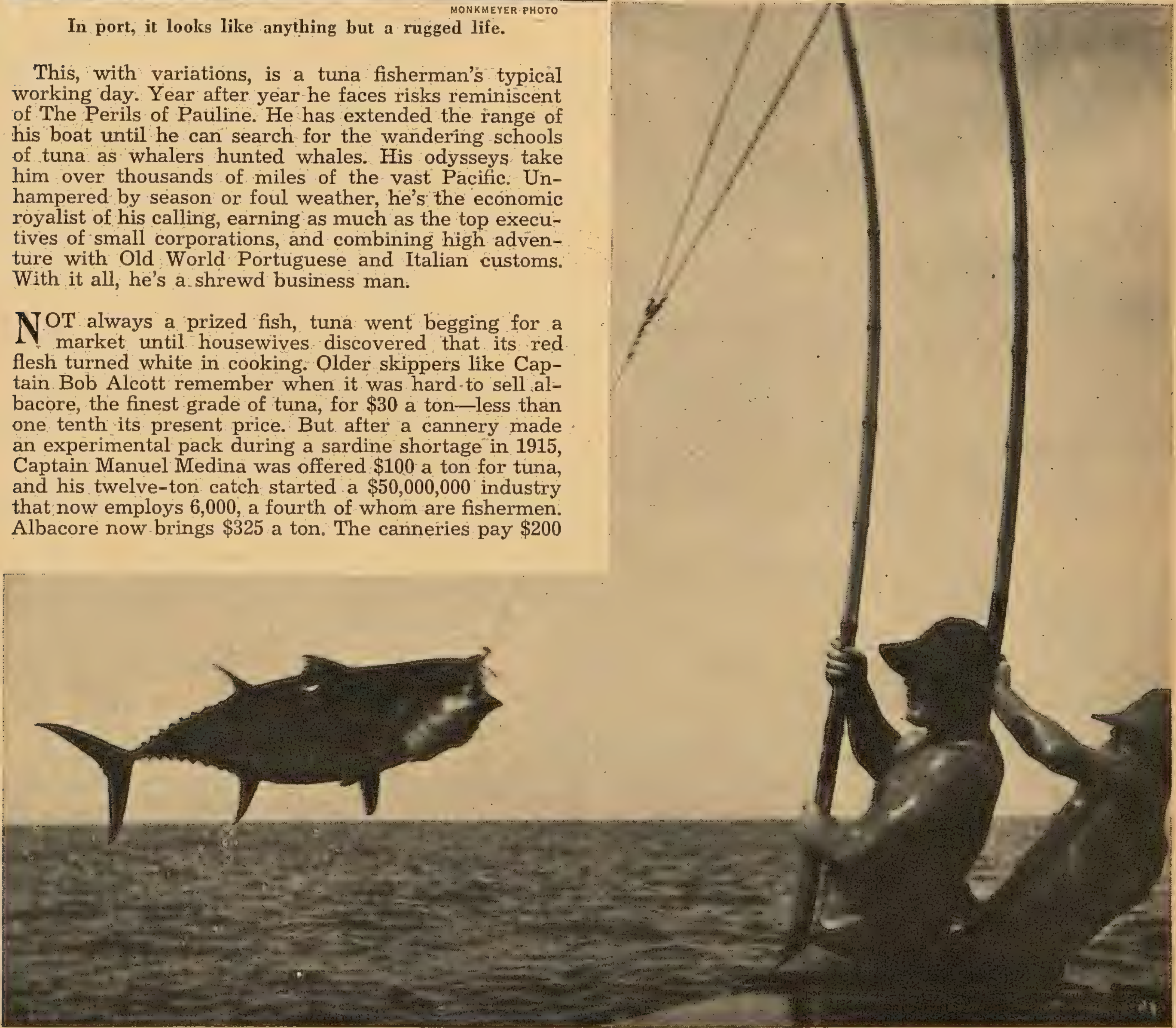
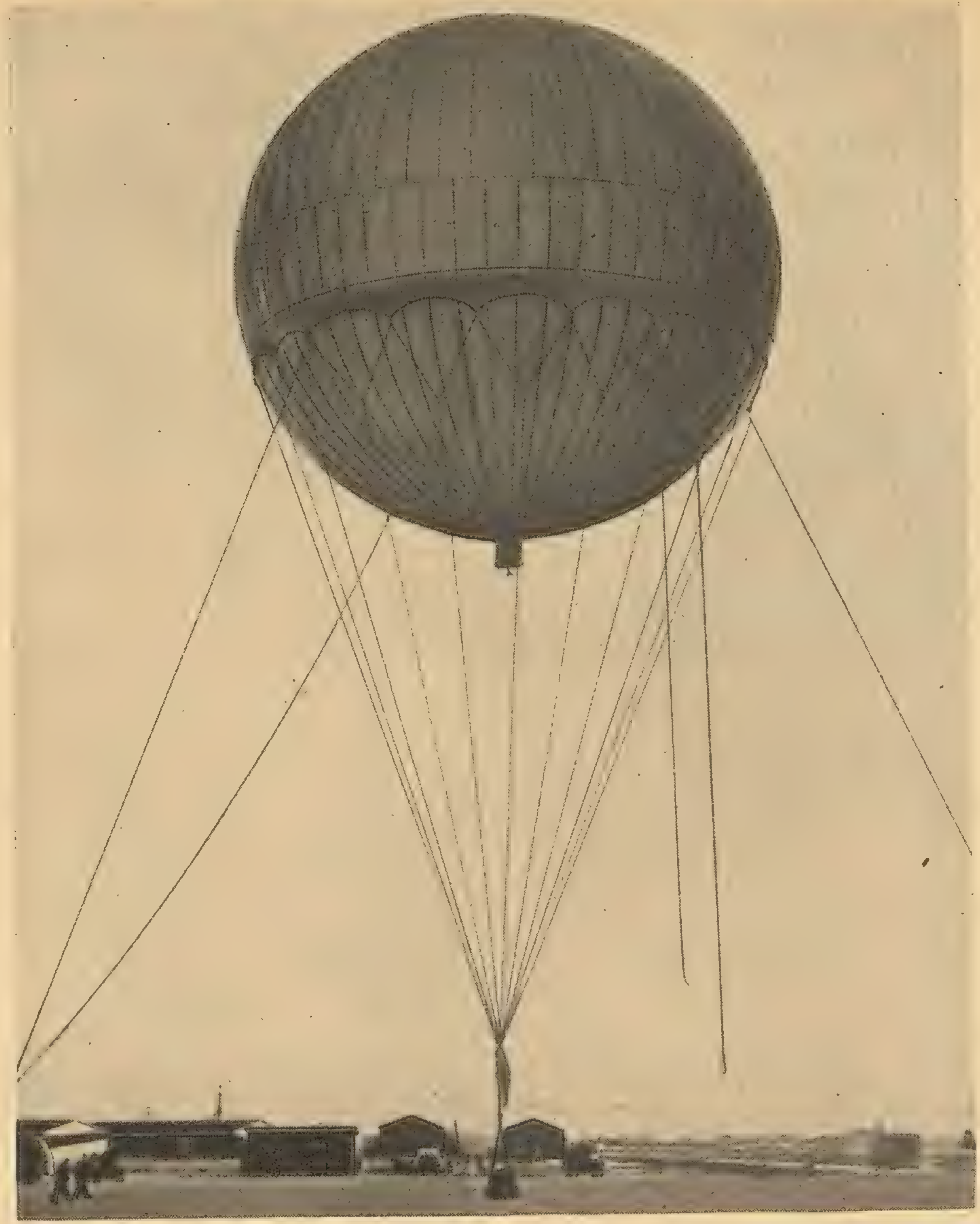


A concerted heave brings the big fellow flying over the fishermen's heads. Two men can handle up to a seventy-pound tuna.

When the Japs Bombed Michigan

Japanese parachute bombs were a bigger threat than the enemy knew or we could admit. Here's the hitherto secret story of how they worked, why they fizzled, and what not to do if you find one

By JERRY MacMULLEN



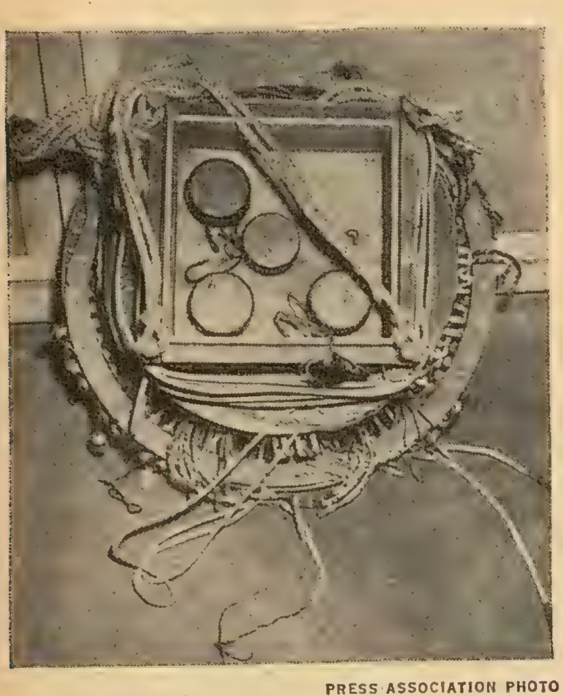
SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO FROM ACME

One of about 300 Jap balloons that reached this country with 33-pound bombs. Made of mulberry paper, they cost $220 each in American money.

IF you're the outdoor type and like to scramble around in the rocks and trees and cactus, it's entirely possible that some day you may stumble upon a huge tattered bag of creamy-white paper with a tangle of rope attached. If you do, watch carefully where you walk.

Should you then come across an odd-looking four-spoked aluminum wheel about two feet in diameter, all festooned with insulated wire and dynamite fuse, don't try draping it over your campfire as a support for the coffeepot. Instead, get word immediately to the nearest Army or Navy installation, to the F.B.I., the sheriff, or police. *Don't fool with it yourself*. You may be smart, but you aren't smart enough to disarm a Japanese balloon safely, and that's exactly what you will have found.

As a substitute for the buzz bomb, which was definitely out of their reach, the Japs hit upon the paper balloon as a good cheap way to destroy the American homeland. Of the large numbers they sent off amid touching ceremonies, some 300 have been recovered in the United States, Canada, and Alaska. How many more are still lying around on inaccessible crags and in remote forests is anybody's guess.



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Small barometers controlled flight, dropped bombs, blew up the balloon.

Those balloons really got around, too; in fact, two of them actually crossed the Pacific, the Rockies, and the great central plains and came down in Michigan. And they can be lethal yet, if they're not left for the experts to handle. In fact, the six deaths they caused in this country occurred when curious youngsters, picnicking in Lake County, Oregon, found one caught in a tree. In some way they detonated the fifteen-kilogram antipersonnel bomb which the balloon carried—all the balloons had them — blasting five children and an adult into eternity.

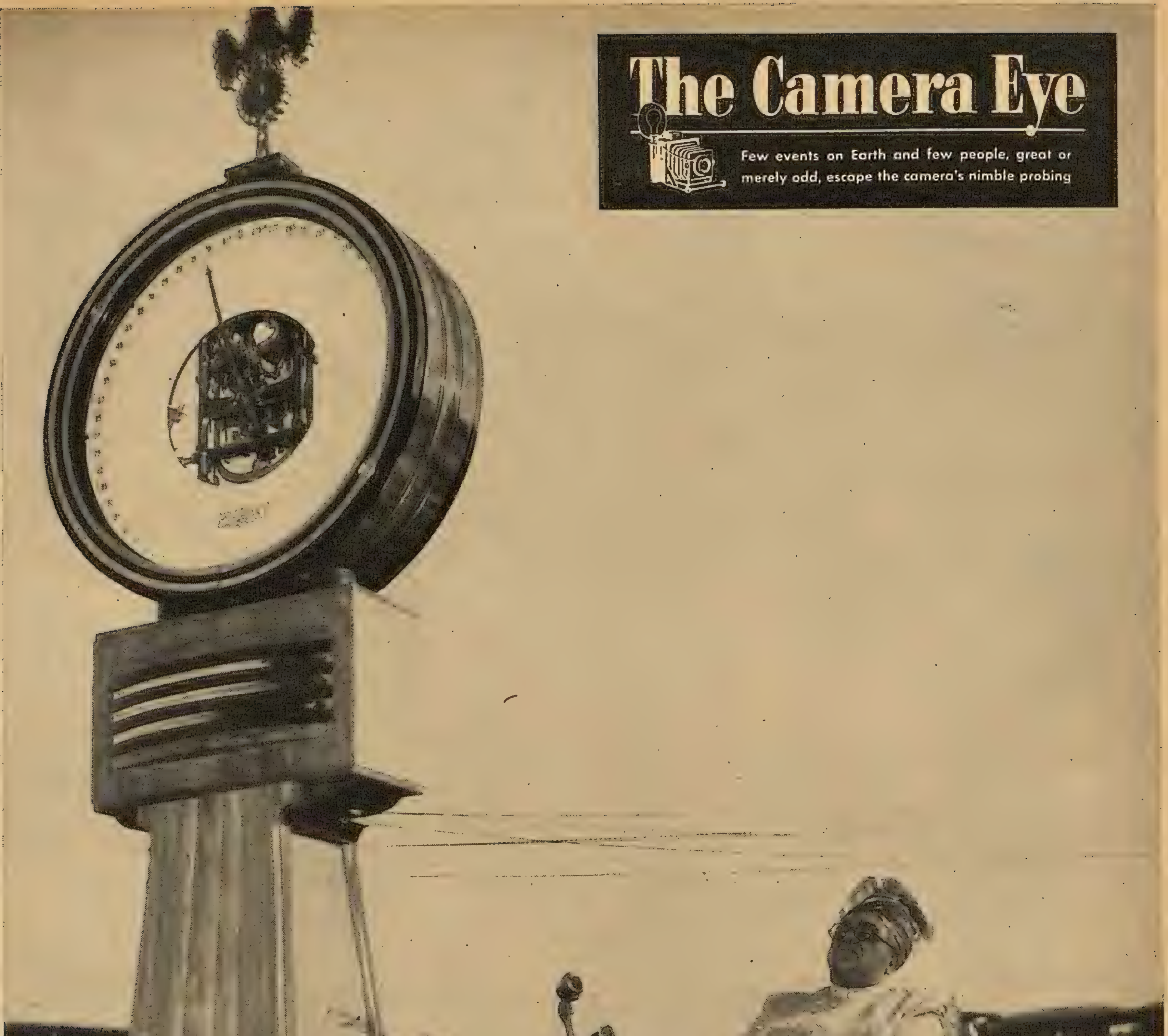
Aside from this tragedy, the Japanese did little damage on the American continent. The submarine which lobbed a few wild shells into an oil installation near Santa Barbara was merely a nuisance, and probably stimulated war bond sales. The balloon idea had some merit, except that it didn't work. True, one dying balloon got into a power line and shut off the electricity for a few hours, and another one set fire to a railroad tool house, but not even Tojo could call that a major victory —even if he added, for good measure, the two or three small grass fires which were started.

HOWEVER, it wasn't entirely the fault of the Japs that those balloons weren't a king-sized headache. You see, most of them fell during the winter and spring, when things were pretty damp. But suppose they had dropped during the late summer or autumn months? Fires in the West Coast's tinder-dry forests and brushlands would have consumed

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Camera Eye

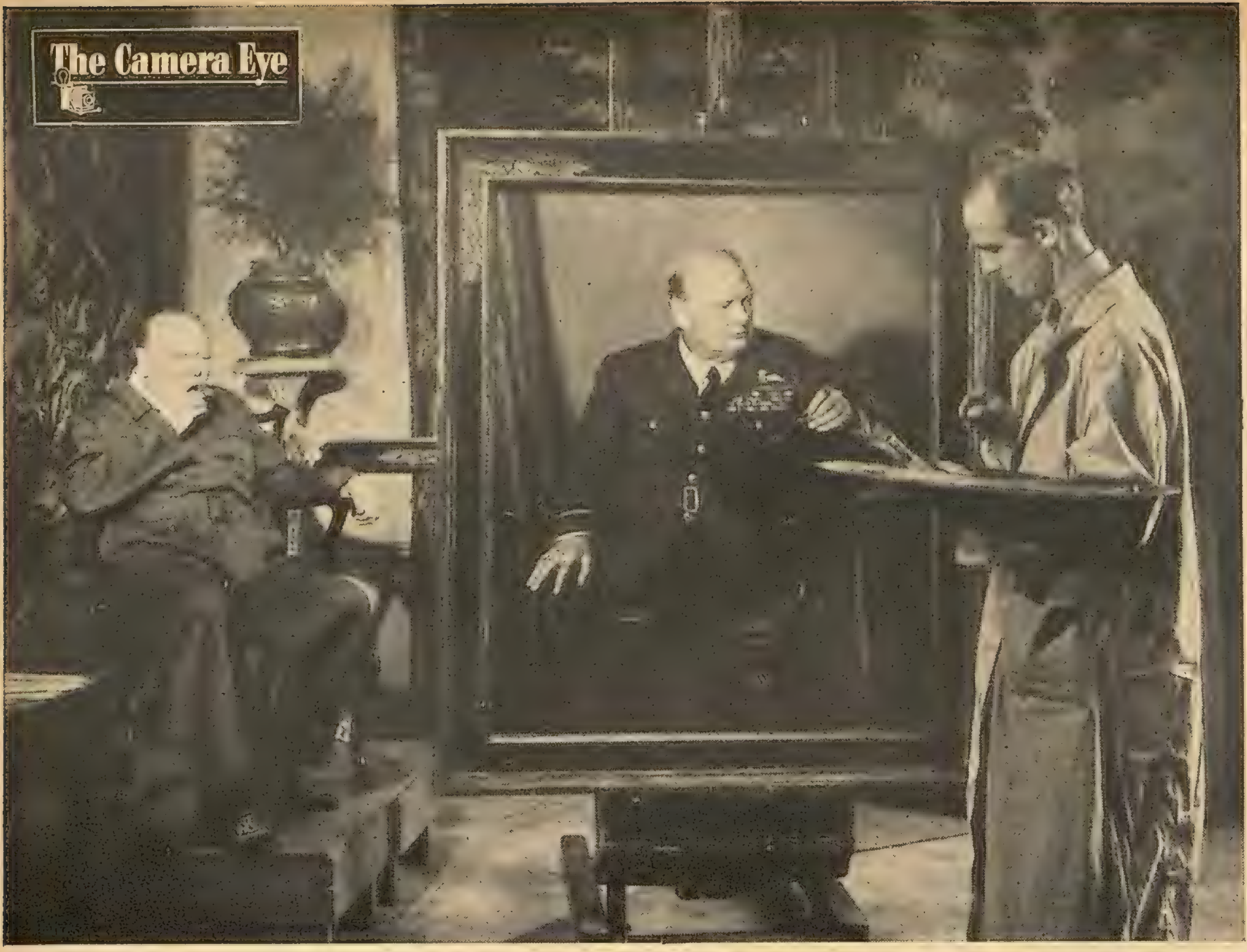
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



PRESS ASSOCIATION

LIVING ON A GRAND SCALE—The Aga Khan, spiritual leader of Ismaili Moslems, sees his 243½ pounds matched in diamonds by his subjects. Sundry rajahs and princes will buy the hoard for some $2,200,000, which will be distributed among the Moslem poor.

The Camera Eye

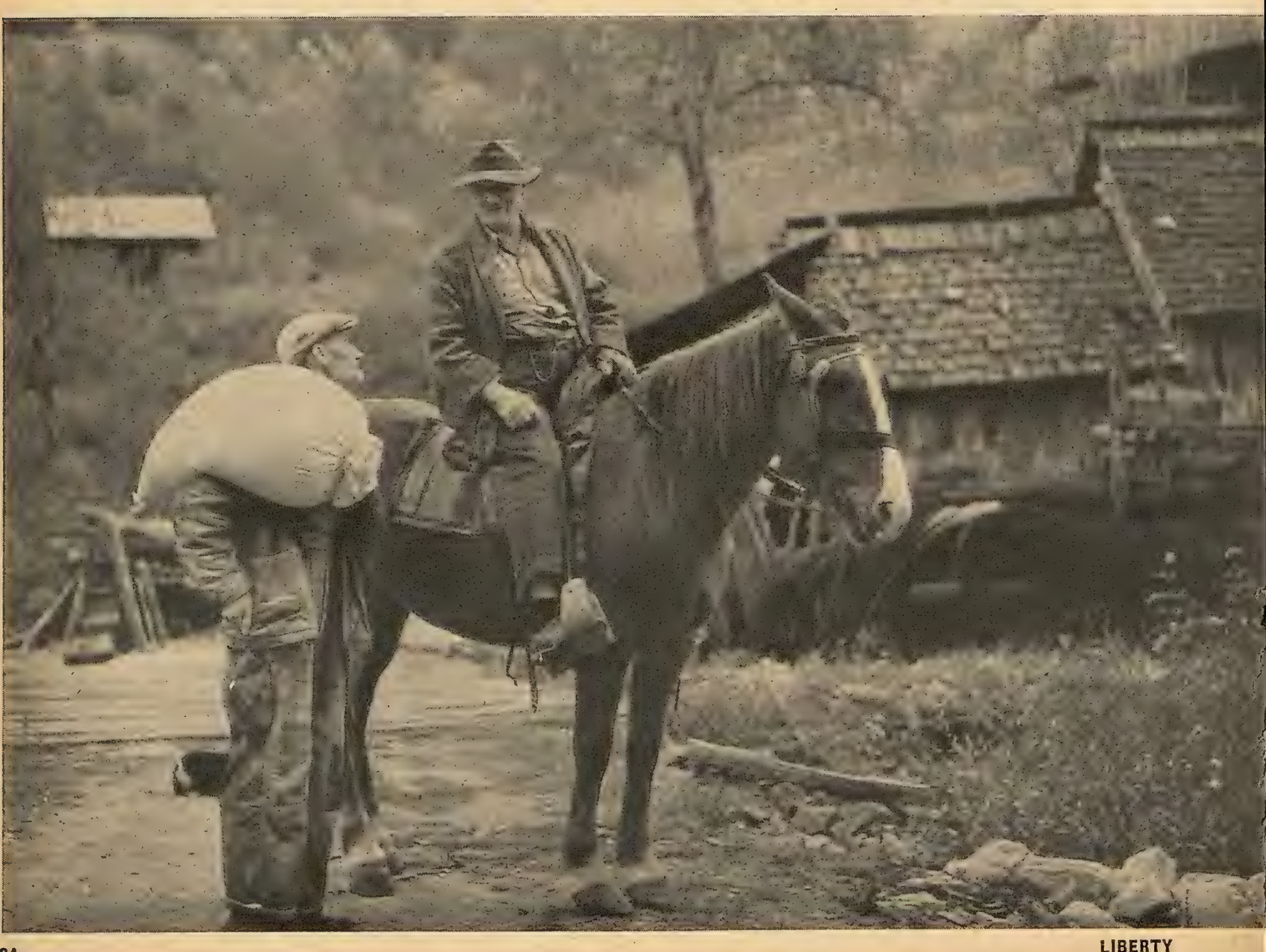


WITH AND WITHOUT CIGAR—Mr. Churchill sees the last touches added to his portrait by Douglas Chandor, a British-born American painter commissioned by the late F. D. R. to do the three principals at Yalta. A composite will grace the Capitol.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

TIME HAS LITTLE MEANING HERE—Except for details of garb, this scene might have taken place two centuries ago. Deep in the hills of Tennessee, friends pause to talk of crops, the weather, and their health, until the bag of new-ground corn grows wearisome. The mill wheel's surging swish is all that breaks the morning stillness.

BRADLEY SMITH



FALL GUY—Paul Gallo of Westfield, Mass., executed this bit of adagio in a high-school game with Nashua, N. H., at the Boston Garden. But they didn't keep him down—his team won.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

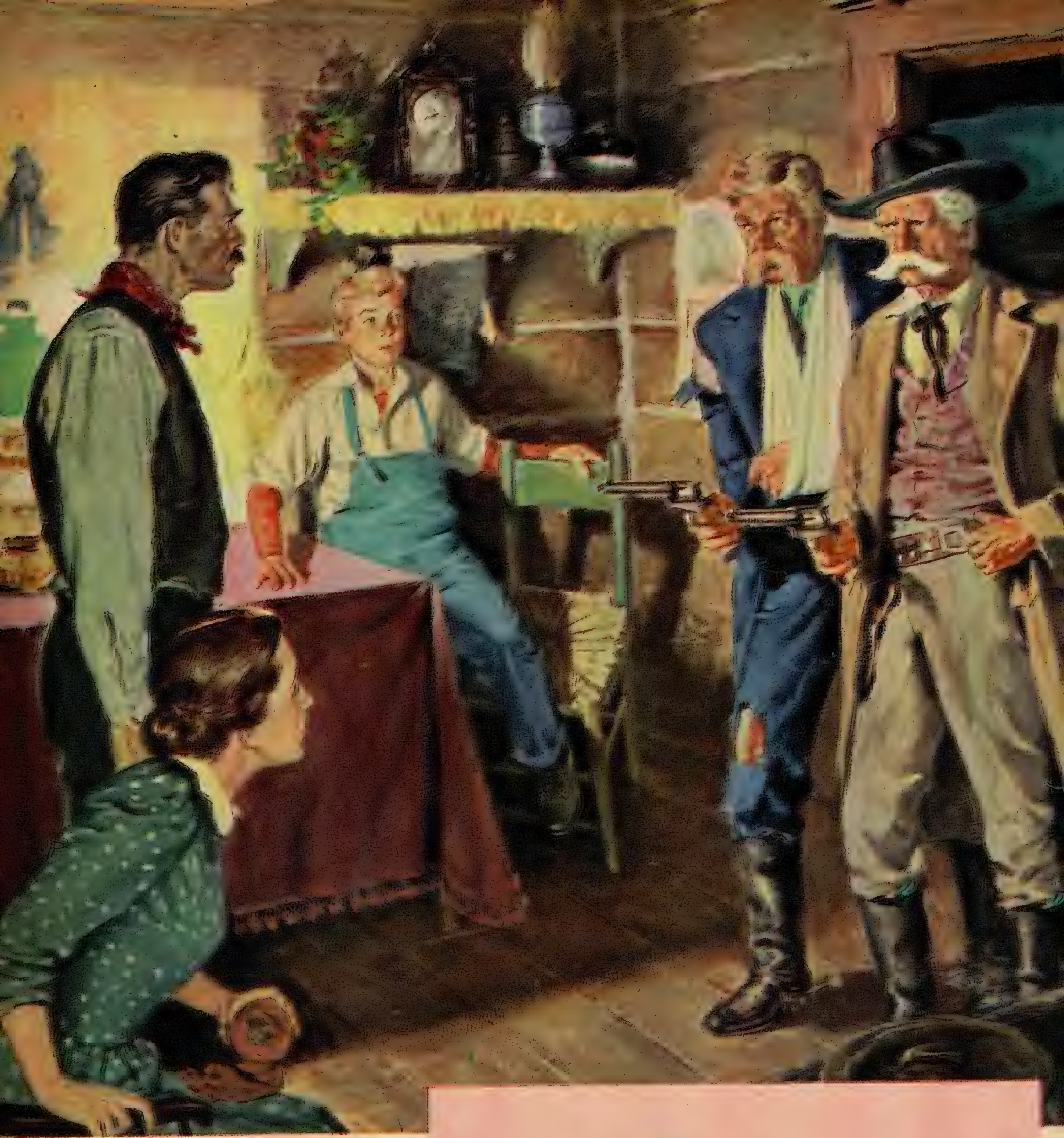
DONUT WEEK
QUEEN

DOLLS TO DOUGHNUTS—The problem was to promote National Doughnut Week, but a doughnut's an unlovely object at best. The solution: Darleen Demos of Long Island City, N. Y., in costume to catch the eye. She caught ours.

INTERNATIONAL

MOTHERLY FORBEARANCE—It's just a playful prank as this month-old colt takes a poke at his mother at Mereworth Farm in Lexington, Ky. You may be hearing from that young battler before many years have passed: he's by Count Fleet out of Aristocracy.

ACME



"We've come to settle a debt," said Cary in low, even tones. "I gave you fair warning, Deblen, but you put them on our trail, and now the time has come to settle up."

Daddy minded his own business and wanted only to keep out of trouble. But trouble, he found, is no respecter of those who run from it

A Man of Peace

BY PEIRSON RICKS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

As long as I live, I'll never forget that week in the middle of March, 1910.

My daddy and I were out in the field, readying a tobacco-plant bed for the sowing, when we saw horsemen riding down the laurel-fringed muddy mountain road that passed our place.

My daddy stood up and shaded his eyes against the hazy glare of the sun.

"Looks like the sheriff," he said. We stood there, watching. When the horsemen came to our place, they turned in off the road. My father, scowling slightly, his mouth grown suddenly taut under his close-cropped bristly beard, strode forth to meet them. I trotted respectfully after.

"Good day, sheriff," he called.

"Good day, Mr. Deblen." Sheriff Hayme was a small man, low and slight in build, but his face had a tough, oaken look, with quick bright glass-blue eyes and a grizzly half-moon mustache. He sat easily on a shaggy roan horse.

My father greeted the others, all of whom he knew.

"Mr. Deblen," said the sheriff, "we got a term of court opening in Keysburgh this week, and I thought it might be a good thing to have some extra deputies on hand. I've spoke to two or three members of the community—Henry, here, and Forney Branch up the road—and I'm going to deputize them. I'd like to swear you in too."

My father looked at the sheriff, and he looked at those men with the sheriff, and he scratched into his stubby beard with a long forefinger.

"Just started my planting," he said.

Nobody spoke for a while. Then the sheriff said, "I ain't going to press no man to serve, Mr. Deblen. But Forney Branch was planting too."

My father stared at the ground. "They're trying Gregg Lunsford this term of court," he said bluntly, "and I want no part of it."

"I ain't discussing who's being tried," said the sheriff. "I just want to know will you let me swear you in."

"You didn't need no extra deputies the last term of court," went on my father. "Trouble's brewing. I'm steering clear of it." He looked over that little group of mounted men and stared them in their faces, one by one. "I'm a man of peace," he stated belligerently. "When you go forth to seek trouble, that's what you always find. I ain't seeking it."

"Good day, Mr. Deblen," said the sheriff, and the little group of stern-faced men turned about and rode out of our yard.

My daddy's farm lay beside the muddy road that wound up the steep slope to Keysburgh, the county seat. We lived only three miles from the town, which occupied the knoblike summit of the mountain.

The winter snows had begun to melt now. In the thin blanket of white which lay over the land were widening patches through which you could glimpse the raw red clay of the West Virginia hills.

"Come on, boy," said my father roughly. "Work to do."

But we weren't to be let alone that day. We were sitting around the kitchen table, at the midday meal, when Mr. Forney Branch himself rode up. My daddy stepped out on the front porch to speak to him. I crept to the front door and peeked out.

"Forney," my daddy said, "I reckon I know why you've come. Ain't no use. My mind's made up."

"You're a respected man, Benson," said Mr. Branch. "That's why the sheriff put it up to you. And that's why I've rode up this way. We've come to the crossroads here in Burton County. They that believe in law have got to give the law their backing."

"I believe in law," said my daddy. "I cast my vote for Sheriff Hayme; I pay my taxes. I'm a peace-loving man and never have I been provoked to strike a blow. Law is law and peace is peace, and I'm a man that minds his own business."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Forney Branch, shifting his lank figure in the old worn saddle, "but you know what I'm driving at. Gregg Lunsford goes on trial this week."

"It's no concern of mine," said my daddy. "That's up to them that deal in law."

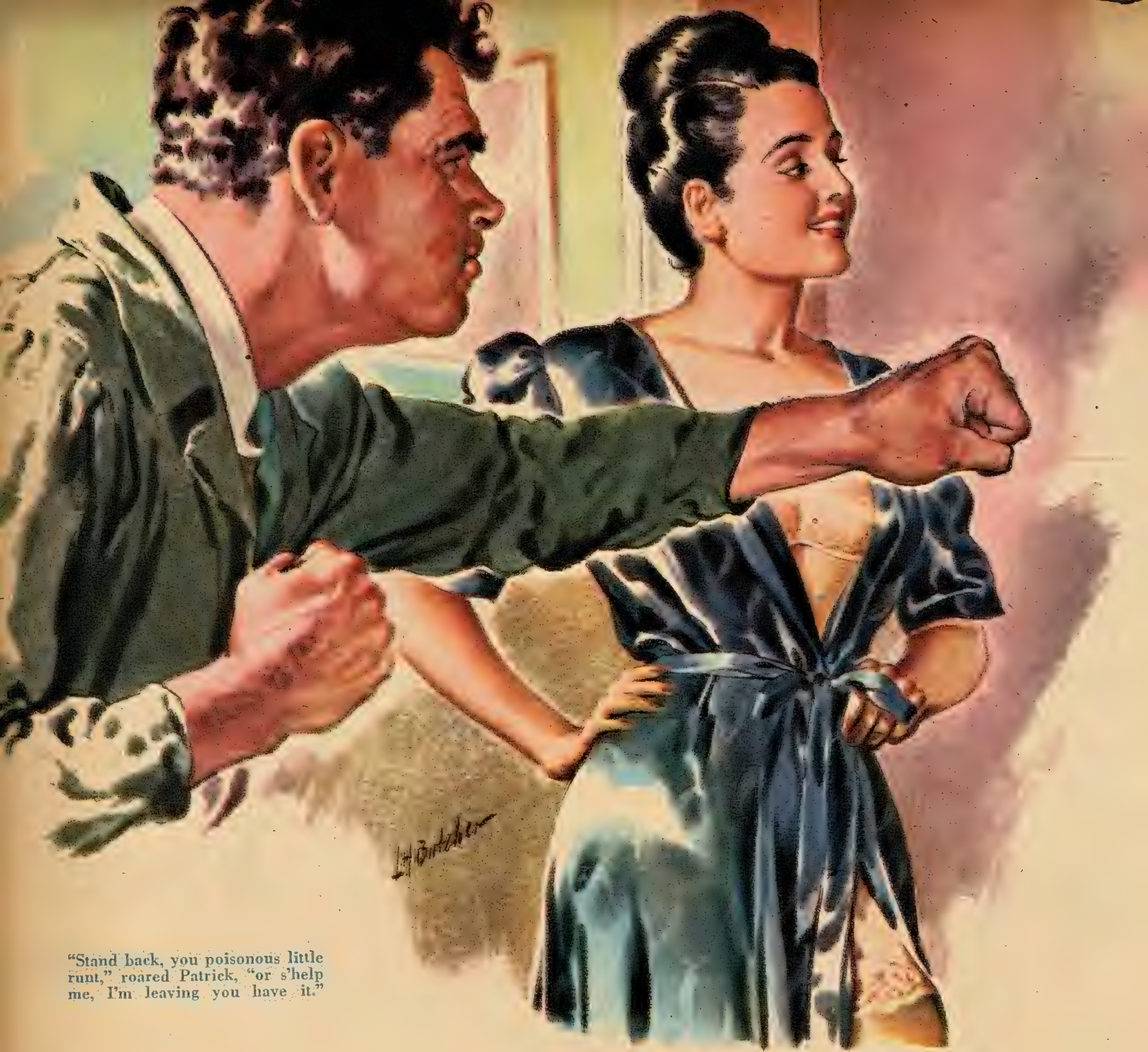
"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Benson," said Mr. Forney Branch, shaking his head. "Good day." He nudged his mule with his heel and rode away.

My father turned and caught me in the doorway. "You, boy!" he cried. "Viney," he called sharply to my mother, "can't you keep your young'uns back there?"

That afternoon, as my father and I went about our tasks, I thought of the Lunsfords, and especially of Mr. Gregg Lunsford, he with the great white bushy mustache and the narrow-slitted eyes, broad of shoulder, rough of manner, heavy of step. I had seen him many times in the village dressed in a blue serge suit and wide-brimmed black felt hat, wearing a white starched collar and a loose-knotted black necktie.

I had heard the tales folks told about him, of how, years before, he had shot his brother Cary in a quarrel over their father's estate. But Cary didn't die. Cary got well and shot Gregg. And Gregg didn't die. And that earlier sheriff closed his ears because it was established custom for the Burton County Lunsfords to settle their own affairs. You see, the Lunsfords owned the best land, lived in the finest houses, and operated the biggest

(Continued on page 81)



"Stand back, you poisonous little runt," roared Patrick, "or s'help me, I'm leaving you have it."

IF James Joseph McManus had not attended the annual clambake sponsored by the Honorable Order of Respected Ravens, none of this would have happened to Patrick Timothy Callahan. But James Joseph did attend, and with fervor. In consequence, he was in no shape for work when he reported next morning at the establishment of Schniedermann Bros., Moving & Fireproof Storage, Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

He especially did not wish, just then, to fraternize to any large extent with his fellow man. And he was pleased when, with scarcely a glance in his direction, Mr. Augustus Schniedermann dispatched him into the byways of Brooklyn in company with Patrick Timothy Callahan, his best friend.

Pat Callahan drove the small van, and beside him slumped Mr. McManus. As Pat jounced over bumps and trolley tracks, and braked heavily at intervals, Mr. McManus uttered pitiable sounds. Mr. McManus said "Oooh!" and "Mithir iv Gawd!" and crossed himself regularly. He also found time to curse Patrick Callahan.

"Now the divil take ye, Patrick Callahan!" he would exclaim. "Shure, an' is it a jauntin' car on the road to hell ye be drivin' this marnin'?" Mr. McManus had recently imported himself from County Cork.

Patrick Callahan, on the other hand, was a Brooklyn boy.

Pat was tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired, black-eyed, and steady-going. He saved his money carefully, because a certain Miss Mary Murphy had given him permission to hope. Beyond that, Miss Murphy did not encourage him to go.

Whereas James Joseph McManus had no Mary Murphy and never a dime in his jeans. He had, instead, a new girl every night; a small but strong stature, ginger hair, a quirky mouth, and a shameless squint. He was just a lovable tramp.

SO, as is the wont of the industrious Irish before eventually pampering and mothering their weaker brethren, Callahan spoke severely.

"Think shame of yourself, Jamie McManus," he said. "You're a disgrace to the community."

"Aw, Pat," said Jamie.

"Don't 'Aw, Pat' me! Drinkin' an' dancin'!"

"'Twas a splindid intertainmint," stated Mr. McManus. "Notables were prisint."

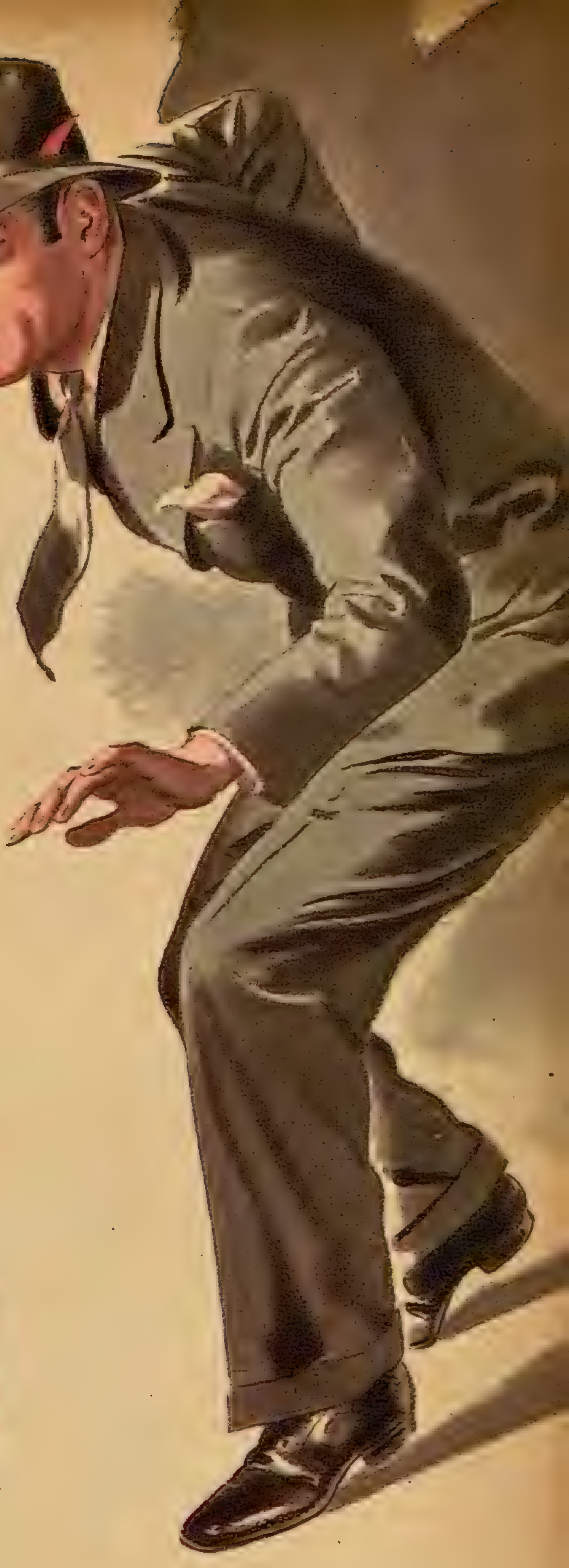
"An' how could the likes of you see," inquired Pat, "from the bottom of the beer barrel?"

Cascading such conversational

"Why, hallo-oh, ba-bee! Come on in!" purred the dark-haired girl in the flowing negligee. And Callahan, who had come to move the furniture, entered—and soon wished he had stuck to his moving

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER



Callahan and the Painted Jezebel

gems, the two of them bore down upon a quarry who wished to be removed from Brooklyn Heights to elsewhere. But in the neighborhood of Borough Hall, Mr. McManus was suddenly inspired.

"Pat," he said tentatively, "ye wouldn't be har-r-d on a poor sick man, would ye now?"

"That I would," said Mr. Callahan, granite-faced.

James Joseph sighed and tried wheedling. "Aw, Pat. Dinny Moriarity's sa—er—social club is just around the cor-r-ner. One an' only one, Pat. Fer midicinal purposes. 'Tis an ould McManus custom."

"No," boomed Pat, and drove on. He stopped before a nondescript renovated building. It was five stories high; a walk-up. The movee resided on the fifth.

"All thim stair-rs," Mr. McManus whimpered.

"Shut up," said Pat, and began hauling paraphernalia out of the van. McManus stood, coddling his head. Presently Pat had to climb into the depths of the vehicle.

"Come on, you bog-trottin' Paddy," he called. "Give us a hand!"

There was no reply. Pat waited a moment. Then he looked out.

And, so far as he could see, the vistas of Brooklyn stretched in majesty, unblemished by James Joseph McManus.

PAT swore. For a moment he debated chasing after Mr. McManus and dragging him out of Dinny Moriarity's by the scruff of his worthless neck. But Jamie would be too cute to go to Moriarity's, on top of mentioning the place. And he, P. Callahan, might spend half the morning looking for him.

So reasoned Mr. Callahan, and it was precisely the way Mr. McManus thought that he would. Therefore Mr. McManus had gone straight to Moriarity's.

Pat Callahan, abandoning the idea of pursuit, saw nothing for it but to get on with the job singlehanded until such time as Jamie thought shame of himself and returned. Accordingly he climbed the five flights armed with impedimenta.

Among other things he carried a dolly—a small flat wooden contraption with four wheels, used to expedite the hustling of chiffoniers, pianos, and others of their ilk. He set the dolly down and rang the prospective migrant's bell.

"Movers," he announced, as the portal opened a crack.

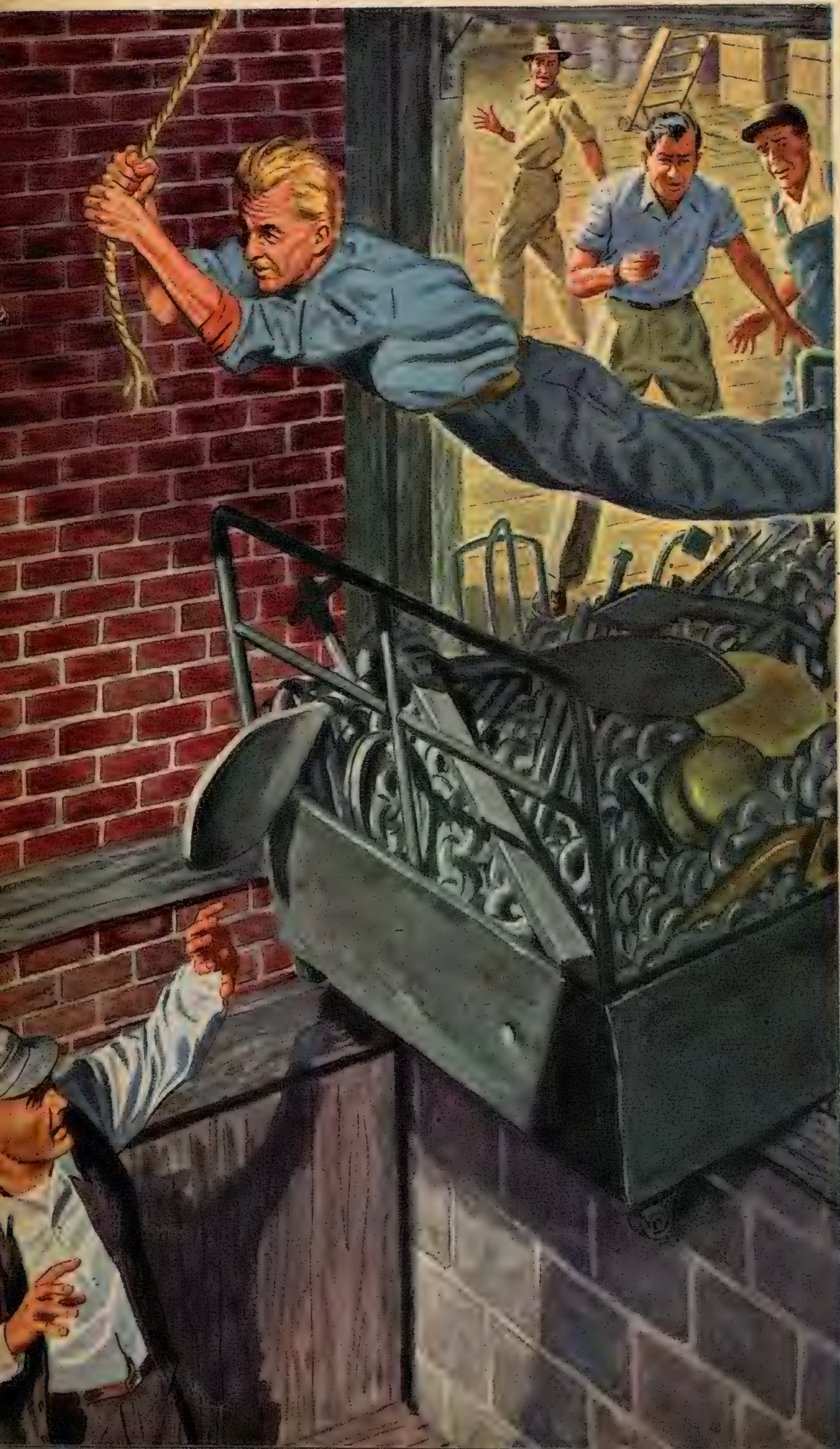
(*Continued on page 74*)

—They called him Meyer—which wasn't his name — but until that nerve-shattering, dramatic moment, nobody really knew him anyway

Just

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER



All at once Meyer took off from the rim and flew through the shaft like a wingless bird. Then I saw him dangling at the end of the rope, pulling it down by sheer weight.

HE was nothing but a wasted little piece of humanity, with the body of a half-grown boy and the eyes of a dreamer. When I came to the warehouse he was already there, trying to make himself useful, his thin dingy-blond mustache bristling with eagerness.

He was a foreigner. They all called him "Meyer," and I soon called him that too, although that was not his real name. "Come on, Meyer," I'd say. "Let's see some action. Make with the feet, Meyer." And the little man would smile with something like fear in his eyes and push his hand truck faster, straining against it with his slight body.

Some said he had been a jockey on the other side, and some said he had been some kind of performer. I didn't believe either story. He was too yellow. If you blew up a paper bag and popped it behind his back, he'd jump like a rabbit. Or when one of the gang ribbed him, he'd just take it with a sad little smile and turn away.

The foreman of the warehouse was Henderson. He was big and square and his mouth always looked as if he had just eaten a steak and had forgotten to wipe his lips. He came up now and again to borrow our strapping machine. "Gimme that thing," he'd say, pointing at it.

One day Meyer happened to hit Henderson in the shin with his hand truck. Henderson danced about, holding his leg. "Why, you idiot!" he said. "Can't you look out, you stupid, backward, half-blind idiot?"

"I beg your pardonne," Meyer said. He was very pale and he sort of stood at attention. "I beg your very pardonne, mister."

"I'd learn English first if I were you," Henderson said. "I orta knock off your block, that's what I orta do, you stupid unwashed alien."

I said, "Pick on a guy your own size, Henderson," but I didn't look at Meyer as I said it. I felt ashamed for him. He was really very yellow.

THEN came the tenth of December. It was a lousy day, with sleet and rain and long-drawn-out clouds over the river like funeral flags. Also there was some shipment with a deadline on it, and Mr. Fitch came over personally with the dock re-

A Yellow Belly

BY STANLEY F. DONATH

ceipt. We started working with that funny feeling you get when you know the boss's eyes are on your back.

Then that thing with the elevator happened.

The warehouse was very old. It really consisted of two old buildings with a broken-through fire wall and the elevator shaft in between. The two parts of our floor were connected by a vaulted archway; but the opening was pretty narrow for a fully loaded flat truck, and besides, it was partly blocked by a pile of half-rusted anchors and pulleys and anchor chains that had been dumped there a long time ago. We had often cursed the ugly-looking pile of old iron, but some estate paid good rent for the few square yards, and the stuff was too big and heavy to move to another place easily. So we didn't use the archway very much. We used to sneak the elevator up to our floor when there was something heavy to move and use it as a sort of bridge to the north room. Henderson had told us time and again that it was against safety regulations, but we did it just the same.

On that day we were out of luck, though. We had hardly started when they yelled for the elevator from the third floor, and we yelled back, and after a second Henderson came upstairs foaming at the mouth and started bawling blue fire out of us. Fitch asked what it was all about, and I said, "Well, it is all on account of that hardware, Mr. Fitch." And then Fitch got sore and said we should move the iron goods first thing after we got through with the shipment.

THAT'S how we started working on that pile. Everybody was sore at everybody. The guys were sore at me for not speaking up, and I was sore at Fitch and Henderson, and Henderson was sore at me. Only Meyer seemed to be sore at nobody. He hustled about and tried to make himself useful. He was so eager that I got mad and yelled at him a few times for no good reason at all. He didn't answer; he only looked hurt. And then it happened.

We had got nine or ten truck loads across the elevator platform, and there was only a seven-foot anchor and some odd pieces left. We felt a little better then. We loaded our largest flat truck again, and maneuvered it onto the elevator platform. I was standing on it, but Meyer was still standing in the opening of the shaft when some fool down on the third floor yanked the rope and the elevator started moving down slowly. I jumped for the rope to stop it, but it snapped with a crack like a rifle shot, and the elevator kept moving. The truck, its front wheels caught on the other side, tilted in a crazy angle, ready to spill its four or five tons of iron down on the falling platform on which I was standing.

They say that you see your past life going by like a very fast movie when you bow out like that. I felt nothing of that kind. I felt only fear. I didn't even think of Maisie and the kids.

My eyes were glued to the truck as it tilted slowly inch by inch, with me trapped like a rat.

Then, all at once, I saw Meyer. I remember some kind of throaty cry. He took off from the rim and flew through the shaft like an ugly wingless bird, and then I saw him dangling at the frayed end of the rope, pulling it down by sheer weight. I heard the clanking of a safety switch and I felt the little jolt when the elevator came to a stop between the floors.

I wheeled around and then I fell in a dead faint.

WHEN I came to, I was lying on the black leatherette sofa in the warehouse office. Somebody had opened the window and the cold snowy air blew over my face. I sat up, and everybody in the room started talking at once, and one of the guys handed me a whisky bottle and said, "Have a drink, Eddie." I took a long gulp and came to my feet, and then I saw Meyer.

He stood in the back of the room, leaning against the iron washstand, his face with the funny blond mustache detached and a little absent-minded. I went up to him and held out my hand. He took it without looking at me and held it a little and then dropped it like a thing he had no use for.

"Hello, Meyer," I said, and suddenly I remembered that was not his name at all, and I was embarrassed. "I've never asked you for your real name, come to think of it," I said apologetically. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Meyer. I heard the others call you that, and so—"

"I no care," he said. "I no care at all. One name so goot how the other. You call me Meyer if vant to, and ve friends. That O.K.?"

"I'll be proud to," I said. "You're all right, Meyer. I owe you plenty, I guess."

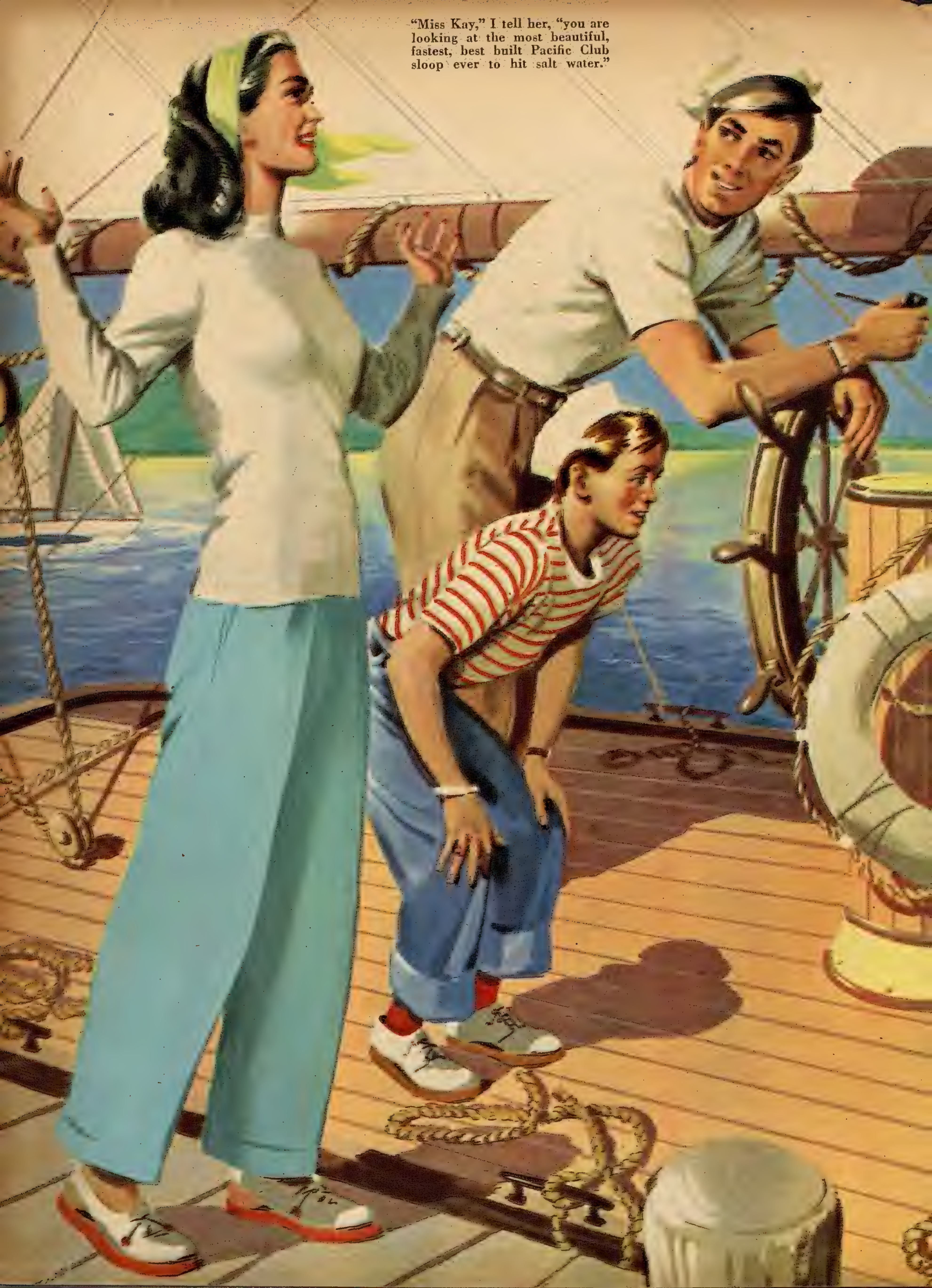
"That nothing," he said lightly. "That nothing at all. That easy to me. I been acrobat afore, see?" His eyes became smoky. He said, "Been very goot acrobat. The Flying Budapesters, ve vere, goot acrobats, goot bookin's, goot money. Me top man. Make hard stuff, make triple somersault up high. No vire, no net. Just so." His hands described a vague curve toward the ceiling. He said, very low, "Two years afore var they put me in K. Z. Oranienburg. Take me out couple times and say, 'Now ve shoot you, Jude Bielohlavek,' and tie sack round my eyes and—*poof!*—shoot Luger in air. Then take me back to barrack again."

THERE were small beads of sweat on his forehead. He said, "Vhen they let me go, I no can vork no more. I all finished. I afraid. Acrobat no goot vhen afraid, see? Acrobat vork with his heart in his hands. No can vork if heart inside sick and afraid." Suddenly a timid little light came into his eyes. "But today I jump," he said, astonished at himself. "Today I jump like I do afore. So mebbe I O.K. again. So mebbe I forget be afraid. So I go up there and make mine stuff and vork again and everything O.K., mebbe." He paused a little; his moist dog's eyes begged me to give the right answer, and then he asked, "Don't you t'ink so, Mister Eddie?"

I looked at him, and then I understood. This man Meyer had been a sick dog for a long time, and now he was whole again. He had got rid of the past and he was a man once more, and a brave man.

"Yes, Meyer," I said. "I think you're all right now. I think you'll be all right the rest of your life and you'll make plenty of triple somersaults yet, and after a while you won't understand any more that you've ever been scared. And don't forget to send me a ticket when you hit Madison Square Garden. It wouldn't be the right way to treat a friend, you know, Meyer."

THE END



"Miss Kay," I tell her, "you are looking at the most beautiful, fastest, best built Pacific Club sloop ever to hit salt water."

For the Love of Pete

Women are just like boats: It takes a steady hand and a sharp eye to keep them on the right course. And Pete Hammond was a man who knew his boats

BY JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BESSER

IF I had been an old sea captain instead of a young sprout, and my father hadn't been standing there, I would have given those Blue Water Club rocking-chair sailors a piece of my mind. "Look here, you blasted swabs," I would have told them. "This is the best Pacific Club sloop ever built and you know it. You don't have to turn up your noses because Mister Hammond built it in his back yard. You just wait until regatta day. By the Lord Harry, we'll show you a ship that can sail."

Being a sprout and Commodore Stevens' boy to boot, I kept quiet. I just stood there, spitting between my teeth and waited for Mister Hammond to tell me to cast off the bowlines.

Just this morning a truck had come to Mister Hammond's house and picked up the Quicksilver and we had launched her with the dock crane and towed her to this slip in the club's mooring docks. Now her mast was stepped and the brand-new sails bent on and shaking in the breeze, and the Saturday-afternoon club crowd was on the floats to look her over.

I felt pretty proud about the Quicksilver. I had helped Peter Hammond a lot and I didn't really give two hoops in a water cask what anybody thought of her, but I wanted them to think well of her because of Peter Hammond. He wanted to start a little boat yard, and this was his way of proving he could build a good boat. If he proved it, there were a lot of men who would back him. There was Mr. Quillan and Mr. Farrell, who owned a bank, and there was Mr. Farrell's son, Don, who had a lot of money himself and owned the Skylark, the champion Pacific Club sloop for two years now. The Skylark was the boat we had to beat on regatta day.

My father walked down the slip with Mr. Quillan and Mr. Farrell, and finally my father said, "Peter, it looks like you have done a good piece of work here."

"Thanks," said Peter, grinning. He wasn't mad at all, like I was. He was taking this whole thing easy, like it was just nothing and he hadn't missed a few meals lately to finish up the Quicksilver. Or that he didn't mind not being able to call on Kay Meadows because he was broke, which gave Miss Kay too much time to ride around in Don Farrell's flashy roadster.

Mr. Quillan said to my father, "It does look like a good job, Steve. But I've seen a lot of handsome boats—"

He didn't finish saying, "—that couldn't sail"; he sort of let that hang in the air. But Peter knew and he just said, "That's right, sir," and then he raised his head and his eyes started to shine, and I turned and looked where he was looking, up toward the clubhouse.

MISS KAY was coming, running. I don't think there are any movie stars as pretty as Miss Kay, with her black hair that is always curled and fussed up like the wind was blowing through it. And her blue eyes, and the way she runs, easy, like a man does. She has on Balboa blue slacks and a white sweater and white deck shoes and she looks as beautiful in those things as she does in the pretty dresses she wears to the club dances.

She runs out on the slip, saying hello to everyone and then she stops with her eyes wide and says, "Oh, Peter, it's beautiful! Perfectly beautiful!"

I've got to let off steam. "Darn tootin', Miss Kay," I tell her. "You are looking at the most beautiful, fastest, best-built Pacific Club sloop ever to hit salt water. If you want a champion boat built, see Mister Hammond."

Everybody laughs and she gives me a big smile and says, "I sure will, Timmy," but she turns back to Peter. "You going out now, Peter?"

Peter looks at her and she looks at him and she is asking to go along and crew for him, and he is wanting her to go, and something big and heavy starts to weigh down my stomach because I have wanted to sail the Quicksilver more than anything else in the world.

"I'm going out right away, Kay," says Peter. "I'm taking Timmy with me. He's worked like a dog, helping me, and I guess he's looked for this first sail as much as I have."

THAT shows you Peter Hammond is the kind of a man to sail the oceans with. I know Kay Meadows loves boats as much as Peter loves them. And if he could get her out there alone for a couple of hours he would more than make up for Don Farrell's flashy roadster. But he kicks away that chance, to keep his word to a kid who has done some sandpapering for him.

"Ah, heck, sir," I tell him, "I can go some other time."

"No, you can't, Timmy," says Miss Kay real quick. "Peter is right."

Peter smiles at her and says, "You'll come to the dance tonight, Kay?"

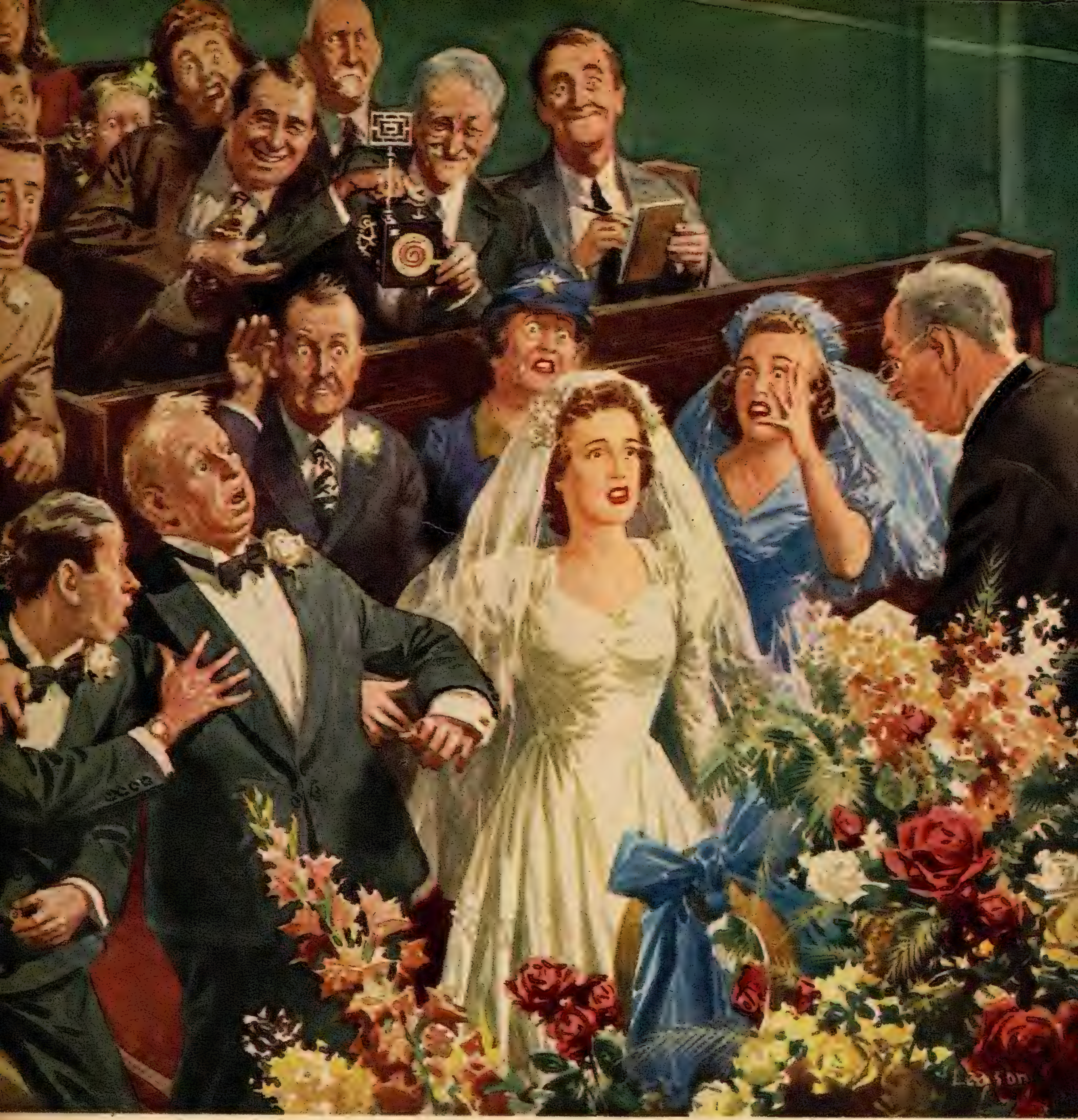
She kind of sobers up. "Yes, Peter," she says. "I'll be here. Don is bringing me."

"Well," says Peter, "save me a dance then." And he is smiling again, his mouth twisted up funny. They look at each other a minute like that, neither of them able to say the things they wanted to say because of the crowd on the floats. Then Peter snaps out of it and says, "I guess we better be getting out. Cast off those bowlines, Timmy."

I jump to it, handing the lines to men who are standing on both fingers alongside the boat. Peter throws off the stern lines and steps into the cockpit. A lot of hands back us out, keeping the shiny varnished sides away from the slips. When we are clear, they give the bow a final heave, throwing us onto the wind.

The mainsail and jib are flapping and Peter stands there a minute,

(*Continued on page 60*)



"I do," Nancy said at the proper time. "But to tell the truth, I *don't* take Wilberforce to love and to cherish."

The editor of the Prairie Center Weekly Reflex, in another of his letters to the President, observes that the truth is rarely pure and never simple

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Nothing But the Truth

To the President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Confidential

DEAR Mr. President,

I hope you will be happy to learn that, thanks to a recent invention of Professor Rhoades', all your problems of the atomic age have been solved. I do not wish to imply by this remark that you haven't been doing your level best. However, I believe I may state in this confidential letter, which I am sending by registered mail, that in international affairs nobody can take anything for granted. In fact, I might even go so far as to say that there is an element of distrust and suspicion among certain nations, not mentioning any names, even though all are working toward the same end, we hope. Thanks to Professor Rhoades, everything can be different from now on.

In case you are wondering about my obvious grasp of world affairs, sir, I may mention that I spent two years studying foreign affairs, as a Private First Class in the Ordnance Department of the Army. And I found how easy it is for an international complication to arise, when a certain foreign citizen of Alsace gained the mistaken idea I intended to marry her. Let me assure you, Mr. President, that I am very happy to be back again editing the Prairie Center Weekly Reflex, and single. Incidentally, I am sending you a complimentary copy of the latest issue, containing my editorial on the atomic age.

I was sitting in my office the other day, writing this editorial, when events occurred which the future no doubt will mark as the turning point of world history. Ed Barnes, the town garbage collector, came in and deposited a trash can on my desk. His face was very solemn. "Will," he announced sadly, "it's happened at last. It's cracked." And out of the can he took a bouquet of pink wax roses under a glass dome, and set them gently on my desk.

"I don't see anything cracked," I said. "Looks as good as the day it was made; must be fifty years ago."

"Not this—his mind," Ed said softly. "The professor's. Ever since I was a kid this bouquet of wax roses has been sitting in the professor's front window. Year after year."

"I remember." Everybody in town knew the story of Professor Rhoades' love affair of so many years ago. On the eve of marriage, the girl had thrown him over for Orville Watt, a whisky drummer. But the wax flowers, a present from her, he'd kept in touching memory in his front window, even though he subsequently married another girl. Justice's marriage to the whisky drummer hadn't lasted long, and we often wondered what she felt, passing the professor's house day after day through the years, and seeing those wax flowers in the window. Ever since the professor's wife had died, a few years back, we'd wondered if he and Justice Watt would finally make up.

"And it was in his garbage can this morning, after all those years," Ed said. "Naturally, I figured he'd made a horrible mistake. You know how absent-minded he is. So I took it back in to him. Instead of thanking me, the professor got sore. 'Do I have to argue with the garbage man every time I throw out a piece of junk?' he snapped. Him calling me a garbage man! I'm a sanitary engineer! And then, Will—you won't believe this—and then he said, 'If you turned the glass bowl upside down, it might make an ash tray.' I guess he's just too brilliant. His great brain cracked at last. But that's the way it is with genius. Here today and goon tomorrow."

I SIGHED. "His mighty brain lost to science. And in this atomic age, too, when he's needed so bad. . . . Shh, Ed!"

"Yeah," Ed whispered cautiously, as the professor climbed out of his Model T and came in. "Don't let him know that we know. It's the worst thing to do with them in that condition."

"H'mm," the professor said, regarding a string on his finger. In his hands he held a small black box resembling a candid camera. There was no outward change in his appearance; the same wispy little man with an absent-minded expression. "Now, let me see, what was it?" he murmured. "Did I come here to insert a want ad, or am I boiling mad about some piece in the paper? Or possibly I wanted some back copies for putting under a carpet? Oh, yes!" he said, brightening—"my new invention!" and he held up the little black box.

Ed Barnes and I exchanged knowing looks. We'd humor him. "Why, that's fine, professor," I said heartily. "It certainly is a dandy invention!"

"Sure is marvelous all right!" Ed echoed. "You're getting smarter every day! It's a wonder your mighty brain doesn't snap under the strain. But I always say—ouch!" he said, as I kicked his corns.

THE professor regarded us strangely. "What's the matter with you two? You don't even know what it is yet. Have you gone completely crazy?"

Ed muttered, "They always think *other* people are crazy."

"What are you whispering about? Well, for heaven's sake," the professor said, noticing for the first time the trash can and wax roses. "Ha-ha!" Ed said hollowly. "I was just giving the glass dome to Will here for an ash tray. Like you suggested—"

At that juncture, Mr. President, an amazing thing happened. The professor pressed a little knob on the black box. There was a faint buzzing sound. I don't know what I expected, the things the professor invents, and in this atomic age. But the last thing I expected was what happened.

Ed blinked his eyes and said, "To

tell the truth, professor, Will and me figured you'd gone crazy."

"Ha-ha!" I cried, forcing a laugh. "Always kidding!" And then, as the professor turned the buzzing box on me, I blinked and said, "To tell the truth, we figured your brain had snapped under the strain."

Instead of being furious, the professor giggled like a kid. "Marvelous!"

Ed and I looked at each other uncertainly.

JUST then Ottilie Wofenden came in. Ottilie is the town gossip, Mr. President, with the sharpest tongue in town, both ends of it.

"How do you do, Mr. Crawford?" she cooed to me. This was her nicest manner, which always meant her worst coming up. "I just dropped in to say hello—"

"Eh?" the professor said, and his black box buzzed.

Ottilie blinked. "To tell the truth," she said, "I came in here to give you some juicy dirt about the Cowper divorce case—Mark and Ethel Cowper. That's because I've got a very dirty mind, Will."

I blinked, partly from what I was hearing and partly because the professor had turned to me with his box. "We all know that, Ottilie." I said. "To tell the truth, you are perhaps the nastiest person in Prairie Center."

"Will Crawford! I'll sue!" she cried. And then, blinking, she sighed. "To tell the truth, I know it, Will. I'm a dirty-minded old gossip and nothing more. And I really don't *know* a single thing about Mark and Ethel Cowper; I just like to suspect the worst. Oh, I'm a terrible old thing!" she cried, and hurried out.

"That," the professor said, "is good for her. It's the first time in forty years that woman has looked herself square in the face with the simple truth. Good for a body occasionally. Now, look at me. I had that confounded bouquet of wax roses in my window for longer than either of you has been alive. Broken heart? Fiddlesticks! Justice Watt wasn't worth a lock of hair from the head of the girl I married later. I was really glad when Justice jilted me for that whisky drummer. But I wouldn't admit to myself I'd been such a blind fool. The flowers were just my attempt to dramatize something I refused to admit didn't exist."

"That box must be a truth machine!" Ed Barnes cried.

"You catch on awfully quick," the professor said acidly.

"How does it work?" I asked.

He handed me the little black box. "Same principle as the so-called 'truth serum'—temporarily numbs certain higher nerve centers and releases ordinary inhibitions. Be a great help to psychiatrists straightening out people with tangled repressions."

"Might be a small story in it for the paper," I said. "How did you discover the principle?" I was examining the box; nothing much could be seen from the outside.

"Working at it off and on for years. Jewkes' phenomenon kept nagging at me, and Haalem wrote a paper on— Well, to tell the truth, it was sheer accident," he said, and I realized I'd pressed the button of the box while it was directed toward him. "I was working on a mousetrap, and I got this. Instead of a death ray, this came out, whatever it is. Now turn that thing the other way, Will. After all, a man has his scientific reputation to consider."

"Quite a gadget," Ed said practically. "How about whipping up one for me? Come in handy. I never did find out the truth about where my girl was last Tuesday night. Now, she told me—"

"You'll have to excuse me," I said. "I've got to attend that divorce hearing. Mark and Ethel were such a nice couple, too."

"Think I'll go along," the professor said. "You know, Will, I've wondered what the *real* truth of that case was."

"Me, too," Ed said.

WELL, Mr. President, you wouldn't be interested in that divorce case, with all the world problems you have to think about. But it certainly was amazing to us here in Prairie Center. Once the truth came out about the cocker spaniel, there was no more case. Ethel had come back from a trip to find some blonde hairs on her hairbrush, and she's a redhead.

Mark didn't like to admit he'd been using her brush on the dog. From that, one thing led to another, as well you might understand, being a married man yourself. But the simple truth settled everything, and it would have done your heart good to have seen Mark and Ethel walk out of the courthouse arm in arm.

"But I think you went too far, turning your box on them lawyers," Ed said. "Maybe they *could* have patched it up, except for the fee. People shouldn't *think* that about lawyers. And when the judge said he was glad they made up because it ended the infernal case and he could now go fishing—that wasn't right for people to hear even if it was true. People have got to respect certain things."

"Why worship illusions?" the professor said. "The simple truth is always best in the long run."

"All I say," Ed said, "is that you can go too far. To tell the truth," he admitted, blinking, as the professor's box buzzed, "there's some things in *my* life I wouldn't want everybody in town to know." And with that he clapped his hand over his mouth and took to his heels at a run.

Ed had something there. I said, "Excuse me, professor. I've got to cover the mayor's speech."

"I'll tag along, Will."

"I have an appointment first. . . . Well, to tell the truth, professor, I'm afraid of that box. Keep it away from me. One more time and I'll smash it on the sidewalk."

Not, Mr. President, that I have anything to hide. But, for example, the girl I currently hope to make my wife might not understand the simple truth of large brown eyes under the Alsace moon. A man just couldn't be comfortable around that infernal gadget.

Ike Hansen, the mayor, was making a long-winded and flowery speech when we arrived, of the type you possibly are familiar with, being around congressmen, when suddenly he blinked and said, "Folks, to tell the truth, I couldn't care less about this whole affair. My feet hurt and I'm hungry. Let's go home to dinner." And then, standing on the platform with his mouth open, realizing what he'd blurted, Ike got the surprise of his life when everybody applauded. It was the biggest ovation of his political career. If you wished to suggest this type of frankness to certain congressmen, Mr. President, I'm sure it could do no harm.

Next I covered the wedding of Nancy Black to Wilberforce Barnwell. Everybody in town had figured Nancy and Clarence Faber were a match, but, as so often happens, Nancy was suddenly marrying somebody else and nobody knew why.

"I do," Nancy said at the proper time. "But to tell the truth, I'll have to qualify that. I *don't* take Wilberforce to love and to cherish. I take him because Mom and Dad wouldn't give me a minute's peace. I personally don't give a hoot about Wilberforce's money, and I only announced my engagement to make Clarence *do something*. But if Clarence doesn't have that much gumption, I'll go through with it. Yes, I do take Wilberforce for my lawfully wedded husband, under those conditions." Needless to say, there was a bit of consternation at the church, and even some slight confusion as Clarence Faber grabbed Nancy by the arm and they ran out and chugged away in his rattly old car to elope.

NEXT morning I was sharpening a pencil when Ed Barnes dropped in with a newspaper. "Look here, Will," he said, pointing to my editorial on the atomic age. "Did you read this?"

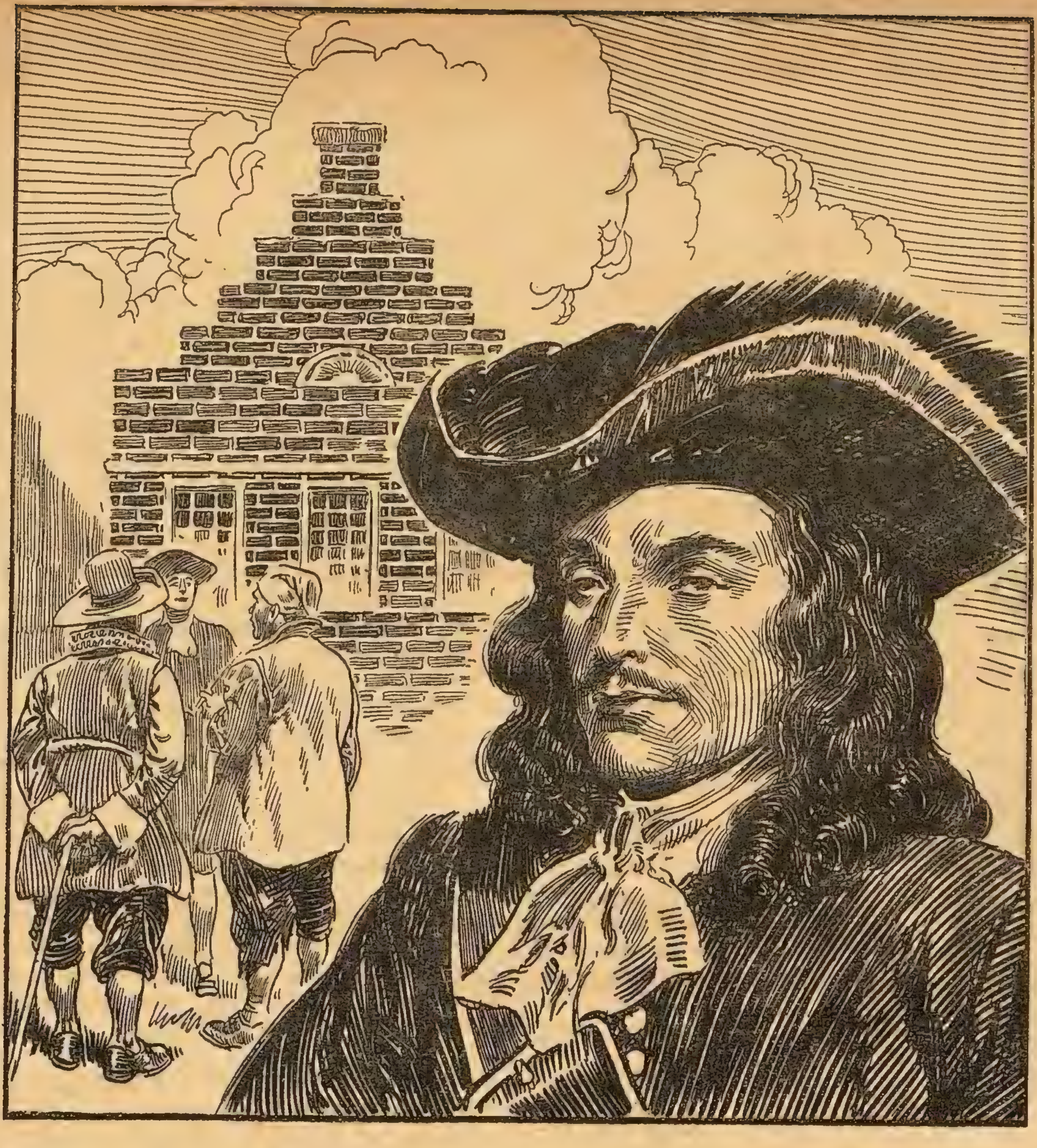
"I wrote it. See you later, Ed. I'm covering the town council meeting."

"Town council! Covering the town council in this atomic age! Read this editorial, is all I ask. It says here that they no more and have one powwow over the international situation than they've got to go have another and settle it all over again. Why?" Ed demanded. "Why?"

"Because of mutual distrust and suspicion," I said wearily. "I wrote it."

"That's just what it says!" Ed

(*Continued on page 57*)



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Anna Hoosen, a little Dutch girl of old New York, feared that she wouldn't be fine enough for marriage to the lord of Vallonwyck. But within a few years she had helped defend his land and had fought a mad tyrant to rescue her beloved. This is a touching novel of the days when feudal barons ruled the Hudson River.

Forever Possess

BY ALEXANDRA PHILLIPS

AT the first smell of spring on a soft shore wind, the tall-masted ships at the quays of New York champed at their hawsers and tossed their masts impatiently, while men sniffed the wind, their minds on the first dash to sea. And then the whole strong, rich city was whipped to excitement by the spring air, so that all events, from births to buryings, were matters of greater zest than in other seasons. And so in the spring of 1689 the city fell upon the marriage of the Marquis Henri Jean Marie de la Vallon, called here Devalon, and Anna Hoosen as an occasion for spending its vigor.

Concerning this marriage, it was known that old Dame Bayard, sister of the dead Petrus Stuyvesant, had arranged it by permitting the noble widower a glance at and a word with her pretty godchild on one of his trips to the burg from Vallonwyck, on Hudson's River.

The home of Merchant Hoosen was not ample enough to receive the guests, wherefore the mighty Sir Frederic Philipse opened his city house for the feast as an honor to his river neighbor. On the day preceding the marriage le Marquis arrived by sloop and was the guest of Colonel Abraham de Peyster in Queen Street.

That was not a good day for Annetje Hoosen. Matters of consequence were still to be concluded, yet she and her mother must leave the work at intervals to receive ladies of the small trader class who brought gifts wrapped in cloth and their good wishes, and who were sensitive about the manner in which they were entertained. Chocolate boiled on the parlor hearth all day.

Then came the affair of the white doeskin wedding shoes. The slave dispatched to fetch them brought back word that the price for wedding shoes now and henceforth was gold—"an English pound for those marrying into the merchant class or nobility."

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Annetje considered desperately. The only gold in the house was the small store in her dower chest—yet one could not be wed without shoes. Her mother was occupied with ladies in the parlor. So she made her own decision.

That night Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson and the great merchants and officials of New York attended a feast in honor of Lord Devalon in Colonel de Peyster's house and the noise of it swept across the island to the room where Annetje lay waiting for her mother to be asleep. The night was near gone when Annetje passed down the stairs barefooted to the parlor, where the fire smouldered and the fragrance of chocolate lingered. Stepping carefully, not to disturb the pattern of the sand, she took the quill and inkhorn and paper from the chimney shelf and sat at the table to compose her letter. She wrote:

To Lord Devalon at the House of Col. de Peyster, Gr't'gs: My Dowerie, ackseptible by you, contaned 20 Pds in Goud. But it has been needefull for me to use 1 of these peces to pay for my wedding Schoenen whereby you maye, if you so will, proclame ye Marriage Contrak voyde. There are but 19 Pds in ye Barrell.

Yr Hmble & Resptfl Servant,
ANNA HOOSEN.

She aroused the slave and sent her to deliver it, then waited fearfully beside the parlor window. If he quibbled over the missing pound she would try to understand that God had not intended her for such estate. . . . Le Marquis would take her to the far reaches of the river, to Vallonwyck, his great holding. God might wish to spare her the hardships of river life. . . .

The slave returned at full dawn and handed her a small box and a sealed note on heavy paper. Quickly Annetje opened the note and read:

My little Anna—to loose you for a Pd! This is too enormous a Tragedie for contemplation by a Man with a Heade. Herewith I send my poor wedding Gift, the best the Man who loves you dearlie cd procure. I wd have placed it about yr Necke before the Guests, but Love is impatient. Wear it, Annetje, & come to the Marriage barefoot if you must. God help us through this tedious Daye.

Yr Devoted Husband, V.

Her heart was pounding and tears were coursing down her cheeks, informing her that she had conceived a very great liking for this man. She opened the little box and found a smooth diamond shaped like a tear and fastened to a fine gold chain. Shyly, thinking of the tall stranger who gave it, she dropped the chain over her head and warmed the jewel against her breast.

OLD Dame Bayard, with her tire slave, came to oversee the dressing of the bride. Anna Stuyvesant Bayard was an old woman now and the Stuyvesant nose was all that remained of her commanding presence, but she was the Captain General's sister and the Province remembered how she had brought her fatherless brood here on the same ship that carried him, and had schooled them on nights when the skill of her own hand with a fowling piece was their only security. And it remembered too that her heart was kind and staunch.

When the women had finished their work Annetje looked into the glass and considered that she was a well-appearing bride. They had arranged her yellow curls below the French lace cap and her eyes, which changed the depth of their blue with her moods, were becomingly dark from sleeplessness.

Dame Bayard patted her hand and said, "A glass of wine gives color to the cheeks and life to the eyes. We'll drink a toast till Mister Nicholson comes."

They still held their glasses when tumult outdoors informed them that the Lieutenant-Governor had arrived. And then Annetje was seized with confusion, so that she trembled and scarcely knew how she behaved. But when at last she was seated beside him in the great carriage that smelled of the winter barn and was too filled with noise to permit conversation, she grew quiet with awareness of the jewel's weight on her breast and thoughts of the man who waited at the end of this short journey.

Then they were in the kirk and she saw him standing in the front pew, a tall man in a formal periwig of black curls and a sky-blue satin habit ornamented with jewels and a silver sword. As her eyes found his fleetingly, his smile warmed her and filled her with assurance.

Once during the long services he whispered in her ear: "My darling, you're like a white candle burning with a golden flame!"

This indecorum bewildered Annetje, but it also heartened her at a bad time, for the shoes had been made badly and raw seams were gnawing the bottoms of her feet.

Then there was a fight outdoors beneath the kirk window, and before it ended Annetje had recognized the loud clear voice of Tice de Wever rising in the brawl—big laughing Tice with whom she had played as a child and who had escorted her on the Battery on warm evenings and had sung before her fire in winter.

THE reception at Philipse House was a long ordeal, and Annetje's stockings were soon stuck to her feet with dried blood, and she feared that when she once seated herself she could not stand again.

The reception was nearly ended when she saw her old friends Claes and little Kaatje Voorsteg. She and Kaatje pushed toward one another and kissed, and Annetje seized the big man's hand and clasped it hard. She thought of the pleasant times she was leaving.

Claes, tossing his hair back nervously, said in a low voice, "Annetje, Tice de Wever will not come to give you his wishes. He is digging oysters. I am ashamed to say this, but he told me to tell you that the Jonkheer thought only once where Tice thought a second time."

Annetje's face burned. "That—that looper—said so?" she hissed. "Then he lies. 'Twas he fighting outside the kirk. Ja! And when did I contract to wed with Tice?"

Kaatje, full of sympathy and shame, patted her arm. "'Tis only that he loves you and fears to have us know." She kissed Annetje's cheek again. "That you may have much joy!"

Claes mumbled, "The Jonkheer has luck in his marriage." And then he told Annetje that he desired to bind himself to Vallonwyck for a tenure. "In Manhattan there are no freeholds left," he said, "for the land is in the hands of the rich. So we'd be better bound to a good lord than enslaved by city merchants. Kaatje dreads that you may think we wish to be your equals on the river. But you know that this is not so, Annetje. I seek only a place whereon to plant my family."

She nodded, pleased, saying, "I will request this arrangement of le Marquis, for I also wish you to live on Vallonwyck."

Kaatje cried: "Wel bedankt, Annetje! We know that we'll have luck on your land."

Then the Voorstegs departed.

Next Dame Philipse, small and brown, was standing beside Annetje, saying, "The sooner the feast begins the sooner it will end." And she moved off to give the orders.

Though Annetje kept her mind on the guests' talk so that she could reply sensibly when addressed, her marriage thoughts kept her heart beating over fast, and occasionally she contrived a shy glance at her husband.

When the time came for the drinking of toasts the bride and bridegroom stood to be honored. It was after this that the Marquis Devalon, forgetting under the flood of good wine that he was in the frugal provinces, proposed a glass to the King in the military fashion. Slaves refilled goblets and the company rose again as best it could. Raising his glass, the Marquis cried:

"To the Stuart Restoration and his Gracious Majesty, James the Second!"

He drank and dashed his goblet on the hearth where it shattered loudly. After a short hesitation his example was followed and dozens of glasses cut through the air amid the women's frightened screams. Then above the noise came a guttural shout, angry and menacing, and from the low end of the table a stuffed fowl was hurled with great force, striking the bridegroom on the left shoulder.

Instantly the room was quiet. Devalon stood motionless, his face gone white, staring down the board. Guests, horrified by the insult, dropped into their chairs until there were only two left standing—Devalon and the wine merchant Jacob Leisler. Leisler's face was blotched and his small eyes were reddish with rage and wine. Resting his knuckles on the table he shouted:

"I'll drink to no damned Popish king!"

Annetje's breath was coming short. Her man remained rigid, glaring, while the brown juice of the fowl ran slowly down his handsome coat. Then Dame Philipse spoke:

"The fighting stops!"

Devalon turned, gave her an apologetic bow, seated himself and commenced a conversation with the Lieutenant-Governor, deftly mopping his coat with a napkin. But Annetje saw that his nostrils were white and that they flared with each breath. Down the table Vrouw Leisler and her daughter Mary, with shamed faces, shrank from the merchant while the talk began to flow again; but Leisler only resumed eating.

LORD DEVALON'S fine black sloop, *Le Chat*, put out before the city was awake and came into the Great River in front of a brisk south wind. Annetje sat on a pile of furs and cushions on the foredeck, in her green velvet traveling habit. Her hair was held by a velvet cap and she wore a shawl of golden wool fastened by a gold brooch, while the diamond her husband had given her lay warmly under her bodice.

Devalon handled the tiller and commanded the slaves in French. He wore homespun now and his natural hair was tied sailor-fashion, which Annetje considered highly becoming to him. He remarked that the south wind would be stronger up river and that they should reach their township within two days.

In the evening, as he smoked his pipe, he told her of the obstacles he had encountered in his three years in the plantations. Listening, she grew excited by his man's pride in the thing he made. To be a landholder on the river was a big matter. And when the proper moment came she informed him of Claes' wish to be bound to him, and obtained his consent to the arrangement.

Shyly, she brushed a lock of hair from his forehead, whereat he gave her a quick glance of pleasure, and she said, "Though we approach our home I know nothing about it. You've not told me anything. Please tell me now."

He drew her down until their cheeks were together.

"Well, it's rough and less convenient than the city, and you may miss companionship while I'm at work. But you'll have Marie—and she's a sweet child. She's seven years old, and I've let her go wild—partly because I had no other course and partly to give her stamina for life in these colonies. She runs with the Indians and is quite untamed."

"You two—have spoken of me?"

"Often. And she loves you already."

Annetje smiled, but she was disturbed. In his man's way he had described Annetje to Marie out of his own heart, and the child would be jealous.

He held her fingers against his lips as he talked on.

"Marie's grandmother is old and blind and very unhappy, and we must soften her misery where we can. I had no right to bring her here, except that my child needed her. Annetje—try to remember that la Belle Mère is a noblewoman of France. She won't love you, for you stand in her daughter's place." He had not mentioned his first lady before. Annetje, knowing that her hand had become unsteady, withdrew it gently. "At times, she may be cruel and unreasonable and may hurt you—but remember that her last days contain more pain than pleasure. She has no diversion now except my music."

"I will remember." He looked up into her face gratefully and she added, "If you desire it she—she can continue keeping the house."

He smiled and reclaimed her hand to kiss it.

"We'll let the apothecary's wife continue keeping it, under your direction, for I haven't brought you here to load you with cares."

She kissed his ear. These were men's thoughts. They select you to bear and rear their kinderen and to keep their food bins filled—yet think they give you no cares.

JUST before sunset the sloop emerged from a tunnel of great mountains into a bay and moved up to Vallonwyck Landing. They were home.

A coach rocked them through the windings of a deer park and then between fields to the stoep of the dim house. As they stepped down, the door was flung open by a black, and Annetje saw many people watching from a hall hung with mirrors, paintings and satins.

First was a very small old woman with a brown child clinging to her skirts, and a slave holding a ribbon tied to her wrist. Behind her ranged a Dutch woman, big and sensible, who must be the apothecary's vrouw, and then the barefoot, grinning house slave in red livery.

Devalon embraced la Belle Mère and Marie boisterously and then presented Annetje. The old woman acknowledged the introduction politely with a French formula, giving her a hand like a bit of cool parchment, and the child curtsied like a doll on strings. But then a quiver passed over the small face, and she sobbed and flung her arms around her father's legs. He, amazed, raised her in his arms, kissed her and scolded her gently.

"She is—*très fatiguée*," the old woman said. "We will retire, with your permission."

Devalon led Annetje up the stairs to the big chamber which was to be hers for as long as she lived. There a mute tire slave, a gift from Dame van Rensselaer, prepared her for bed. She considered the room. It overlooked the river and was elegantly outfitted with heavy French furniture. She was pleased to find no indication that it had ever been occupied by a woman.

When Henri entered from his dressing room, wearing a long silk robe, the slave withdrew.

Annetje said at once, "I am troubled about Marie. I've seen an old dog look as she looked, when a new hound entered the kitchen."

He drew her against him and kissed her. "I ask only one service of you—that you win her confidence."

She nodded against his breast. Then he snuffed the candles and drew back the curtains on the river and mountains lying vague and unreal in the moonlight. To Annetje that scene was too big, too wild and mystical to be looked on tranquilly. As he lifted her up the steps of the big hooded bed she whispered:

"Please, dear Henri, place me furthest from the windows—where those mountains can't watch me."

And before they fell asleep she found time for settling a matter which had been in a corner of her heart since his first embrace.

"Henri—'tis dutiful for a man to caress his wife and for her to caress her man. But I could not be content if your embrace were not of equal warmth with mine."

"But, sweet Annetje—"

"Neen, but you must listen. You must pledge that you'll not caress me with a cold or disapproving heart, or when you are not at peace with me. For I don't think I could bear that." Her voice quivered with seriousness.

"The bargain is made," he said quietly.

Then she laid her head against his arm and closed her eyes happily.

TICE DE WEVER came out of a beer-logged sleep on a pile of rags in a scavenger's cave among the shadows of the quay spiles.

The sun hung straight above the East River.

He opened his aching eyes and stood up slowly. He was a big man who carried himself as though he found pleasure in his muscles. His large gray eyes were bold, and the fine lines around his prominent nose betrayed restlessness. His yellow hair was tangled and the young beard which had grown during his carousing added a wild aspect to his handsome face.

He had been drunk over long for a woman. Soon the cause of his drinking would be suspected in the taverns and he'd be laughed at—for a man cannot languish of love with dignity. Moreover, he had now had enough of drink. He wanted to be sober and away.

As a sailor he knew that the end of mutiny was death on the yard arm. One day the king's frigates would sail into this bay to end the uprising that was being stirred up by Jacob Leisler—for what king would side with a mob against the rich and powerful? With the royal garrison absent fighting Indians in New England, New York had no protection save the militia under Colonel Bayard. And the captains of the militia were divided, some with Leisler and some with Bayard—who had declined to join the revolt. Even the soldiers distrusted each other. So there was fear—fear of King James and the Pope, bloated by Leisler's ravings, fear of King Louis and his Indians who might sweep south during the burg's helplessness; and now fear of neighbors, since all were traitors to one side or the other.

Tice adjusted his clothes so that they gave him his best appearance. The green broadcloth, bought on the Thames Embankment, was still presentable and it displayed his good build. As he climbed the tide-crusted rocks he decided to strike into the woods and make for New England. Or he could head up-river.

He left New York by the East Gate, which he found unguarded, and set off along the empty bowery road under vertical tree shadows. He stopped at a pool formed in a small bourne, and took out his razors and cleaned off his beard. He considered the advantages of offering himself as a farm hand—but he could travel a long way first by sleeping in burying grounds, safe from thieves, and flirting for food at kitchen doors.

The walking stirred his blood and lightened his mood. If he had had his will and married Annetje he would be chained to that stinking burg now by a wife. So now he could think of Annetje without rancor, and plan, with some pleasure, the manner he'd adopt toward her should their paths cross upriver. And as he stretched his legs against the miles, he sang for the satisfaction of hearing his great voice defy the silence.

THE cherry row, which was in bud when Annetje came, was all ablossom on the day she prepared for her first mid-meal guest, Mister John Pell of Pelham—wherefore she had ordered the table laid under the trees. As she watched the Vrouw Apothecary direct the slaves in setting the silver and weighting the cloth against the breeze, Marie, running from the Indian grove with her dog, Bouncer, beside her and her arms full of toys which the squaws had given her, skirted wide of Annetje. And suddenly all the beauty had gone from the morning.

With the old woman and Marie it was always as though she were a stranger who had arrived without credentials. When she spoke they listened with good manners, but never warmly, and she gained no response unless she questioned them. Yet so artful was their conduct that Henri seemed never to detect their hidden hostility to her.

But today as they ate in a gentle storm of cherry blossoms, even la Belle Mère, whom Mister Pell addressed in French, seemed gay, and she remained longer at table than usual. The guest and Henri were friends of long standing. Both had known fashionable London, but Pell was the son of a Cromwellian diplomat while Devalon had roistered with the Stuart bloods.

"'Tis my duty to see that the post from New York reaches Hartford, and t'other way 'round," Pell said, explaining his visit. "Commonly this is but a matter of putting up the riders. But the last pouch contained sealed messages from Mister Nicholson to Governor Andros in Boston, and I felt compelled to carry them myself with an escort, lest the rider be ambushed. What I discovered in New England troubled me, and therefore I've ridden wide to confer with the river gentlemen."

It was Pell's belief that once Leisler had consolidated his hold on New York, he'd press upriver in an effort to control the entire colony. But Henri said, "Our townships have endured for sixty years against stronger foes than this crazy merchant. We'll survive."

At length la Belle Mère sent Marie off to the kirk for her lessons, made her own farewells and departed. Then Annetje rose, ordered whisky for the men, and giving Mister Pell compliments for his lady, wished him a good journey and left the men there to conclude their business alone.

She walked aimlessly with lowered head, her skirts catching lightly on the grass. She was troubled for Vallonwyck. She came into the garden and stood on the highest knoll, looking down dreamily upon the busy, sunny dorp. She saw her husband's sloop riding alone in the harbor, but she knew that Vallonwyck's armed brigantine, *The Faithful Widow,* was in New York, her hull packed with the winter's fur yield; that the smaller *Jeremiah's Lament* was halfway to Barbadoes with a grinding of white flour. All this richness, the blood of Vallonwyck, must pass through New York.

THEN a smaller matter took her mind from the big ones. The garden, she saw, was badly neglected. It came to her that Indians are apt with plants. So she went to the kitchen door and dispatched a slave to the maple grove where the Indians lived to say that she required a garden worker.

Presently a wide-hipped squaw swung barefoot up the lane and approaching Annetje announced her name, Nanka. Annetje had heard of this one. She was a witch and she had no husband in the tents. It was said that she had come from New England to escape burning, and that she made only good witchcraft. Her face was old, but there was youth in her eyes and in the smile she gave with her crude courtesy. Annetje pointed at the garden. "The plants need care."

Nanka nodded.

"You care for the garden like your child, and you may eat from the kitchen and draw one barrel of brined pork and one bolt of flowering stuff from the commissary each fall. Is this good?"

The witch's quick eyes wavered. She scooped up a handful of earth and felt and smelt it; she lifted her head and looked up and down the western shore. Then, strangely, she stretched forth an arm and pointed, saying, "Mountain with Dutchman's gold." She opened her wide mouth and laughed, nodded. "Indians not use gold. They show place to good Dutchman with sign."

Suddenly Annetje was afraid. So the Dutchman's gold lay on Vallonwyck amid the flowering ribs of old Bliksemberg. She knew about the search for that gold, which had begun long ago when westshore Indians were first seen gilded. Adventurers, tracing the gold to the Kaatskills, found heaps of it lying on the surface. But they never could return to those deposits.

Nanka, giving her mistress a strange glance, walked soundlessly away. Staring after her, Annetje felt comforted. But she would not have Henri know of her alliance with the witch lest he think that she had been tricked by her dark Dutch fancy.

And with this consciousness of secrecy, she raised her eyes from the grass to a window of the house, and encountered brown eyes which stared at her with solemn intensity. A moment and the face was gone, leaving slowly settling folds of yellow silk behind the glass. That was a drawing room window—and the key to the room hung from the ring which la Belle Mère retained. So Marie had been set to observe her!

Annetje ran around to the front door and let herself into the hall. That old woman should give over today and acknowledge the true mistress of Vallonwyck!

But as the dusky hall closed around her, her feet stopped. In her troubled mind she saw Henri's face as it had looked when he lay upon the cushions of the sloop and adjured her to be patient and to remember that he understood.

Chastened, she mounted to her chamber, still thinking of Henri. He would arrive soon to prepare for dinner. She lighted candles, drew the drapes and pulled the bell rope to order a fire. As she turned from the rope her eyes were attracted by a shining pile of metal on the bed's coverlet. There lay la Belle Mère's great ring of keys.

Annetje was frightened. It was as though that strange one had divined her intention of demanding the keys, and had forestalled her. Timidly, Annetje touched them, the keys of Vallonwyck. She set down the candle and adjusted them on her waist chain. Now she was really the chatelaine of this house.

ON A bright morning that week, a slave came to report the arrival of Heer and Heeress Voorsteg at the quay and Annetje cried out with pleasure and ordered her chair that she might go down and welcome them.

The happiness of just looking at Claes and Kaatje and of hearing their voices! And the news they brought from her parents and friends in the city. Kaatje drew her a little away from the others to tell her there would be a child in the summer. Annetje hugged her.

"We are glad that it should be born here," Kaatje said.

"I also am glad, for he'll be a Vallonwycker!"

The task of settling Claes and Kaatje and introducing them to the manor so filled Annetje's days that she had little concern for Marie and the old woman. But during the evenings her dislike of them grew. Then she would ply her silks silently, indignant that Henri, pale from his heavy work, further fatigued himself by opening a gilded clavichord upon his knee and making music for their pleasure. When they had retired he often dozed in her arms.

Soon the berry harvest came, and then Annetje's time and strength were spent in work so that she too was weary by evening and at night the bed was wonderfully soft. Henri had requested her to ride among the farms to oversee the preserving, and now on these blue and gold mornings she climbed into the saddle and, accompanied by two guards, set off before big Hans, her husband's overseer, had finished drilling the militia.

It was during this season that she learned she was having a child. When she told Henri he held her close against him for a long time, and then he said, "You should have had more youth. But if it can comfort you, I tell you that what you are doing for me means more than my life."

Another woman had given him a daughter, but Annetje's heart knew that she held a son.

GOOD luck came that spring with a late flight of trumpeter swans. Hunters ran to the cliffs with guns and Indians with bows and quivers, and the killing began. This was the biggest flight ever seen here. For three days the sky was dark as with a storm, and there were no sounds but the birds' cries and the throbs of wings, and the shooting. Women and children remained indoors. An Indian runner was dispatched to New York to postpone the sailing of Devalon's brig, *The Faithful Widow*, until the new cargo could be taken down river and laden. The white breasts would make cloaks for kings.

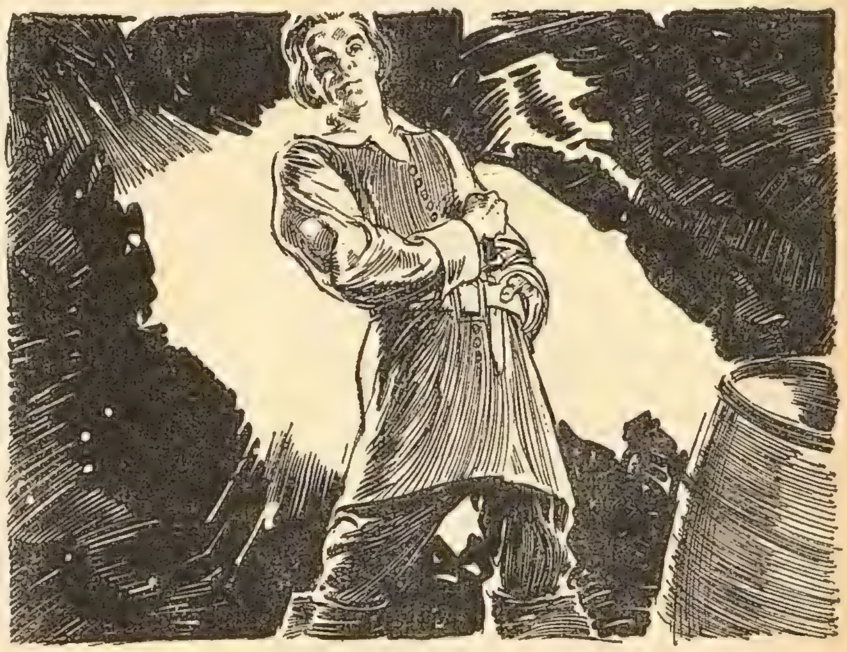
On the fourth morning the flight was past, except for a few stray birds, and Annetje stepped eagerly into the garden to taste the air and smell the earth again. But she had taken only a step when a shot sounded close by, there was a rush of air, and a bird struck the earth beside her, hurling her against the house. As she staggered the dying creature raised its head, fixed her with a glazing eye and uttered a scream so terrible that it pierced her head and dropped her to her knees—where she fell with a hand in the hot blood. The hunter came running forward and dragged the bird away. Annetje noted a curious circle of black feathers on its torn breast and in her heart she cried: "The bird cursed me!"

After the flight the weather grew hot and thick. One day, at the end of a riding, she dismounted wearily at the smithy, hungry for sight of Kaatje's untroubled, honest face and for the smell of her oven. The upper half of the door was open and she could hear Claes and Kaatje talking, their voices overlapping. But as her hand touched the latch she realized that there was another with them—a man. Looking into the room where firelight slid into the sunset glow, her heart began to pound. Kaatje called a greeting and ran to the door, and then Tice de Wever was grinning down upon her. He took her hands in his big grip and she saw the old Tice, browned to the color of an Indian; the old happy, heedless Tice.

He was treating her as he used to, drawing her into the room toward a chair set in a breeze between the doors. Kaatje gave her beer and a hot salted bun, and they slipped back into the easy ways they four had enjoyed when they frolicked in her father's parlor. It was long since she had been in a room so filled with friendliness.

Claes leaned toward her, his face suddenly grave. "I'm content that you stopped here today, Annetje," he said, "because it comes to me that you have a right to know of a transaction I have made over the skins."

She felt an odd uneasiness as Claes continued: "Tice here had luck in the swan shooting, whereas I did not take many skins. But Tice was shy to offer his skins at the commissary because there are false reports that he had part in the New York trouble, and he dares not reveal his presence here. And so I pegged out his skins with mine, and today I went to the commissary and sold Tice's skins for English money—somewhat below the barter price—explaining that I wished to settle debts which I had left behind in the burg."



"But," she said, "I can see no cunning in the deal."

"There was none. The Jonkheer gets the skins cheaper than if I had hunted them and entered them against my name—but since there was some deception in the transaction, Kaatje and I have been troubled. We are better satisfied to have you understand why I acted in this way."

"If that's the only matter troubling you, you should sleep well tonight!" she told them.

Tice laughed boisterously. "Good old Annetje! By God, you've too much sense to remain buried in a manor!"

She made a grimace at him.

Although she was late getting to the castle, Henri had not yet returned from the day's work at his forge. Refreshed, and cool in a thin white frock tied with blue satin bows, and blue satin slippers, she returned to the stoep to wait for him and to watch the evening fall—her heart still warm from the afternoon.

At sight of him mounting the steps, all sweat and dirt and iron dust, she forgot all other matters, and running to him flung her arms around his neck and kissed him warmly, laughing at the pressure of his embrace.

Dinner was scarcely over when Hans the overseer stomped into the hall. Henri joined him, and they repaired to the cabinet for a conference which had not ended when la Belle Mère and Marie retired.

When Henri entered the evening room and dropped upon a divan, his face was drawn with weariness. Quickly Annetje poured a glass of whisky from the decanter, kneeling beside him while he drank and scolding him for working overhard. He took her hand absently, looking into the fire.

"My dear—how honest is the smith, Claes?"

"Our Claes Voorsteg?" she asked.

"Of course." He shifted impatiently. "Though his hunting was desultory he has a large quantity of swan skins, some of which he has sold at the commissary for cash below their value. The transaction gives rise to a suspicion that he has acquired the skins illegally."

"You'll get the same price, whoever hunted them."

He looked at her sharply. "Landlords buy skins only from their own tenants—else hunters would have us bidding against each other at high prices for that which was ours in the beginning. Every bird that crosses this township is mine, but I commission my tenants to bring me skins at a fair price. Therefore if your smith has acquired his horde from an outlander, he has come by them illegally. Is that clear to you?"

Her guilty knowledge whipped the blood into her face. "Claes Voorsteg is an honest man," she protested.

"Perhaps—but I mistrust a slow-thinking peasant. 'Tis my experience that he thinks deviously."

"But you'll please to remember, Jonkheer, that Claes Voorsteg came here a free man, and that he's no more peasant than your own vrouw!" He looked up at her in astonishment, but her anger lashed her on. "And he gives Kaatje a good home, and there's more happiness in her kitchen than in all your damned castle!"

Here she stopped, sick at her own sudden wild talk. Because there was happiness here. Happiness before the fire with Henri looking up at her. A moment later she was weeping on his breast while he questioned her gently.

"Are you unhappy then, my Annetje? I would not have you so."

And she, struggling for breath, swore that she was happy, but added the lie, "'Twas only the beer clearing from my head, which put me in bad temper!"

"Beer?"

"Kaatje and I—drank a glass. But I was very, very happy tonight—till this talk of Claes—"

He kissed her and soothed her until the sobs ceased.

"We'll talk no more of Claes," he promised. "And I'll agree that he was merely fortunate in hunting." He suggested that they'd both be in better temper for a night's sleep.

But Annetje lay long awake. This had been a quarrel.

NOW Henri was greatly occupied with the township's defense, as guns were dragged from the foundry by ox teams and installed in strategic spots along the river and boundaries. Hans drilled his men with added severity. The heat of the day was trying, at night the society in the evening room was settling behind belligerent walls of silence—unless Henri contrived to be with them, which he did less and less often. So badly had Annetje's efforts to win Marie gone! Nor were intervals in Kaatje's kitchen satisfying. Kaatje, her face shining like a ripe apple, sat stitching clothes for her child while Annetje watched, jealous because her own son's garments were being made in London. She could also envy Kaatje the nearness of Claes, who was seldom beyond sound of her voice.

Then, late one smothering afternoon, chance brought Annetje a rare opportunity for a horseback ride with her husband. On their way home Henri drew rein near a small rill, and taking her mare's bridle induced the beast to kneel that she might dismount. He smiled and said to her inquiring glance, "I have a secret sanctuary which I've not had opportunity to show you before."

He led her along the small stream, which threaded through the trees and rocks in a border of brilliant grass until it spread into soft, mossy marsh, and then swept quietly into a mountain tarn. And Annetje stood motionless, with Henri's arm about her.

She knew that he was introducing her to a retreat which he held very dear and as his own; from which all others were barred. Suddenly she lifted her face and told him: "Dear Henri—I love you entirely."

He smiled and kissed her and drew her close so that her cheek was buried in his face.

But there came a distant growl of thunder, whereupon he released her gently, remarking that they must hasten home before the storm, which would be heavy after the long dry spell. They ran back along the brook's edge to the road, and presently they were giving their mounts their heads.

It was a bad storm, but it wearied itself during the early part of supper so that the curtains could be opened to the splendor of the sunset in the wet, sweet air. Later, in the evening room, when Henri was singing and the old woman was beating time delightedly with one pale claw, rebellion took Annetje to the front door and the sweet night called her out. She found herself walking toward the crest where the deer park overhung the river. There she saw a figure seated on the rock. She stood still until she had identified it, then came forward.

"What make you here, Claes?"

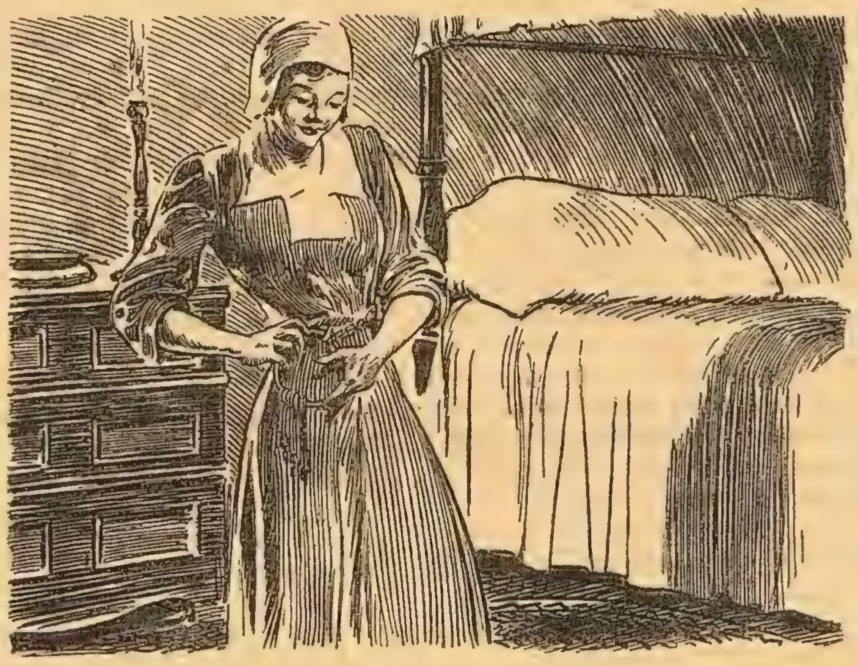
"My lady—I—I but came here to think." He rose, a giant against the stars.

She sat upon the rock and urged him down beside her. When he had reseated himself he folded his big hands upon his knees and gazed over the streaked tide and talked.

"Tonight the wheelwright conducted me to Mother Bleeker's tavern so that I might be properly introduced by another artisan. I was welcomed with a standing toast. Kaatje will be pleased when I tell her."

"These are well-intentioned people."

"Clearly. But there was one long-tongued neighbor with too big a head and too heavy a bottom—and him I do not trust."



The description showed her Goos Wemple, a long-tongued farmer, always pushing himself on the manor's notice. She said, "I also distrust that one."

"There was discussion, and then Postrider Perry arrived and gave us bad news. 'Tis his last ride. Leisler's guards now stand at the city gates to shoot all who pass them without being searched. Mister Perry hid his letters in a bullock's yoke and swaggered through with an empty packet—but he does not think that he can do this a second time. Discussion followed, and this fat farmer upheld Leisler, saying that he but imitated the good Protestants of New England. I am a new man here and I held my tongue till they were well along in the discussion of voting, when I put myself forward and spoke."

"Ja?"

"This is what I said, Annetje: 'Vallonwyckers, there's voting in New England, but have you ever seen New Englanders with bellies like yours? Vote,' I told them, 'and grow thin from worry, for then there'll be no one to feed you when your own food bins are empty!' This fat farmer asked if I contended that voting is bad. I said: 'I do, because it makes for confusion—and in these hard latitudes there must be good judgment in government. Every pig is not fit to wear a wig.'"

Then Claes rose, saying, "Kaatje will have the kettle over—but first I take you home."

"Neen—for all this place is my home—and I would sit here a time."

He hesitated, but let her have her way. He walked clumsily along the path and was soon swallowed by the forest shapes. She sat on. She tried to tell herself that the river was a barrier between the township and the burg, but she knew it was also a free highway for war and pillage. And in fear she leaped up and ran stumbling along the ghostly path toward the castle.

SHE was returning one day at sunset from a visit with Kaatje. The wind brought her the voice of the forge and she pictured Henri working over the cannon. He was a man, for all his skill in dancing and singing, and it was a great satisfaction to belong to him.

Something moved ahead of her on the path, and she recognized Marie's dog, Bouncer, and then saw the child perched on a rock as though awaiting her. Marie climbed down and approached half timidly. They fell into step and Marie remarked, "Papa won't sup with us tonight, for he's occupied at the forge. And la Belle Mère is pouting because she had expected music for this evening."

Annetje smiled with satisfaction over that last. "La Belle Mère is old and knows that there are disappointments."

"She knows—but she doesn't approve of them."

They talked more comfortably than ever before, and Annetje was gratified. She ate alone at the great candlelit table, for Marie took her supper that night in la Belle Mère's chamber. But later as she sat with her embroidery, the child came softly down the stairs and took a stool near her. Annetje smiled, but did not open the conversation.

After some time Marie murmured timidly, "The slaves say that you'll have a child soon after the first snow." Her hands were working together nervously.

"This is true. He'll be your brother."

Marie leaned over to fondle the dog at her feet. Suddenly a little sob escaped her and she stood up and faced Annetje.

"I hate him!" she cried. "My papa needs no other child. He has me!"

Annetje said quietly, "Ja, Lieven, you're enough to love—but he requires a son for the entailment of the land, for you'll marry into another township."

"I'll never—like this child!" Marie wept and shook.

Annetje took one of her clenched hands and drew her closer. "Listen now! This child can't push you from your papa's heart: you were there first." She could feel the little body relaxing. "I myself don't love him yet, for I don't know him."

Marie seemed to find comfort in this thought. She asked, "You'll trust this child to me sometimes?"

"Always!" Annetje agreed quickly. "I'll even permit you to give him his name—for I have no taste in names."

At that Marie, forgetting her sorrow in the wonderful manner of children, grew absorbed in a discussion of names, and was quite happy again when la Belle Mère's voice from above called her to bed.

DURING the hot summer evenings while thunder rumbled in the hills and Henri's forge rang ceaselessly, Annetje usually sewed alone in the evening room—for la Belle Mère, who did not appear in Henri's absence, contrived to keep the child with her.

But one evening Henri came up from the roasting forge, washed, put on his silks and supped with them. His presence brought la Belle Mère to table. After supper, at the old woman's request, he opened the clavichord and started a song. Annetje felt her face tighten with anger when his voice hoarsened with weariness. She laid aside her stitching, and going to him, closed the instrument firmly. She drew his head against her breast.

"Dear Henri, use this night for rest! When the cannon are finished there'll be time for singing."

La Belle Mère's silks rustled peevishly, and Henri looked up into Annetje's face with his tired eyes and said, "But I've seen too little of my family of late. This is a stolen evening and I would have us all enjoy it."

She shook her head. " 'Tis stolen only from your health, and you're too wearied to enjoy it. We are always here."

The old woman's will was there, and the air seemed afire in the clash of her determination with Annetje's. But Henri laid Annetje's fingers against his lips, and her heart swelled. It was his first kiss in many days.

"Indeed, I'm too weary to resist you," he said. "We've been pouring two large guns and couldn't take our eyes from 'em. Therefore if you ladies will pardon me we'll postpone our music till another time."

Annetje thrilled with triumph as she met the sightless stare of those shining eyes across the room.

They mounted to their chamber before the others, and as she soothed him to sleep he whispered, "One day there'll be time to consider your happiness first, my little Anna!"

NEXT morning an Indian runner brought information that *The Faithful Widow* had been sighted off Sandy Hook—and then a flood tide brought her to Vallonwyck. By noon the castle yard was filled with bales and boxes which Henri opened, slaves aiding him, and la Belle Mère, Marie and Annetje attended, each excited in her own way.

There were bolts of Belgian silks, vials of scents, powders, French embroidered petticoats—which Henri presented to each of them with great sweeping bows while the slaves giggled and waited to catch the lengths of bright cottons, the bangles and jars of sweets which he found and tossed to them.

There was a plaster representation of a mother and child which Henri handled with great care, his eyes flashing with pleasure.

"Belle Mère, see here!" He guided her tiny hands while she examined it. "I've been corresponding about this Della Robbia Madonna for two years. 'Tis a treasure! Annetje, see the sweep and texture of the veil."

Timidly she said, "It is indeed beautiful, but it does appear to be a papist idol."

He laughed as though she had jested, and the pleasure in his face as he carried it indoors quieted her misgivings. Later she found it on the chimney shelf of the evening room, its lines reflected back by the big glass.

He returned to the yard, and they tore at the bales again. Presently he gave a cry of pleasure, and then she found herself struggling in billows of swan's-down—a great cloak of rich feathers lined with cherry velvet.

"The best of the swan's-down we took this year was reserved for you, my darling," he told her.

While he adjusted the hood Marie exclaimed and la Belle Mère fingered the down gently. And Annetje flung herself into his arms to weep over this wonderful gift while the others laughed and the slaves wiped their eyes. Only later, in her chamber, did Annetje note the circle of black feathers in the center back and remember the bird which had cursed her as he died.

THE harvest was garnered; Rent Day, with its ceremonies, was past; and then one afternoon a sharp wind hurled the first snowflakes against the windows.

Soon after the mid-meal next day, Henri, all grimed from the forge, galloped to the castle and without a word rushed up the stairs to the roof. The big gun behind the battlements roared, shaking the whole castle. Annetje found herself running up the stairs and out upon the roof beside him, where he stood behind the smoking cannon, his eyes straining on the road. Without looking at her, he pointed to the gate of the highlands. At first she discerned only that a ship was tacking upstream, but presently she saw a second and a third, and all at once she knew that they were sloops of war.

She contrived to ask quietly, "Leisler comes?" She looked into his face. This was a new Henri, his fine nose and jaw thrust forward, his deep eyes sharp as an eagle's as the wind whipped his hair into a mane.

"The pig moves on Albany—he brings enslavement!"

Hans galloped up on a workhorse with harness dangling, and Henri shouted over the battlements, "Man all the 'placements and open fire! Fire to sink 'em, but if we don't touch 'em we'll at least spread the alarm!"

Clearly this attack from the hills was a surprise, for small figures on board the ships could be seen struggling with the deck guns. The hidden cannon among the cliffs were pouring shots into the enemy's rigging, and Leisler

WHEN Tice came toward her and took her hands, she said quickly, "What is your mission?"

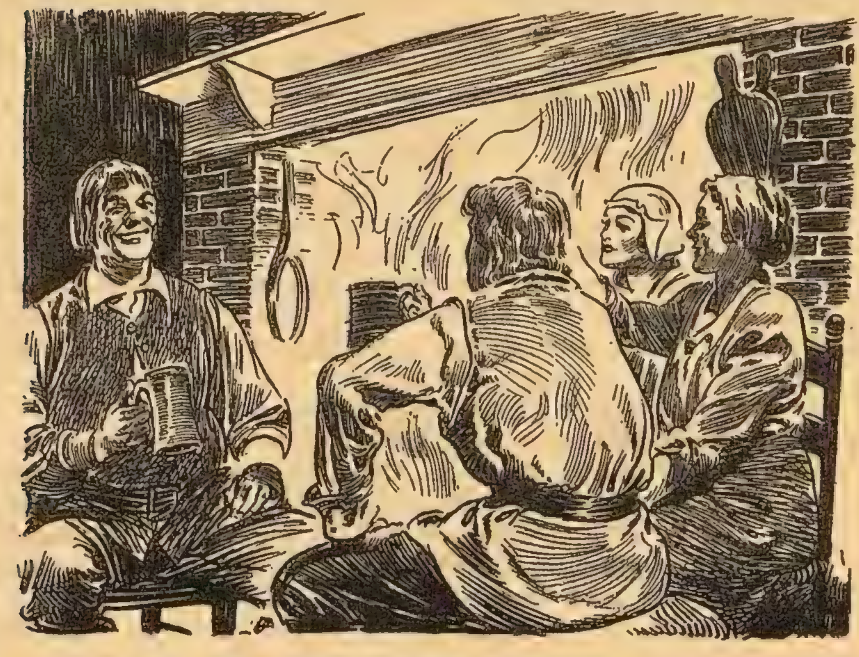
At his urging she sat beside him on the orchard wall, and he began to talk sensibly, as though to a man, voicing his disgust of Leisler.

"I'm off to New England if I can get there. Your title, Jonkheeress, is still in danger from New York."

"Ja? And what are the rebels' plans for me?"

"I don't know, but you might become Vrouw de Wever and find out what a real man's like. . . . . No, Annetje. Sit! It's only that you are like food to me, and a hungry man loses his senses when he sees food. We'll come to our business." He gestured toward the gleaming mountains upon the further shore. "It's the gold in there. Every manor on the river, including Vallonwyck, could use it."

He explained that with commerce threatened by Leisler's hold on the port of New York, the manors could be starved out unless they got money for defense. In his travels he had picked up information about the Kaatskill gold from Indians and trappers.



His voice had become low, excited, full of that throb of life and adventure. Even she was stirred, though the project seemed most unreasonable.

"That—that is Vallonwyck land," she reminded him.

"Therefore we have business together. I seek your permission to dig gold there for only one day, and I'll give you half of it."

"You will swim back with it?" she asked acidly.

"I'll carry it in that fine little craft down there." He jerked his head toward Henri's sloop.

"In *Le Chat?*" Beside this notion the rest was sensible.

He let her laugh, but he remained grave. "D'ye think your precious Marquis will be unhappy when he finds his sloop's belly full of gold?"

She tried to remember that this was Tice and that he could gild any plan he favored—yet as he spoke the sloop and the gold seemed crying to one another.

"Tice—that gold is bad. It's surely bespookt."

He laughed most heartily. "I think the Kaatskill curse was put on it by smart Indians who wished to keep their mountains for themselves."

This might be true, for Nanka the Indian witch had once hinted to her that the curse could be lifted. The thought of Nanka was like a light in her head.

"I will procure you an Indian charm," she said. "But—could you handle the sloop alone?"

"Claes will help me get her off. I'll meet you here at this hour tomorrow, and I'll put out as soon as the moon wanes."

Thoughts kept her awake that night. Half of her heart told her that she had promised to connive in an act of madness, but the other half whispered that Tice was the man to achieve in a bold stroke.

She rose early and at dawn was in the Indians' grove petitioning Nanka for a charm. The witch questioned her, watching her face closely, after which she accompanied her back to the garden and pointing to a cove at Bliksemberg's feet, said, "Good landing." Annetje noted the place. Then Nanka pressed a piece of carved whalebone into her hand, explaining that the adventurer was to wear it round his neck outside his tunic.

Annetje strung it on a cord and gave it to Tice that night, saying, "The witch has said that the gold will be shown to the white man carrying the proper sign. I think this is the sign."

He dropped it carelessly around his neck. Then he placed his big hands on her shoulders and held her so that he could look into her face.

"I won't see you again. I'll return the sloop to her moorings tomorrow night and leave with my part of the gold. But I won't go before you've listened to me! Annetje, there was never talk of love between us—but there was love."

"No, Tice—"

His voice grew harsh. "Tice de Wever is a looper, but he would have held your happiness above his own and above his possessions. This is a man's love."

She said, her voice hissing with anger, "A pig cannot comprehend how a good man will tear himself from those he loves to perform a public task! Such reasoning is not for you. But I will tell you what a woman's love is—it is meriting the man she has chosen! Now please to go, for you've gained your purpose from me."

For a minute or two he stood very still studying her. Then without speaking he turned and walked away, his footsteps on the road fading into the forest murmur.

THE next afternoon she had the baby brought to the garden and laid on a pillow at her feet so she might keep a lookout on the river as she tended him. Her anxiety grew with the hours and soon she was bewailing the silly moment wherein she had promised Henri's sloop for such an expedition.

As the afternoon aged the air grew ominously thick with threats of a storm. When the first cloud swallowed the sun Annetje had the child carried inside that she might keep her vigil alone. She strained her eyes on the witch's cove, now a pit of blackness, and prayed that Tice would not put out tonight. But a tiny shred of white sail fluttered out from the sheltering rocks, and then the sloop staggered into the wind. A shaft of the dying sunlight shot between the clouds and fingered it out as though to draw attention to the struggle which was beginning. The wind rushed from a ravine and struck, and the sail heeled over sharply. Slowly Tice got the little ship in control.

Then a flash of lightning seemed to burst from the center of the river. There came an awful pall of blackness during which thunder seemed to rend the rocks; and out of this roar leaped the wind. Annetje was working her way cautiously toward the garden wall when she saw a tongue of fire shooting toward the sky—and then a great glare of flames and light about a burning ship. And in the center of that light she could see Tice still holding the tiller. Below on the quay men were running with long poles to hold off the burning sloop, which came on with all the force of the gale behind her.

Another blast of wind howled out of the gorge, hit the vessel abeam and laid her flaming sail upon the water. That was the last she was ever seen.

Next day Annetje learned from Kaatje's lips how Tice had arrived at dawn, blackened and near naked, but in no very bad way. He had already departed. "And I am most unhappy concerning your sloop. There I think Claes and I have some of the blame."

Annetje waved this aside.

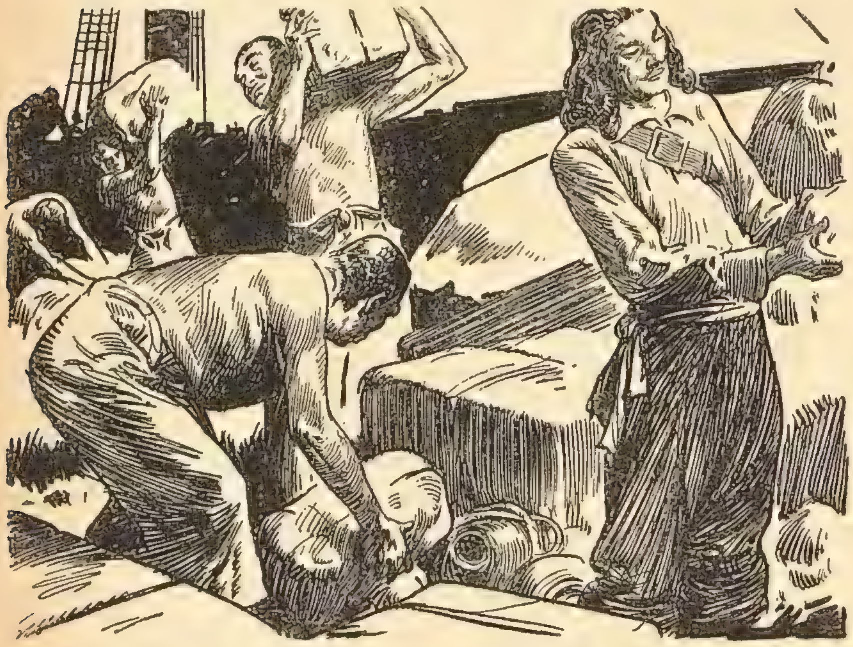
"He found rocks which appeared heavily grained with gold," Kaatje told her, "and he brought a load of them aboard the vessel, but they were lost with her."

When Annetje turned into the castle lane candles glowed behind the windows. And then her heart almost stopped at the sound of Henri's voice singing in the evening room.

She rode round and dismounted at the kitchen door and went to her chamber by the slaves' stairway. As she was being dressed she noted that his voice was heavy and that he chanted rather than sang. Likely he was overweary from the journey, or he had had bad tidings which weighed him. She hastened with her dressing and descended.

When he heard her on the stairs he set down the instrument and rose to embrace her.

"Dear Henri!" she cried, in the joy of having him here again. "And to think that tonight I paused at Kaatje's and was late!"



But he did not smile. He said, "With the roads unsafe, I think you should make an effort to return in daylight. In fact, I command you to, hereafter."

She stepped back a little, confused by his tone. She said, "Yes, Henri."

She was eager to have him apart from the others, and was glad when he proposed that they retire early. But when he closed their chamber door he turned and regarded her with anger. She stared at him helplessly. He began to speak, his voice low and cold.

"I understand that in my absence you and Claes the blacksmith welcomed a republican here and furnished him with my sloop to escape in."

"But it was not like that—"

"Please hear me out! Hans doesn't lie, and it was he who told me. After finding the ship gone he was puzzled because the dogs of the landing had given no alarm and investigating, he learned that the smith had towed the ship out. This smith, mark you, who swore me his oath and accepted the protection of my township!"

Annetje raised a trembling hand to cover her eyes as she sought a way to appease him and give Claes a proper defense. She mumbled something about the Kaatskill gold, but he stopped her with a sharp laugh.

"I've heard that part of the story. There has never been an ounce of gold in those mountains—nor do I credit this tale of using my sloop to fetch it. The smith betrayed both me and my township by trafficking with a republican—and like any other traitor, he'll be whipped and driven off!"

Now a rage equal to his caught fire in her, setting her head reeling, so that she lost control of her tongue. She shouted:

"Then you'll whip me too—for Claes but obeyed my orders! He'd fight to the death for you—so you'd send him off! This is a fine gentleman I'm wed to! Might be you'll play French music during the whipping to spare your ears the sound of a lash on a man's hide!"

He turned then, and seizing her arms, shook her.

"You're overwrought—"

She jerked free in a frenzy of defiance. All the petty outrages of her life here fed the flames which seemed to leap between her and Henri. Her tongue lashed him savagely, even while her heart wondered that two who loved could regard one another with this degree of hate.

Suddenly she began to sob and a blackness enfolded her so that she would have fallen if he had not pushed her into a chair. All the beauty and love which she had hungered for was ended. And Tice de Wever had bred the storm—

"You're overwrought," Henri was saying. "And yet there may be some reason in your words. Oh, Annetje, I'm sorry to have disappointed you, for you gave me much—yet since you gave it, I suppose 'twas yours to destroy." His words were like a sword in her heart. She had hurt him, and now she could not take him in her arms to heal that hurt: she had ended all that. "I'll relent this far," he said. "If the smith is off my land by sunrise he'll not be pursued. Now good night."

He retired to his dressing room and closed the door.

Gradually her tears stopped from exhaustion. After long thought she rose, took up her keys and a candle and found her way to the tomblike treasury beneath the house where she knew her dower boxes lay. She took up the one which she remembered contained the gold. And her mind turned back to that night, now so distant, when she had awaited Henri's verdict on the loss of a pound in her dowry. How little she had known him! He did not break contracts for gold, but for passion! Here lay her dowry untouched.

With the box she returned to the kitchen, awakened a slave and instructed him to deliver her mare, cross-saddled, at the smithy door. Then she lighted a lantern and went alone, unmindful of the dangers of the path.

Kaatje's kitchen fire still glowed in the windows when Annetje pounded on the door. Claes, in nightcap and breeches, opened it, Kaatje at his side, and they both questioned her with their eyes—fearful at this untimely call. Annetje set her lantern on the floor and seated herself on a bench beside the table.

She described her man's return and his decision, not telling them of the quarrel. "You have one good horse," she added, "and I'm providing you with my mare. Also, here's a box of gold which the Jonkheer sends you for the journey." She laid her dower box beside the milk tub, and they all considered it stupidly.

Claes said, "This is like a drunken dream—I understand none of it!"

"I think I'd rather have died than bring you this news," Annetje told them. "And I'd gladly go with you and clean my heels of this land forever, except that my son is here."

Kaatje replied, "No, this is your home and your heart is in it. But I do not think we want the Jonkheer's gold." The women looked into one another's eyes and each encountered the same pride there.

"In New England you'll need gold for settling yourself," Annetje said. "It is my wish that you take it."

Kaatje's eyes stole longingly around that comfortable kitchen. Annetje touched her hand timidly—and then they were sobbing in one another's arms.

Before the night was half spent those two were mounted and riding away; and Annetje was left to pull the kitchen door to on the dying fire.

IN THE following days she saw that Henri suffered. He grew thinner and the new lines around his mouth fixed themselves in a stern pattern. His manner to her was as before, on those rare occasions when he came to eat or spend at evening at the castle. But since he kept aloof from her except when others were by, she could do little to mend their rift.

One morning, while riding, she recalled the pledge she had exacted from him long ago, that he would not embrace her with reservations in his heart. And it came to her that the hard words she had spoken that dreadful night of their quarrel now held him to that pledge. Then perhaps she could show him that the words had been spoken only by her tongue and not by her heart.

She ate her midday meal excitedly and hurried to her chamber. She had her hair arranged high and in curls, and she put on a flowered frock and a large hat, and then she set off afoot for the quay, her heart as rapid as a bride's. And all the way she weighed how she would beguile him into approving her again.

But on the quay she found great confusion with the loading of *The Faithful Widow.* Henri and Hans stood in conversation. Annetje would have turned back then, but Henri had seen her. He and Hans approached together to meet her. She said:

"Good afternoon, Henri. Goeden dag, Hans. I—I was curious to see the lading."

"You find it near completed," Henri said. "Hans and I are discussing the sailing. He thinks that if I slip out at sunset I can finish the trip the next night."

"You, Henri?"

"Yes. Captain Kidd, who has proved himself remarkably loyal, sent word up-river that Leisler is seizing all ocean vessels for a military expedition against Canada. Kidd promises that if we bring *The Widow* to Staten Island he'll have a crew waiting to take her to London."

"But, Henri, surely William Kidd would take her down!"

"My dear, the captain is a deep-sea sailor, and moreover he serves us best by keeping himself and his seamen hidden on Staten Island. And pray don't be concerned for me. We'll put ashore on the skiff that brings his party out, and return by way of the west bank. At worst, I'll be absent for a fortnight."

And so she climbed the sunny hill with a greater load than she had borne down.

Each morning, after that, she looked first for the masts of the great ship, dreading the time when they would not be there. For would he waken her to bid her adieu before he left? Once he came to sleep at the castle, and spent the evening in his cabinet with his papers. Later, she softly pushed open the door of his tiring room and looked down on him as he slept.

She gained courage to lay her head on the pillow and she might have dropped asleep there in peace, except that in his dreams he flung out an arm and sent her away in fright.

And so matters stood on the afternoon when she and Marie walked in the garden and watched the brig sweep away between the mountains of the gorge.

THE heavy hoofbeats which approached the castle announced Hans the agent, for Annetje had learned to know the tread of his fat horse. As he came into sight her heart was twisted by a sudden terror of bad news. She spared him the first words, saying, "Please to tell me quickly, Hans—is the Jonkheer—dead?"

"Nein, only captured."

And so he gave her the story, which had been brought to the tavern that morning by runners. Leisler, secretly informed of *The Widow's* sailing, had cunningly permitted her to pass the Fort unchallenged, but had stationed small boats in a cove on the west side of Staten Island. The ship hove to as agreed, and the boats put out, and Leisler's men were aboard before the Jonkheer realized that they were not Captain Kidd's seamen—and then there was no chance of resistance, for Leisler's men far outnumbered the light river crew. By good luck Captain Kidd, who had not yet put out, witnessed the capture from Staten Island. When *The Widow* was sailing back toward New York he hastened to the Jersey shore whence he dispatched Indian runners to Vallonwyck by two separate routes.

"But have you assurance that my man—is unharmed?"

"One Indian gives it. He learned that the Jonkheer, after a loud talk in Leisler's house, was marched to the fort and pushed into the dungeons. Many saw him go, and the report is that he strode with such show of pride and just anger that not one clod was hurled."

She smiled, and at the same moment a sea of tears blinded her. She knew that since Henri's going she had been in terror of this. Now the time of waiting for the bad luck was over. This was the time for dealing with it.

NOW she was in the saddle from dawn to dusk, however trying was the weather, for it seemed to her that she must be the housekeeper of the manor while Hans took on Henri's work with his own.

Late one evening as Annetje sat plying her needle, with the Vrouw Apothecary for company, the house was suddenly filled with pounding and a man's voice shouted from the stoep: "Open to the authority of Lieutenant-Governor Leisler of New York Colony!"

At sound of that foolish title Annetje could have laughed. She addressed the Vrouw Apothecary in a voice intended to carry to those outside: "Mevrouw, please to open the door to the travelers."

A big-bearded stranger in soiled homespun advanced into the evening room with a score of ruffianly comrades at his back, considered Annetje through narrowed eyes, and announced with a Long Island accent: "We're a company of York troops on Governor Leisler's business, and we seek evidence of treason here."

So—Leisler had remembered well that the guns of Vallonwyck had fired on his warships. But he had waited till the lord of the wyck was in his power.

Annetje raised her chin and replied, "Heer Leisler is pleased to insult a loyal holding, but since two unarmed women can't prevent your search, why, search. And when you report to your master, pray give him my compliments and inform him that I expect my man to be released at once!"

She heard a snigger, and looked into the small malevolent eyes of Goos Wemple just beyond the bearded stranger's shoulder. So he had guided them here. She looked away from the traitor lest anger deprive her of judgment. Just then the leader's eyes fastened on the chimney piece and grew round with horror.

"A papist idol!" he roared. He had discovered that madonna on which Henri set such value. He turned upon her a face black with fanatical hatred. "'Tis a nest of damned Jacobites!"

She said, "You make a foolish mistake. That is but a plaster representation of my man as a babe sleeping in his mother's arms. Such portraits are fashionable in Engand." She saw, with leaping hope, that she had planted a doubt in him. He picked it up to examine it more carefully. She snatched it from him, laughing.

"See—I'll prove that we're no papists here!" And she hurled it onto the hearthstone where it burst noisily. The raiders stepped back, confused.

But before any could speak there came a sound upon the stairs and all looked to see the blind old woman with flaming eyes feeling her way down by the rails. With one hand outstretched, la Belle Mère walked straight to the hearth and fumbled on the chimney shelf. Then she turned and cried: "Annetje! You have destroyed the Blessed Lady's image!"

"Madame, I only broke the portrait of Henri and his mother because these soldiers considered it a papist idol."

"Canaille!" screamed la Belle Mère. "I curse you black heretics in Henri's name and the name of our holy father in Rome! Allez—dogs—"

And then she swayed and settled like an abandoned doll, her draperies fluttering around her after she lay still.

FOR a space none moved. Then the Vrouw Apothecary spoke: "Which of you killed this old woman?" The demand stunned even Annetje. Clearly these men had not come here to kill. First those who were nearest the outer door vanished through it, and then the others pushed after them. Last to go was the bearded man who paused to look once more around.

Hans, hastily summoned, dispatched two men to the roof to fire the cannon as summons to the militia. They pounded up the stairs, and newcomers ran into the hall.

"Five scouts are required to ride the main roads, and a sixth must take post on the castle road to direct the militia," Hans said.

The hall quickly filled with excited men, some still fastening on their clothes. Hans chose five who had come mounted, saying, "Whoever comes on the Yorkers' trail will fire to indicate the position, and will continue to fire till we come or the damned Yorkers kill him."

"Ja, ja!" They shouted, handling their guns.

Annetje pushed her way to Hans and said, "A woman could take the post on the castle road and direct the militia. I will put on a white cloak so that I can be seen, and mount a steady horse."

He nodded and ordered a man to escort her to the stables and saddle her mount. She ran to her chamber and seized the first white cloak that came to hand—the snowy swan's-down cape.

As she rode away the big gun on the castle roof boomed. She could hear the sound of horses as she reached the road. She pulled her mount into a position where her white cape could be seen, and raised an arm. The riders slowed, and quickly she informed them of the raid and Hans' orders. The company plunged past her like a dark wind. More riders came up, and after challenging them she directed them to the battle.

After they had gone, she sat unguarded in the night. The sound of shots steadied her, telling her that Henri's honest farmers were defending Vallonwyck. Still, she should have brought a knife from the kitchen—ja, should have. Quickly she unfastened her belt and grasped it so the heavy silver buckle could serve as a flail.

A shadow had come up beside her, so slowly that she had not seen its movement. Someone grasped the bridle before the startled horse could shy away, and a hand clutched her feather cloak. Jerking free of it, she lifted the frantic horse off his forelegs, and swung the belt with all her strength.

She felt the impact as the sharp, heavy buckle bit into flesh.

The rearing horse, reeling close to a fall, struggled for balance, crashed forward, staggered, struggled up from his knees—and from beneath him came a yell, smothered in the sound of bone being crushed.

The shots in the distance continued and at the coming of daylight the battle ended. Then she saw, in a mess of bloody swan's-down, the crushed body of Goos Wemple. She turned away, sick, and began to weep.

Soon after dawn the first farmer rode back on his spent horse. Even from a distance she could see that he was blacked from gunpowder and that his breeches and boots were muddied and torn. He pulled up and gave her a salute. He spoke wearily.

"Jonkheeress, we wounded three and killed the leader. We've lost one and have six wounded. The Apothecary nurses them in the dorp, but he asks that his vrouw be dispatched to aid him—" He stopped, his eyes on the object in the road.

"Farmer Wemple is dead," Annetje said. "'Twas God's will. Ja, the Vrouw Apothecary will be sent." She swallowed. "The dead are deeply mourned. Friend, since the Jonkheer isn't with us, I thank you in his name for your services last night. Now go to your rest."

So the man kicked the weary horse onward, and she rode home.

IN THE peace which settled over Vallonwyck now, making the night of battle a violent patch upon the memory, Annetje grew more and more impatient at the lack of intelligence from New York. At first she had believed that the powerful men of the plantations would effect Henri's release quickly. But the weeks were drifting into months, and he neither came nor sent her word.

It occurred to her that there was danger of Henri's people forgetting him, of their looking to Hans in his place. Then, jealously, she carried his scarlet plumed hat and jeweled sword to the kirk and arranged them in the red velvet throne on which he always sat at service, the sword across the arms, so that every Vallonwycker must see them while he prayed here. She crossed to her own throne on the other side of the high pulpit and sat down to consider.

In this holy place, with la Belle Mère at rest outside in the churchyard, it came to Annetje that she who most loved Henri might be more powerful for his release than all the river barons and New York burghers.

That day she arranged her plans. Clearly this was the time to deliver the children to Dame Philipse. Marie had been told that her Papa dallied at entertainment in New York and would soon return. Now Annetje explained that he had sent for her to join him, saying,

"You and Franz can stop with Dame Philipse's grandchildren. Bouncer goes with you, for Dame Philipse is tolerant toward pets. She herself has a talking bird which sits on her shoulder and converses with her in English and Dutch. This will be a thing to see!"

The child looked at her tearfully. "You will not leave me too, like Grandmère?"

"Only for a little time—to bring your papa home. And you will have Franz in your charge, for I would not trust him wholly to a nurse. Your papa has sent orders that you will supervise Franz."

Then Marie nodded sensibly.

THEY set forth on a bright morning. The trumpeters galloped off to the gate and sounded their horns, and the great coach began to roll on its long journey. Marie, happily excited, bounced on the seat as the four great silver horses raced the heavy vehicle through the countryside and women came to their kitchen doors to wave. Annetje took the sleeping infant from his nurse. He was growing wonderfully like his father, and her heart rebelled at leaving him.

The coach turned south on the Albany Post Road and as the sun was setting they came to the clustered hills of Sleepy Hollow and climbed up to Castle Philipse. There, apprised of her guests' arrival by the sound of trumpets, old Dame Philipse waited on the stoep, surrounded by her garden of grandchildren.

That evening Annetje revealed her plan. She would travel as a boy on his way to be apprenticed. Before leaving Vallonwyck it had been arranged that the Indians would scout her to Manhattan, whereafter she'd depend on luck. Dame Philipse promised to lend her a horse suitable for a farm boy, and a homespun suit with drooping hat and homemade boots was found. Then Annetje removed the fastenings from her hair, smoothed it on her shoulders, and the scissors bit into it. When she forced herself to look into the mirror and meet her unadorned face she made a grimace and said, "My beauty'll not be my undoing."

"Neen," Dame Philipse admitted, "mine never was neither. But beauty's overrated except as bait."

Dark grease was rubbed into Annetje's skin and hands. Then she followed the old dame to a bedchamber and lay down in her clothes.

It seemed but a moment later that Dame Philipse stood beside her with a candle and indicated a heavy breakfast tray on the table beside her. They ate together, and now the adventure seemed appealing and full of promise to Annetje.

LATE one night, her horse left in care of a friendly farmer, she entered New York on foot and reached her father's house. A cold drizzle was falling. She ran through puddles up the path, and pounded on the front door. She waited, panting, and pounded again and again. The storm grew colder and more fierce. Through a haze of weariness and discomfort she remembered a shed behind the house where the slave sometimes quartered in summer. She sloshed around to it, pushed back the door, and fell upon a heap of rags.

She knew nothing more until a violent pain wracked her ribs, and far away her mother shouted: "Now, then, rascal—out with you! I have a gun!"

Annetje opened her eyes to the whiteness of daylight and dragged herself up on an elbow, but half awake. She saw her mother's boot beside her posed for a kick.

"Mother!" she cried. "I'm Annetje, and I've come alone from Vallonwyck!"

Her mother's face went white and she screamed. Then she embraced her and, beginning to weep, dragged her to the house. Finally, washed and settled in the softness of her own bed with a tray of chocolate and hot buttered bread across her knees, Annetje questioned her parents concerning Henri, but no information had come from the dungeons. A thought struck her heart like a hammer: maybe he was already dead. But no, she would have known if he were.

To her mother she said, "Please to call on my godmother, Dame Bayard, and inform her that I'm here, for we need her aid."

In late afternoon her mother came to the chamber, her face content. She stated that good Dame Bayard had shown neither surprise nor anxiety over Annetje's arrival, but had remarked: "I promised the Jonkheer that I made him a good match."

Annetje laughed, inexpressibly relieved. Her mother continued: "She advised that you remain in this house, except you walk in the garden at night, and that you send no messages, not even to the fort or to her. When the time comes she will call here. That is all."

A month passed. A cautious letter from the Vrouw Apothecary came, reporting that two babies had been born on the township; that the early rains had brought a heavy grain crop, but fruit might be wormy. A sloop captain from Philipsburg who called on Annetje's father to bargain for rope, reported that the young lady guest of Dame Philipse was working on a bead purse for her father and that the infant was teething easily. So Annetje knew that there was no trouble upriver.

But she sometimes defied Dame Bayard's order and slipped away at dusk to stand among the Battery trees and look at the roof of the bleak barracks which held him; and then at the steeple of the kirk where they had been married. And she stumbled home through the darkness at last, blinded by bitter tears.

Then came an adventure which reminded them all that Jacob Leisler was not sleeping.

There was a rap at the shop door and Annetje opened it on a company of soldiers in mail.

"We seek Lady Devalon in the name of Lieutenant-Governor Jacob Leisler," the leader said.

So it had come. To lie would only give them reason for breaking into her father's house. She said:

"I am Lady Devalon."

The captain looked her over sharply and indelicately, then gave an order to his men. She closed the door without informing her parents of what occurred, and took her place amid the soldiers. As they marched she measured her pace to theirs and strove to hold her chin high and steady, lest there be some among the watchers who would identify her and compare her pride with Henri's when he was taken through the streets so.

THE soldiers marched her into Leisler's house, into the former counting room, and she saw the bloated wine merchant seated behind a table perusing a sheet of paper. In this first sight of him since her marriage she realized that he was a dying and fearful man. As his reddened eyes followed slowly along the lines, his purple face seemed to swell, and without appearing aware of her presence he vented himself of a profane tirade, ending:

"This I reply to the Boston meddlers—I've been near murdered in the streets, and New England tells me to 'temper justice with mercy!' Ja, mercy! Traitors come and go here—and New England tells me to make nothing! The damned New Englanders go their way—I go mine. Tell the courier that I rule New York!"

His voice became too thick to be intelligible. The messenger hastened off and the soldiers near Annetje stepped uneasily, but her own confidence was restored for she saw that Jacob Leisler was unsure, that his outbreak of temper was but the plungings of a bull in the slaughter pen. Only Leisler knew what royal orders he had intercepted and destroyed, only he knew the retribution which would come. Ja, he was weakened and unsure. Annetje's assurance grew.

The malevolent eyes found her and considered her disapprovingly. She curtsied and said, "Your militia gave me no time to dress fittingly, Heer Leisler."

He half rose and bellowed, "Lieutenant-Governor!" and she repeated it.

"Female, you're charged with treason, in that you entered this burg secretly and without permit." He searched her face suspiciously.

So this was his excuse. She thought rapidly.

"Sir, a woman is poorly versed in politics. You hold my man in your dungeon, and in such a case I know no law except to get near to him in the hope that I may give him aid. This is but a natural sentiment."

"My dungeons are too good for Devalon! He's a treacherous Jacobite!"

"He's a loyal subject of King William."

"He's a popish traitor!"

"He's an honest Protestant."

"You lie!"

"You lie, Sir." She came forward, and leaning on the edge of his desk said, "You can gaol me, Heer Leisler, but I doubt that it will help you with the plantations or with the king, whose stomach already sickens of you, when 'tis learned that you've attacked women! And women whose only offense is that they're decent wives!"

The small eyes wavered.

"I have not said that you'd be gaoled, dammit! I've had you brought here to be registered, as my law requires, so that traitors can't say that you came here without my knowledge. And from today I'll have information on your movements. Also today I make this order: that all gentlemen who are offered commissions in my army will accept them or pay big fines! Might be I'll commission the river lords, and see what they make."

He took up the challenge of her smile. "When I've subdued Canada, I'll have time for Hudson's River."

She contrived a little bow. "In any case, I expect to remain unmolested as my father's guest till my husband, le Marquis de la Vallon, has been properly tried and freed. This is my right."

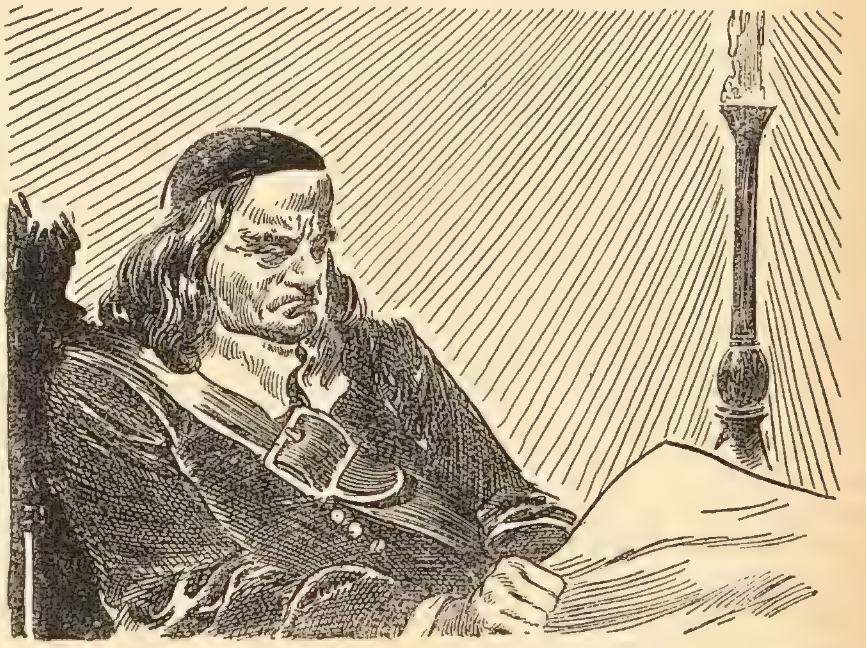
The outraged merchant muttered, then gave an order in German, and the soldiers marched her out and across the hall where a clerk set down her name and information concerning her stay at the Merchant Hoosen's house.

Soon after supper that night her father opened the door to a knock, whereupon a tall man entered with Dame Bayard on his arm. Annetje ran to her godmother, hugging her as though she were a child. There were tears, but Dame Bayard was impatient of them. In her thin high voice, she said, "Weeping's a luxury for which we have no time. Come, haven't you a word for William?"

Then Annetje looked at the tall smiling man and saw that he was her old friend Captain Kidd. She welcomed him warmly. They took seats near the fire, Annetje on the floor with her head in Dame Bayard's lap.

The old woman fingered her short hair and said, "William here is sought by Leisler's men for his attempt to take *The Faithful Widow* out, but he contrives to enter and leave the burg, and he has a flyboat hidden. In this boat he will go to Albany with certain volunteers for an expedition against Canada, and this voyage will take him past Vallonwyck."

Then Dame Bayard explained that out of her long memory she knew that a tunnel ran from the cellar of the governor's house within the enclosure to the dungeons of the fort, to afford the governor sheltered passage in time of siege. But Petrus Stuyvesant had scorned to crawl through the earth like a mole, and had had the passage walled up from his cellar. "I doubt," she added, "that he took much care in blocking the other end."



Captain Kidd said, "Dame Bayard has keys to the old house, and I've a strong friend who can be trusted."

This wild dangerous scheme was welcome to Annetje. Her cheeks flamed with excitement. Glancing at her, Dame Bayard said: "Might be we can do nothing, but unless we try nothing will be done. The first wall we come to is the guards who walk the Battery."

"The water gates are never closed," William Kidd said. "Leisler's supplies land there, and he seems less fearful of enemies from abroad than of those here. He trusts one sentry with that post."

Annetje's heart and brain were racing, for it seemed to her that within the next few minutes they must find the key for unlocking those dungeons and freeing their men. Over and over they discussed means of removing that sentry. And then it came to her. She seized Dame Bayard's little hand and cried, "I've known Mary Leisler—and I—I think I can enlist her."

For a moment the old woman seemed shocked. Then she smiled. "She's a soft one, and might be she can be managed, but give her no information which her father or that devil Milborne, his lieutenant, can drag from her! She's betrothed to Milborne."

"I'll lie to her."

So Dame Bayard consented to arrange a meeting between Annetje and Mary Leisler.

With this matter settled their hearts lightened. Dame Bayard said that she had had no word from the fort about her imprisoned son Kikker, but she was satisfied that his illness was not mortal.

"Even as a child Kikker came down sick when crossed. I think his spleen turns on him," she said.

Now there came a time of waiting for the day when Leisler would be too occupied to concern himself over a prison escape.

At last, in July, it was learned that he was to take ship for Albany to settle some trouble there. He was no sooner on the river than Annetje had a note from Dame Bayard instructing her to call on her by nightfall on the following evening.

A LANTERN burning on a table beneath an arbor showed Dame Bayard and a slim girl in conversation. They both looked toward Annetje sharply. Dame Bayard grinned and exclaimed, "Avend, Annetje! Here's your friend Mary Leisler to receive your good wishes on her betrothal to Jacob Milborne."

Mary had jumped to her feet nervously, and now she contrived a courtesy, saying, "Your servant, Vrouw Graaf!"

Annetje laughed. "What comes on you, Mary, that you give me fine names now? You don't know Annetje Hoosen?" She took a seat beside Dame Bayard and Mary perched on the opposite bench like a bird ready for flight. Annetje said, "I come to wish you luck, as you did me."

Mary's glance fluttered. "You're good, Annetje."

At this Dame Bayard hoisted herself up on her cane and said, "For me there's no prospect of a betrothal, and so I go to bed while you discuss such matters. Douse the lantern when you leave, Kinderen."

As the old woman moved away Mary mumbled that she could not linger.

"I'd hoped that you'd talk a bit of your approaching marriage," Annetje said. "You're lucky to win the favor of one who is much discussed and is rising rapidly in the colony. Even upriver he is talked of."

Mary said tightly, "Without marriage there is nothing," and Annetje understood that the girl had been in fear that her father's unpopularity among substantial people would prevent her from getting a man.

"The maid who grows old in the burg is ridiculous to others, but I think she may be wise." Annetje sighed deeply. "If I were a maid now I'd carry a lighter heart! Only God knows how long I must wait for assurance that my man lives!"

"Oh, he lives!" Mary told her quickly.

"Ja, so others say, but till I've heard his voice I can't believe it!"

Now she wept, moved by her own words which might in fact be true. Then Mary spoke suddenly in a new firm voice.

"So would I feel in your place. I worry over Mister Milborne's being engaged in battle, though I'm not yet his wife. If I knew a way whereby you could visit with le Marquis I'd contrive such a visit for you, but such things aren't permitted now."

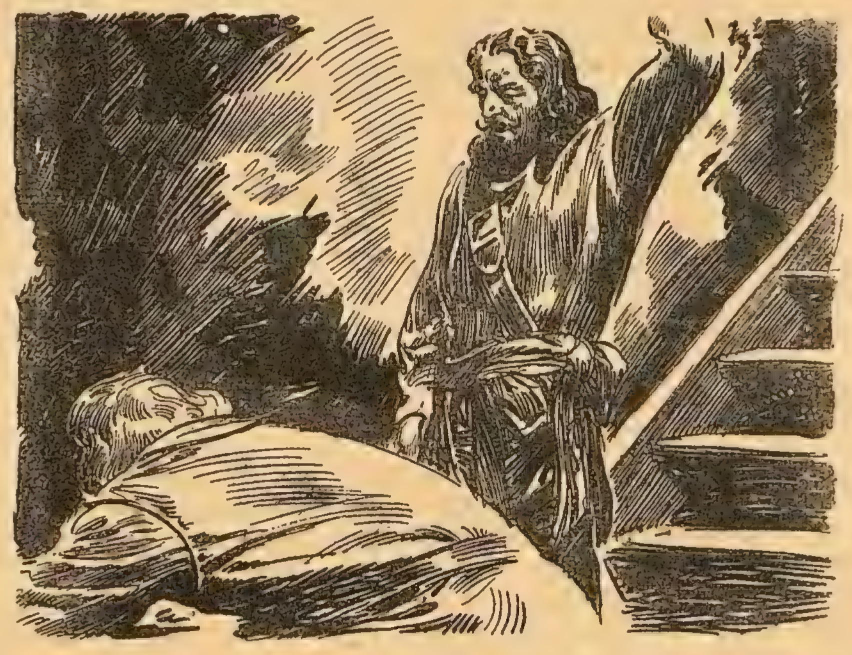
Annetje controlled her excitement. "No, you are too good! There'd be a risk for you, Mary."

"I don't think of the risk, only that the matter is not possible," Mary said.

Annetje allowed another little silence to reign, and then she said, "Since you've put this notion in my head, I see a way it could be contrived." She raised her tearful eyes to Mary's face. "If you were to remove the guard from one of the gates, I could slip into the Battery and have a secret word with Henri through a dungeon slit."

The girl paled and drew back on the bench. Annetje caught one of her arms.

"Mary, 'twould be no risk to you! And in return I'll promise any favor you ask. Oh don't say that this meeting can't occur, or I shall die here at your feet! There must be one gate—might be the water gate—where the sentry could be absent on an errand for you—only for minutes, Mary!"



Henri's future swayed. Annetje's eyes burned into the girl's and she could feel her stronger will conquering Mary's. Finally the girl said, as though speaking in her sleep, "I'll do this thing you ask—but I'll also make my request, so that you know the price of the bargain."

A wave of weakness swept over Annetje, and she could have fallen. She heard herself say, "Ask, for I agree already."

Now Mary seemed about to weep.

"I ask that you will always be my friend—you and le Marquis. This is not a small request."

Annetje nodded slowly. It was not a small request. It came to her that Mary Leisler was also a merchant's daughter and knew how to bargain. But she said, "I have promised. We of Vallonwyck pledge you our friendship, through whatever perils these troubled times may bring, in exchange for the kindness you have offered."

Mary's face twitched. But she brought herself under control, and still with her eyes downcast began to speak rapidly.

"The streets are emptiest in the second watch of the evening. If—if you climb cautiously up the rocks at the water gate tomorrow night, you'll see the guard depart. But don't tarry long inside, for I don't swear that I can keep him absent!"

Without a farewell, she turned and ran along the path and slipped through the gate like a shadow.

WALKING along with food from her mother's kitchen beneath her arm, Annetje found her way among the fishermen's huts toward the cove where the skiff would be waiting. Now only minutes separated her from the time when she would have Henri in her arms and they would be heading upriver to their home!

William Kidd stepped from the shadow of an old pear tree and led her to the skiff. And as she stepped into it Dame Bayard raised a hand to steady her. No one spoke till they were well off the beach. Then Dame Bayard whispered, "I've brought two sets of garments, for the clothes they've worn in prison must be foul. William's flyboat lies in a Jersey cove, ready to get away before midnight."

At the tip of the Battery they entered the treacherous tides swirling among the rocks. But the boatmen managed well so that presently the skiff was winding among the spiles which supported the quay, and then its bottom ground on shale.

The men stepped into the water and made fast to the spiles. One of them took Annetje's hand, and she stepped overside into the cold water which sucked around her knees, and with his aid struggled to the rocks. Alone, she climbed up and lay very still under the Battery wall listening to the sentry pacing beyond it. Finally, she heard another man approach and mutter a countersign, then say, "The Fräulein Leisler summons you to her house for a special errand."

"Do you relieve me?"

"No, I go with you to protect her from your good looks."

And grumbling together, they tramped away. Annetje's heart, which had pounded painfully during this exchange, began to steady.

Then, creeping among the rocks on hands and knees, she came to the unbarred gateway of the Battery and peered into the dim enclosure. There were the kirk and the row of empty houses and beyond she could see squares of light from the fort windows.

The others were coming up behind her. They followed the walls until they came to the kitchen door of the governor's deserted mansion, and there Dame Bayard fitted an iron key into the lock and the men pushed until it opened reluctantly. A draft of air filled with dust and desolation emerged from the old house and brushed over them. They stepped inside and pushed the door to, and one of the men struck a tinder which, burning up, showed them the deserted room.

Dame Bayard seated herself on a dust-filmed bench, saying, "There are things which one shouldn't attempt after ninety. Then one is too old to scale embankments!"

The man who held the tinderbox chuckled, and the sound was like a knife in Annetje's heart. She whirled and looked into Tice de Wever's grin.

The old dame said, "The cellar door is to the right of the chimney. Down there you can kindle your lanterns, for there are no windows. I'll take a kettle and spoon from the shelf to sound an alarm if need be. Good luck, kinderen, only bring me my Kikker!" Her old voice cracked on the last words.

Captain Kidd was forcing the protesting cellar door, and then they heard his boots on the stone steps. Tice took Annetje's arm and guided her down. Kidd had laid the bundles on the cellar floor and was squatting beside them kindling a lantern. When the light flared up Tice placed his mouth close to her ear.

"Listen. I'll swear to deliver your man safe to his township—but haven't you tasted enough of this rotten colony yet? Come with me to Connecticut and be sure of a strong man that loves you. Come with me, Annetje!"

She drew her arm away, saying, "Would the Annetje you respect leave the man she loves and her home and her son to follow your promises? If so, she'd be too poor a thing for you, Tice."

CAPTAIN KIDD held the lantern high to inspect the shoring and the rocky walls. Tice shrugged. "So this is farewell, Annetje, for I was resolved that if I couldn't gain you I'd sign up for an expedition Kidd is planning against the pirates. A man that's denied love can still seek a fortune."

The captain now was rapping on the planks. She whispered quickly, "May you have luck and fortune always, dear Tice, and the wisdom which you've lacked till now."

Kidd called, "Give me a hand, Tice, for I think I've found the hole!"

The men pulled rubbish and boards away until they had achieved a dark hole large enough to admit a man. Kidd held the lantern inside the cave and viewed it as far as the light fell, while Annetje huddled on the steps and shivered in the wet, tomblike breath which came from the passage.

Kidd set the lantern on the cellar floor and tossed the bundles of clothing through the hole. He got himself through feet first, and when he was in the tunnel he reached back for the lantern. Then Tice wriggled through.

Softly Annetje called up the stairs to Dame Bayard, "They're in the old tunnel, and I'll inform you when the lantern's sighted returning."

Sometimes she thought the wait long, and at others it seemed short. She could measure it only by the progress of the wet stone's chill through her body. At last she heard clumsy footsteps, and a man's back appeared to obscure the light and she saw that he dragged a burden. Then she was through the opening and running crouched, crying to them to give her the lantern. The men stopped and thrust it at her, and she moved backward toward the cellar, holding the light over her head. She climbed back through the hole and held the lantern inside for them, then stepped aside. They were pulling and pushing a helpless man through the opening.

Annetje saw a filthy blur of hair and beard, and then shoulders in the clean clothes Dame Bayard had provided. He was limp—so limp that his head lolled and he might have been dead. Chains dragged over the boards and dangled from each bony wrist, weighing the arms to the floor; his legs slid through and fell on the cellar floor, and then Tice eased the head onto the dirt and looked up at Annetje. She swayed a little till he steadied her.

She heard herself calling, "Mother—they bring only one." And from above the gentle voice, "Which one, Lieben?"

"Henri." Then she was on the earth beside him sobbing and taking his wretched head in her lap, only half aware that Tice stomped up the stairs to the old woman.

Henri's voice came, very low and rusty, "No, Annetje—I'm not fit—" and it trailed off in weakness. But it was his voice.

Her heart took her back to her first tongue and she murmured to him in Dutch, and she lifted his head against her breast and kissed his forehead as a mother who mends a hurt child—and she had knowledge of nothing except that he was in her arms and living. She took one of his hands, which was like a bundle of cold sticks. He moaned and she released it quickly—and looking close she saw that it was swollen and festered around the iron. And at this sight her tears came and washed down her face to his, but she contrived to whisper:

"Be at ease, my darling—for we go home now!"

Tice spoke harshly from the stairs: "Annetje, go to Dame Bayard while we carry him up."

She raised her head then, and looking from one man to the other through the shield of tears, she asked, "And Kikker?"

For a short space neither answered. Then Captain Kidd said, "We got through the rubbish at the tunnel's end and found Devalon—but there was a masonry wall behind him. We know from reports that Bayard's still alive. We—we did our best."

The old Dame's voice answered, quiet and strong, from over Tice's shoulder, "God has his reasons. Give le Marquis liquor so that we can start."

THEY made hard work of the descent to the shore, for neither Henri nor Dame Bayard could walk alone, and it was needful to use caution and prevent Henri's chains from sounding on the rocks. But they were down safely, and the rising tide came high around their legs as they found the boat among the spiles. When they were settled in it, Henri lying on the wet bottom with his head in Annetje's lap, the seamen poled out and the tide caught the skiff playfully and bore it like a leaf around the jagged Battery, under the guns of New York, and finally into the broad, clean highway of Hudson's River.

The skiff edged in at a little garden pier and there Dame Bayard left them. She kissed Annetje. "Go with God to your home and see that your man is soon mended."

The oars moved evenly and the boat cut into midstream. Annetje's fingers, stroking Henri's face, passed his lips, and he kissed them—as warm a kiss as she had ever felt. He whispered, "'Tis most too great a happiness, being with you again."

She could never wish for more.

After a little time she asked, "Did you doubt—in those tedious months—that I'd remembered your plight?"

"Never, my love! My greatest fear was of the risks you were surely taking for me—and now I'm thankful that you're safe."

As she stroked his hair his breathing grew gentle.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

FO'CASTLE WALTZ is sculptor **Louis Slobodkin's** first book for adults and it tells of the time that he went to sea as a deck hand on a tramp freighter.

Mr. Slobodkin wasn't fleeing from justice, nor was he trying to mend a broken heart. His jaunt was the result of an argument about the beauties of France, an argument which his opponent settled by saying, " 'Slobodkin, where have *you* ever been?' "

Louis Slobodkin

Well, Louis had been as far north as Lake George, as far east as Long Island, west to Madison, New Jersey, and south to Staten Island. So he went down to the docks and shipped off on the S.S. Hermanita to the other end of the world.

The crew of the S.S. Hermanita was rough, tough, colorful, and virtually illiterate. Slobodkin had a wonderful time, although the going was a little rugged in spots.

On the return voyage the sculptor deck hand staged a one-man mutiny that put him on bread and water for several days. He was deeply disappointed when the captain refused to realize the enormity of his crime and made out his discharge papers "Conduct—very good."

Vanguard Press, New York. Price $3.

TEN years ago **Peter Hunt** spent a winter in his beloved Provincetown. Because the weather was bad, he had to stay indoors, and to pass the time he painted an old sea chest with his conception of peasant art. From the sea chest he went on to other old pieces of furniture, and today Peter Hunt furniture is known the world over.

Peter Hunt

Peter Hunt's Workbook is a complete and practical handbook on decorating furniture. Everyone who reads it will be inspired immediately to do something with that ugly old bureau in the back bedroom. And with Peter Hunt's clear explanations and illustrations of the basic strokes in peasant furniture painting, they'll probably succeed.

Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, Chicago, New York. Price $4.

KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS by **Gerald Butler** was published in England in 1940. The reason for its publication here, six years later, is that American G.I.s loved it.

Butler and James M. Cain have a great deal in common: their subject matter violent, their style terse, almost laconic, and shockingly effective.

Bill Saunders, the hero of Kiss the Blood Off My Hands, killed a man in a brawl in a pub. Fleeing, he forced himself into a shopgirl's room. Their subsequent love affair and Bill Saunders' redemption is exciting and moving.

Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

STRAIT IS THE GATE, by **Garth Hale**, is a gloomy but engrossing story of an illicit love in poverty-stricken circumstances.

Leona Moden loved her husband, but she was bored by the confining isolation of her life. Their neighbor, Lute Hay, offered an exciting diversion.

The telling quality of this somber novel is due to the fact that a good deal of the action is seen through the eyes of Leona's son, Barr, who is too young to comprehend the situation but who realizes his mother is moving toward danger.

E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

B	I	K	I	N	I	■	M	A	J	O	R	■
U	R	A	N	U	S	■	A	N	E	M	I	A
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Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Grammaw Hatfield allus swallers hern arter she's afinished drainin' it
5 Any good judge of horseflesh can tell its quality
13 UNO's problem
14 Things about men that annoy skunks
15 Papa Baba's boy
16 Italy's fambly gift to Xwords
17 Prominent member of the Elks
18 Bestows the Gashouse Gang Gurgle
20 What cow-pasture pool is played in (pl.)
22 Beginning of a singing career
24 Sh! Read the Satdy Evnig ——! (adv.)
25 Country that sees only the this of England's ways
26 What the homely pusses of women do to men
28 Africa's gift to Xwords (pl.)
31 Little Red Schoolhouse figurin' pad
32 Woud-be Hope (abbr.)
33 Their downfall was also Germany's
34 What inveterate punsters smoke (and should be covered with)
35 Amalgamated Australian Kangaroosters (abbr.)
36 Auctioneer four-posters
37 The future of Lamb (pl.)
38 She made Henry VIII Boleyn mad
39 An iron container
40 They're entrancing
41 Kind of cheer (see *Brooklyn Burp: accolade caused by excessive razzberries)*
42 It sells and sells and sells (abbr.)
43 It hands you that old Suthn line
44 The age-old spirit of the French
45 Result of an irresistible body contacting an immovable one
46 Elephant boy
47 Don't Butter Anchovies (abbr.)
49 Kind of mato or ronto
50 Best thing to do for this is to sleep it off
53 Etas of teas do (anag.)
55 French paint slinger
57 Gals yearn for men who do this
58 Front end of a muel
59 This is a nut about India
60 Yllod ohw kept house for Vice-President Curtis
61 Place you can get a mustard plaster sandwich on rye
62 Give's pal

VERTICAL

1 Men sit alongside them, taking each other over the jumps
2 A little of this and a little of that
3 Isle of Aleutian nation
4 Timely losses taken by drunks
5 Round-trippers, a Yankee specialty
6 It takes a heap o' lovin' to do this
7 Calls for some jerk to come hold the bag
8 Brains Ruined Shane (abbr.)
9 Fugitives from the jaloppy graveyard (two words)
10 Yutuhtuhyututuhyutuhtuh
11 Beat the banns
12 Mehican river (pl.)
19 Stuck Market (two words)
21 After the honeymoon, what?
23 What the hoss got for winning
26 Palm kisses
27 Second step in that singer's career
29 Scotch boss
30 Always there when General Motors
31 Turn the nose up a
32 Its downfall was a Godsend to the Hebrews
34 What Frisco did in '06
35 Prolific poet
37 Eighteenth-century wolves
38 What no wife ever started (she says), and no husband ever won
40 Lard extractor
41 A double dose of personal halitosis (abbr.)
43 Body mechanic (abbr.)
44 There's even a shortage of this dream house
45 Dew juice
46 Turn the lip up and hiss
48 A beautiful head of skin
50 Cut this preposition as it says, and get two
51 Zola's hot baby
52 Place inhabited by Asia Minors
54 One of Xwords' fine feathered friends
56 A backward beverage!

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	■
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16				■	17					■	18			19
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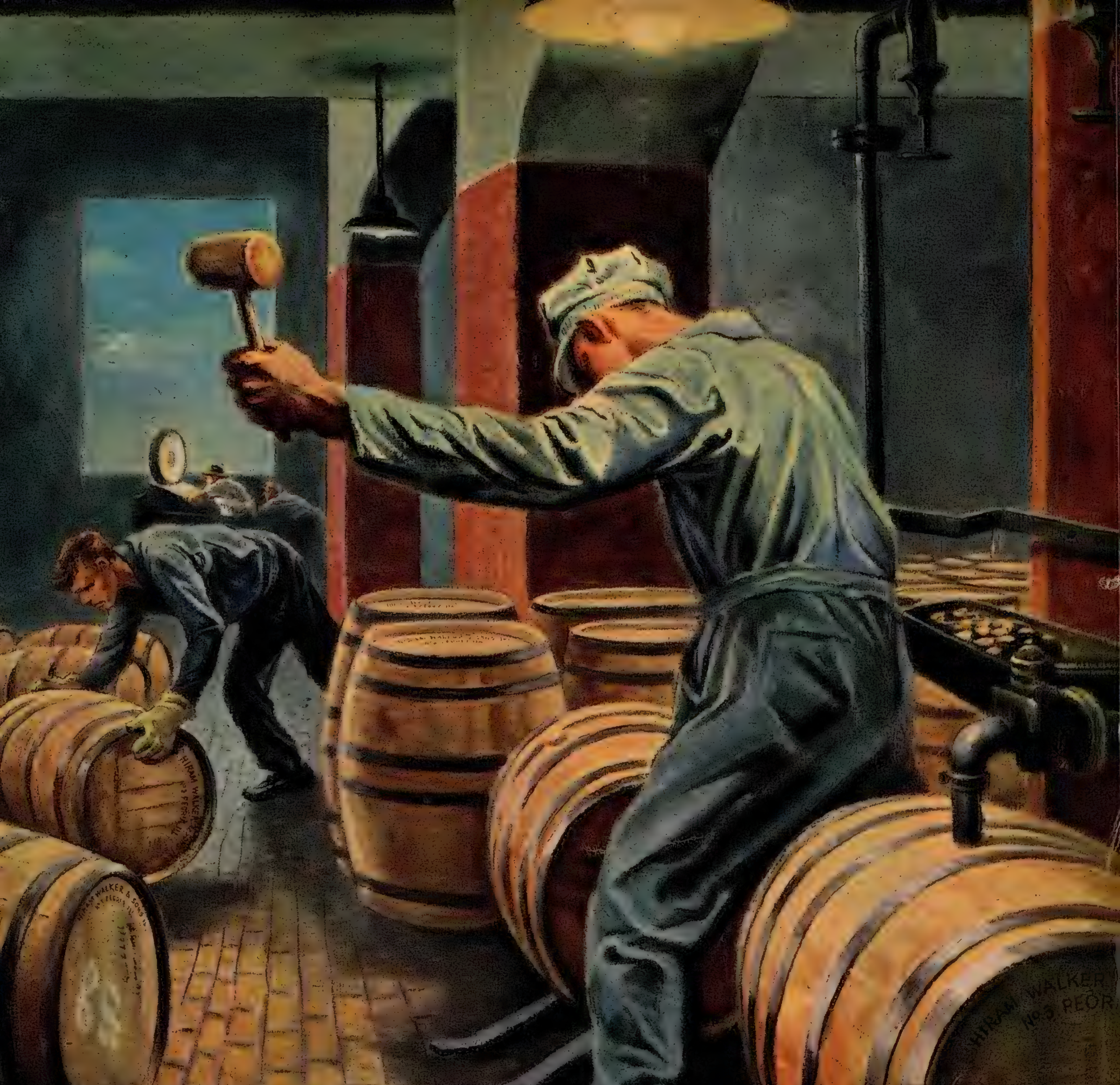
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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Nº3 PEOR

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WARNING FROM WALL STREET

Continued from Page 15

ship, cherished ever since, with his boss's grandson, Cole Porter.

Schram married at twenty-one on sixteen dollars a week. A few months later his boss asked him how he'd like to try farming. Cole had an unprofitable investment in 5,000 acres of swampy bottomland along the Illinois River, at Hillview, Illinois. With his bride, Schram set off to see what he could do with it. For a man who at the outset didn't know much about farming, he did plenty. In three years he boosted the land's production from 12,000 bushels of corn to 100,000. Today he owns a third interest in the farm. It yields 150,000 bushels of corn annually, with 35,000 bushels of wheat and soybeans for good measure, and supports twenty tenant families.

SCHRAM'S activities at Hillview mushroomed. He built and managed two big grain elevators, hedge-traded in the Chicago grain pit, and became an authority on drainage and flood-control problems. As a farmer he was too busy to take much note of the stock-market crash in 1929. But it set in motion the train of events that was to carry him, via Washington in the New Deal years, to the topmost pinnacle of Wall Street.

The depression, with its deflation of farm prices, brought financial ruin to debt-burdened farm-drainage districts. Schram became president of the National Drainage Association, and began lobbying in his state legislature and Washington for government aid. After Roosevelt's election the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, under Jesse Jones, organized a Drainage, Levee, and Irrigation Division. Schram was named to head it.

In the next three years he loaned $87,000,000 to districts in thirty-eight states, pulling them out of their financial mire and earning the government a tidy profit to boot. Jones was immensely impressed. In 1936 Schram became an RFC director in charge of the Business Loan Division. He promptly doubled its business. The financially ailing Electric Home and Farm Authority was put under his wing. He restored it to health.

When Jones vacated the RFC chairmanship in 1939 to become Federal Loan Administrator, Schram succeeded him. For the next two years he successfully ran the largest financial enterprise in the world, also holding down important jobs with such agencies as the Export-Import Bank of Washington, the National Power Policy Committee, and the Defense Plant Corporation.

Meanwhile, Wall Street's affairs, long under New Deal drumfire, had gone from bad to unbearable. Of the last three Exchange presidents, one was in Sing Sing, the second returned to private business, the third drafted into the Army. Stock trading had shriveled to the smallest volume in twenty-seven years. Exchange seats had sunk to the price level of the Spanish-American War. By the spring of 1941 brokers were ready to toss their wilted carnations in the nearest ashcan and call it quits.

Then somebody had an inspiration. If they couldn't lick the New Deal, why not join it? Why not pick an Administration man to head the Exchange?

How they decided on him, Schram doesn't know. But there's a yarn, probably apochryphal, he likes to tell by way of explanation. A brokers' committee went to Washington to ask Roosevelt whom he could recommend. They knocked on the President's door.

"Who's there?" called F. D. R.

"The Wall Street crowd."

"Scram!"

And so he got the job, grins Schram. Incidentally, his name is pronounced to rhyme with "bomb," and the "c" is silent.

Though the Exchange presidency paid $48,000 a year against his $10,000 as RFC chairman, Schram refused it on first offer, fearing that Wall Street wished merely to exploit his political connections. Washington friends applauded his decision, saying that without pool operations and other market sleight of hand outlawed by New Deal legislation, the financial community could never come back. Schram, a champion of private enterprise, bridled. The job began to look like a challenge. Exchange representatives pressed their invitation and he accepted.

HE took over the nation's largest security market as innocent of its complex workings as he was of farming when he went to Hillview. He didn't own a share of stock (and, by a self-imposed rule, neither he nor his family has bought a share since). He'd never even set foot in Wall Street. The morning he was to start work he hailed a taxi outside his midtown hotel.

"The Stock Exchange," he told the driver.

"Where's that?" asked the cabby.

"Why, Wall Street, I think."

"And where's *that?*"

"Just drive downtown. We'll find it."

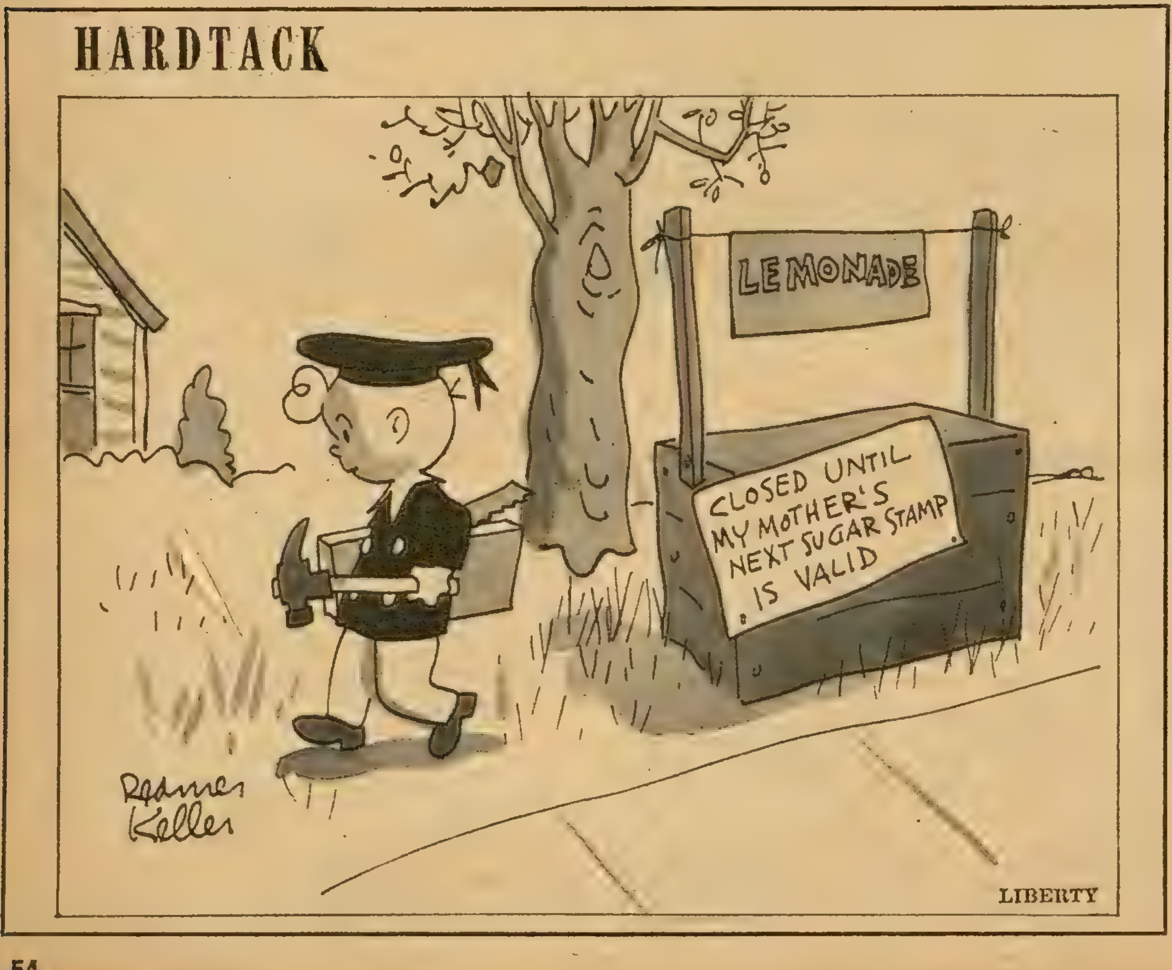
They wandered around lower Manhattan for half an hour before arriving at Broad and Wall. Schram chided the driver for his ignorance of the financial district. The driver replied that Schram didn't seem to know much about it either, for someone who worked there.

"Well, this is my first day on the job," said the new Exchange president.

"That makes us even, bud," said the driver. "This is my first day driving a cab."

Schram is willing to bet that cab driver knows all about Wall Street today. Cab drivers, chorus girls, carpenters, chiropractors—they're all back for a fling in the big bull market. Prior to the February price dip, industrial stocks had reached early 1929 levels. Trading has boiled up from 11,000,000 shares a month when Schram took over to 50,000,000 a month this year. Seat prices are up from $20,000 to $97,000.

The Stock Exchange hired Schram to make peace with Washington and revive its business. Study of security laws and the Exchange's own regulations convinced him that they aimed at a common goal: protection of investors. Accordingly, he's worked hand in glove with government authorities, many of them old


HARDTACK
LEMONADE
CLOSED UNTIL MY MOTHER'S NEXT SUGAR STAMP IS VALID
Reamer Keller
LIBERTY

friends. As for volume of business, whether it was Schram or the war, the Exchange now has more than it dared dream of in the old hungry days. Schram sees his job today as that of maintaining a reasonably free and open market, yet discouraging the hunch players and those who can't afford to lose—as many ultimately must, and as some, caught in the market's latest and heaviest shake-out, already have.

To prevent customers from risking nest eggs that should be in savings banks or war bonds, brokers last year stopped accepting new margin accounts of less than $1,000. And months before that, attempting to check runaway speculation in low-priced shares, the Exchange ruled that buyers must pay cash on the barrelhead for stocks selling under ten dollars. The Federal Reserve Board recently extended this ruling to all stocks, hiking its margin requirements to 100 per cent; all trading now is on a strictly cash basis. In this respect at least, Schram says, today's market is sounder than 1929's, when many people owned stock on a 10-per-cent shoestring.

The rallying cry of 1929 speculators was "New era!" This time it's "Inflation!" Schram acknowledges the force of prevailing inflationary winds, but believes the stock market will offer no storm cellar should they become a cyclone. Other spurs to the bull market, he says, have been the encouraging business outlook (pent-up demand for goods, lower corporation taxes, diminishing threat of government competition), and the persistent down trend of interest rates on government bonds (forcing insurance companies and other big investors, searching for adequate income, into the corporate securities market).

EMIL SCHRAM, his baldish bullet-head set on a six-foot-one, 200-pound frame of bone and muscle, looks less like an economist than like a lumberjack. And though he's mastered the fourth-dimensional economics of Wall Street as easily as anything else he ever tackled, he's still a dirt farmer at heart. Two years ago he bought a 500-acre corn-and-hog farm near Peru, Indiana. Formerly owned by Ringling Brothers Circus, the place has sentimental connections. As a boy he used to watch lions and tigers roaming the grounds. And the old gateposts, decoratively carved, were the work of his grandfather, an immigrant German woodcarver.

Woodcarving, incidentally, runs in Schram's family. Both his father, before he became a grocer, and his uncle practiced the trade, embellishing the circus wagons of tent shows that made their winter headquarters near Peru. A red-and-yellow miniature wagon, the handiwork of his uncle, is on display in Schram's Stock Exchange office, along with a dozen ears of Indiana corn.

LAGUARDIA BREAD RECIPE

Former Mayor of New York, F. H. LaGuardia, in one of his recent Sunday-night Liberty Magazine radio broadcasts, gave his hearers a recipe for making potato bread. So many requests have been received for copies of this recipe that it is reproduced herewith:

One half cup boiling water, one and one half teaspoons salt, one tablespoon sugar, one tablespoon fat, two cups mashed potatoes, one cake yeast softened in one half cup lukewarm water, four cups flour. Combine these ingredients in the order given, following usual procedure for breadmaking.

Schram would rather talk corn and hogs than stocks and bonds any day. But he seldom sees his farm properties these days, managing them mainly by phone. Though he has a home in Peru and his legal residence is in Illinois, he and his wife live most of the year in New York. Their three sons are Robert, twenty-three, recently released from the Navy and now working the farm; James, twenty, in the Navy on Saipan; and Daniel, twelve.

Schram will join a few cronies for an occasional game of golf, which he shoots in the nineties, but when his sons are home he prefers to spend his time with them and his wife. He also keeps in touch with old friends in Washington, including Harry Truman, and still has more personal connections there than in New York. He's a member of the capital's Metropolitan and Columbia clubs, but takes more pride in his election, some years ago, to the alumni of the Russell Young School of Expression. This organization, comparable to the Gridiron Club, meets annually for commencement exercises. Candidates for graduation are called on without warning to speak on such impromptu subjects as Who Tied the Cow Loose? Those acquitting themselves with sufficient glibness win elaborate diplomas declaring them Past Masters of the Silver Tongue. Schram's certificate hangs over his desk.

Schram's salary was recently boosted from $48,000 a year to $100,000. The Exchange's board of governors tried to raise it to $55,000 back in 1943, and the Treasury Department, whose blessing was then required, assented. But the newspaper PM got wind of the deal and published a violent denunciation of it. The Treasury thereupon reversed its decision. The size of the raise when it finally did go through reflected the governors' feeling that, as a matter of prestige, the head of the New York Stock Exchange should draw down at least as much as the presidents of the larger New York banks, who also make around $100,000. Taxes being what they are, Schram didn't care much one way or the other.

There are few in Wall Street or elsewhere, excluding PM, who'd say the farmer-financier hasn't earned his keep. Schram himself, however, is by no means complacent. He believes there's still much to be done toward making the stock market more a trading place for investors and less a super-casino for gamblers. Advising caution and emphasis on facts, he realizes, isn't enough. There's still the problem of how small buyers can get the facts and properly interpret them without the aid of a certified public accountant.

Most reputable brokerage houses nowadays maintain investment research departments, he says, and on request will furnish customers with analytical studies on any of the 1,600 stocks traded on the Exchange. Admittedly, these studies may not always be wholly objective, since the broker has a financial interest in how the customer reacts to them, but Schram thinks they're a lot better than nothing. The Exchange itself has a reference room, open to the public, and may expand its facilities. Also, the manuals of Standard & Poor's, Moody's, and other investment research publishing concerns are available in most public libraries.

BUT what the average small buyer of stocks really needs, Schram thinks, are investment "clinics," comparable to public-health clinics, where he could obtain at nominal cost an expert unbiased report and opinion on any security. These clinics, located in principal cities throughout the country and supplied with data from a central research department, could bring within reach of small investors something approximating the quality of investment advice obtainable by large investors from existing investment counsel firms whose fees are too steep for the little fellow. This would not guarantee the small investor against loss, for even the best investment analysts often go wrong. But with benefit of professional advice, he'd at least be more apt to put his money into securities which, when the market crashes and business goes into a tailspin, are not likely to end up as wallpaper.

The operation of such clinics, since they would advise as well as inform, would not be a proper activity for the Stock Exchange. But Schram believes that, as a competently run independent enterprise, they would meet a very great public need.

Schram has no illusions about completely hog-tying speculation in a bull market. As long as stocks fluctuate—which, as the elder Rockefeller once remarked, is their most abiding characteristic—there will be people willing to bet on which way they're going to go. If they have to bet, Schram would like to see them do it sensibly and within their means. That way the stock market, and the country as a whole, might not suffer such violent ups and downs as in the past.

THE END

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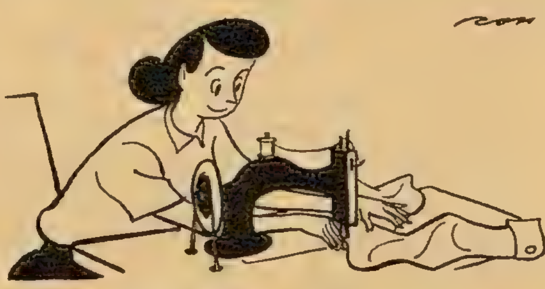
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

DETERMINED WOMEN: Women bent on providing shirts for their husbands have circumvented the shirt shortage by making them at home. Their industry testifies to their devotion, *but* it runs into money. First, you buy a pattern. Then you spend anywhere from around a dollar a yard for cotton broadcloth or chambray, up to around six bucks a yard for silk broadcloth. It takes about three yards to make a shirt, so you can see the household budget will be better off if Poppa can manage with his rags until manufacturers return to full mass production.



MOTHERS, BEWARE!—According to reports received by New York's Department of Health and the Department of Hospitals, the incidence of measles has been rising sharply in the city since the first of the year. Parents are urged to take precautionary measures for the good reason that measles is dangerous to children under five, and especially to those under three. Mothers should keep their children away from other children who are ill, and should be aware of the first symptoms. The family physician should be called at once.

A running nose and watery eyes
And fever, along with a cough, comprise
Symptoms to put Snooks under suspicion;
So clap him in bed and call your physician.

Marketing with my small son, I was hailed by a mother who wanted to tell me she had seen an advertisement for beginners' roller skates. She was followed by her two little girls. After imparting the skate tip, she added, "Don't get close to us. Deedee is just over the measles, but Susie has been exposed." At which point I thanked her fast, grabbed my boy, and left rapidly.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT: A little finger sprained and bruised by an impromptu crack against a doorjamb has kept Ania Dorfmann, Russian piano virtuoso, from her daily practice for a solid month. Her eighteen-year-old ballerina daughter is just as agitated about the finger as her pretty mama, because they did their practicing together. Fortunately for the public, Madame Dorfmann finished the beautiful Victor recording of Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 in C, Opus 15, before the finger took it on the jamb. With the NBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, Ania, and the piano give a magnificent performance. She is the first woman instrumentalist to appear as a soloist under the Toscanini baton. Born in Odessa, she began to play when she was tiny, and was a full-fledged concert artist at the ripe age of eleven. She came to the United States in 1936 and quickly established herself as an artist of importance. Lunching with her the other day, I got a great kick out of her chatter about concert tours in this country. She said a pianist's lot was not always a happy one, because she couldn't take her piano with her, and some of the instruments that confronted her on tour were in dreadful condition. She has fallen in love with our teen-agers and is convinced they sincerely like classical music. In Hannibal, Missouri, on going from her train to the school auditorium where she was to give her concert, she was upset to find the place full, when she expected to practice in peace and quiet. Touched, however, that the youngsters wanted to listen, she agreed to let them stay while she played two or three numbers. As she finished, she asked them to leave, because she was "tired and dirty from the train and needed to be alone." They left, but shortly afterward she was aware that they were sneaking in, back of the curtain and in alcoves, so she made the best of it, and was quietly pleased that they wanted more. The only objection she makes to young Americans is their determination to wrestle for autographs, and never say please or thank you.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Continued from Page 36

cried. "Mutual distrust and suspicion, which we can't afford in the atomic age. And what is the cure, Will?"

I glanced at the clock. Sometimes Ed is a trial. "Mutual trust and confidence. I wrote it."

"Exactly!" Ed declared. "And how do we get mutual trust and confidence, Will?"

"Here, let me see that paper," I said. "I didn't say anything about *that.* I wish I knew that answer. Who slipped it in?"

"It ain't there," Ed said. "That's why I'm here. I'm asking you."

"Ed, if I knew that answer I wouldn't be a country editor. Look. I'm due at the town council meeting and I haven't got time to settle the international problems of the atomic age this morning. And I'll bet you haven't finished collecting the garbage, either."

"Don't go brushing me off, Will. Let me ask you another question. Would there *be* any mutual distrust and suspicion at them big international powwows if everybody knew everybody else was telling the simple truth? Would there? Huh?"

"Well, that's a large order— Hey!" I said. "Hey, Ed, if—"

"So it comes to you," Ed said. "It finally sinks in! Maybe I'd better write some editorials and let you collect garbage. With the professor's little black box, the problems of the atomic age are solved!"

As we drove out toward the professor's place, Ed said, "I expect from now on for about a thousand years they'll call it the Ed Barnes age. Barnes for short."

"The Barnes age? You didn't invent that black box."

"A fine attitude. Henry Ford didn't invent the automobile, either. And Newton didn't invent gravitation. Barnes Law, they'll call it: Truth equals Peace. Simple, like all great things. Will, we're making history this morning. When they cast statues of me, I want a bronze garbage can on my back. Remember that, Will. Ed Barnes, the humble garbage man, who solved the problems of the atomic age."

"Sanitary engineer," I said.

"Garbage man," he repeated firmly. "It's more humble. I'm not a proud man, Will. Nobody is who's really great. Will, because we're old friends and went through a war together, I'm going to give you the privilege of writing the first book about me. Fifty-fifty split, of course."

We drove into the professor's place. The wispy scientist was puttering away in his laboratory out back. "Will," he announced, "I've improved it!" And he held up a gadget that appeared to be made from a tin can, a mousetrap, a ciga-

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rette lighter, a radio tube, a flashlight battery, and some stray bits of this and that. It was mounted on small wheels.

"Wonderful!" Ed cried. "Has it got more power, more range?"

"Exactly," the professor said. "It surmounts the final handicap that has stopped science these thousands of years. It goes out after them."

"Terrific!" Ed declared.

I said, "Goes out after what, professor?"

"Mice," he said.

"Mice?" I said.

"Mice?" Ed echoed.

"Mice," the professor said. "Do you realize how many millions of dollars' worth of damage mice do every year? The mouse is the menace of modern civilization, and we've been helpless. Why? Because every trap has had the same basic fault. It just had to sit and wait for the mouse to come to it. If the mouse felt like going somewhere else, the trap was helpless in the matter. Personally, if I were a mouse, the last place I'd go would be into a trap."

"The *last* place is right. Ha-ha!" Ed broke in. "You wouldn't be going anywhere from there, professor! Get it, Ed? You know, mice like to prowl around garbage cans. Rats, too. I think—"

"My trap," the professor went on firmly, "the Rhoades Improved Catcher, goes out after them. Once it spots a mouse with its electric eye, that mouse is done for. And the man who invents an improved mousetrap—"

"I think it's wonderful, professor," I said. "But what we really came about was your little black box."

"Black box?" the wispy scientist said vacantly. "Oh—you mean the *old* model trap. I threw it away. Naturally. Destroyed it."

"Why, you blamed old crackpot!" Ed cried. "Who cares about mousetraps in the atomic age, improved or unimproved?"

I SHUSHED Ed with an elbow in the ribs. "Show us how the improved trap works, professor," I said.

"I certainly don't intend to be insulted by a garbage man," the professor said testily.

"Sanitary engineer," Ed corrected hotly.

"I won't even demonstrate it," the professor said, and put his trap in a drawer of his workbench. He's touchy about his professional integrity, Mr. President.

"That's too bad," I said. "I think it's even more marvelous than your truth machine."

"Truth machine?" he said wonderingly.

I realized the professor was absent-minded, but it didn't seem possible he could have forgotten what had happened yesterday. I refreshed his memory with the incidents I have related to you, Mr. President.

"Amazing," the professor said. "Amazing."

"That's what we think," Ed said. "The most amazing invention of the Barnes age. In fact, without it the Barnes age would scarcely be possible. And to think a humble garbage man—"

"Amazing," the professor said. "Double hallucination. Either one of you—yes—especially Ed. But for both of you to have the same delusion—remarkable! Interesting case. I remember a similar phenomenon reported by Harker—"

"Now, wait a minute," Ed said uncertainly. He looked at me, and I nodded. It really had happened this time. The professor's mighty brain had snapped under the strain. Ed began fumbling behind him for something to use in self-protection.

"I remember dropping in to show you my mousetrap," the professor said. "My old model. Without wheels. But to suppose it was anything else— Ed Barnes, keep out of that drawer!"

ED gave a loud cry. In his hand he had the little black box. "Destroyed it, eh? Well, how about it, professor? Who's crazy now?" And he pressed the button.

The professor blinked. "To tell the truth," he admitted, "I planned to deny the whole thing. That box is an invention of the devil. I should have destroyed it; but after all, it's an advancement in pure science. . . ." His voice trailed off and he sat down on a stool.

"Go ahead," Ed said, his thumb holding the button.

"When I left you, Will, yesterday, I went around playing with the thing. I was a child with a new toy. I thought it was fun, until— Ed, quit pointing that infernal thing at me!"

"And then what?" Ed demanded. The box continued buzzing.

"And then I met her on the street. My old girl. Justice Watt. I'd always wondered why she threw me over for that whisky drummer. I wish I hadn't asked. . . . She told me that all these years those wax flowers in my window had been something to cherish. Some man, she'd felt, had always loved her. Her husband hadn't. And then, yesterday, the roses were gone."

"Why did she throw you over for the whisky drummer?" Ed demanded.

"Maybe you'd better not," I said.

"The simple truth never hurt anybody," Ed declared. "Go ahead."

The professor gulped and put his hands in his pockets. "It was my hangnails," he admitted. "It wasn't so bad, Justice said, before we got engaged. But then she said she couldn't bear them. She's allergic to hangnails. Can't stand them. And I wonder how many more?" the professor mused barrenly. "All my life I've been going around being repulsive to people who are allergic to hangnails. And not knowing. Why couldn't I have died without knowing? I don't have too many years left. I could have been happy. A man never should find out about such a thing. Not at my age."

"Well, professor," I said soothingly, "I think there are mighty few people who would be allergic to hangnails. Personally, I don't mind them. I know some nice people with hangnails."

"Me too," Ed agreed.

"Ed, shut your mouth," I said.

"I think you're making a mountain out of a hangnail," Ed said.

"Did you save those wax roses?" the professor asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I'll run down to pick them up. Think of Justice Watt holding me in her heart all these years despite my hangnails. That's somehow noble, Will. I'll put the roses back in my front window."

Ed wiped a tear from his eye. I yelled, but too late. Seizing the moment, the professor leaped up, snatched the little black box and jumped on it. A crunch, tinkle of glass, and the hope of the atomic age was useless junk.

Unless, that is, you wish to do something about it, Mr. President. I feel you are the one man who can straighten things out.

And now Justice Watt walks by the professor's house every day and is happy because those wax roses in the window make her know that one man has always loved her—even though he didn't. And the professor knows that she holds a tender spot for him, even with hangnails, though he never loved her in the first place and was glad to be shuck of her. It's a little involved, Mr. President, but, then so many human relationships are involved. In fact, I am half inclined to agree with the professor when he says the simple truth might not be the best thing for most of us, especially when I remember that foreign citizen of Alsace I'd just as soon forget.

BUT, Mr. President, don't you agree that one place where we sadly need the simple truth is in international affairs? If the professor's black box were used in international conferences, it certainly would clear the air.

I believe if you put it up to the professor in this light, he would make you another truth machine. He certainly could trust you not to abuse the device by prying into the personal lives of foreign diplomats. And I'm afraid you're the only man in the whole world who can persuade him now.

Incidentally and without getting personal, Mr. President, are you troubled with mice in the White House? If so, just drop a post card and I'll get priority. The professor is pretty busy these days, for the world is beating a path to his door.

I remain yr respt & obt svt,

William Crawford

THE END

IDEA-A-MINUTE MEN

Continued from Page 19

still think of themselves as "executive writers" — whatever that may be.

They both believe that an occasional "infidelity" will pep up their collaboration.

"After working with somebody else, I find out that Charlie isn't so bad," Wilder says.

Their next production is The Emperor Waltz, with Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine. That's about all there is known about it. To ensure the originality of a manuscript, there are never any bits of manuscript lying around their offices, and casual visitors who find themselves absent-mindedly staring at a piece of buff paper are immediately thrown out. Sometimes they write their script only a short time ahead of the shooting schedule.

Their office consists of three rooms. There is the secretary's room that has the atmosphere of a fashionable dentist's waiting room. On the walls are still photographs showing important scenes from their pictures. Wilder's office is called "the game room," and is used exclusively for the daily cribbage game, a holy ritual performed around noon. It contains a desk, books, a bicycle, and all the silver cups which the team won in recognition of The Lost Weekend.

The largest room is called the bedroom—the team's inner sanctum, paneled in oak, containing a very large table, deep divans, soft chairs, a bust of Shakespeare, a Chinese statue, and a fireplace which, in true California - Chamber - of - Commerce spirit, is never used to make a fire in. A deep soft carpet covers the floor. Every scene, every bit of dialogue, every camera angle is decided in this room. Frequently wild violent shouts come out of the room and the secretary closes the window so the neighbors won't listen. Their fights never last very long. Wilder is pacing the floor, swinging a cane, while Brackett sits in a soft chair, displaying the lethargy of a graduate of a Yogi school.

AFTER Wilder has acted out every scene of their future production, and everything is clear to the last detail, Brackett curls up on the couch and starts to write the script on yellow paper in old-fashioned longhand that can be deciphered only by Miss Hernandez, their secretary. They start out with one hour's work a day, and gradually work up to twenty-three hours. This goes on until the screen play is finished, which takes from four to six months.

"Our problem is elimination," Wilder says. "We always have five thousand ideas and we need only three hundred for a picture."

"It's all very easy," Brackett explains. "Just pick the right three hundred."

"The best ideas are always simple and inexpensive," Wilder says. "Remember the alcoholic ward in The Lost Weekend, with Ray Milland lying on his cot? Every time the door is being opened, the shadow of its grate goes over his face, creating a melodramatic agonizing expression."

Mr. Brackett is what Wilder calls an American blue-blood. He was born in 1892 in Saratoga Springs, New York, which is also the home town of Monty Woolley and Frank Sullivan. His college was Williams, class of '15. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School, class of '20.

"Charlie is vice-president of a bank, senior partner in a law firm, and owns a hardware store, a barbershop, and a golf course in Saratoga Springs," Wilder says. "Don't ever mention the golf course. Charlie's father never knew anything about golf. When they asked him to give Saratoga an eighteen-hole golf course, he agreed and thought it was like building a tennis court. Later he found himself stuck for several hundred thousand bucks."

ANY KILOCYCLE

The year's at the Swing;
The day's Kaltenborn;
Heatter's at seven;
The Ed Hill's unfurled;
The Gunther's a-wing;
The Winchell's a-thorn;
Thompson's in heaven—
All's wrong with the world!

—Ethel Jacobson.

In the first World War, Brackett served overseas with the A.E.F. on the staff of a French general as a liaison officer. It was a great life and inspired Brackett to write a short story, called War, which was promptly bought up by a national magazine. After coming home from Europe, he decided to leave the arid plains of law for the exciting oases of writing. He became dramatic critic for The New Yorker and wrote three novels, American Colony, Entirely Surrounded, and Week-End.

Brackett came to Hollywood thirteen years ago. His debut was discouraging. "I was assigned," he says, "to twelve different stories in my first year. However, I survived. This should be solace to any struggling thousand-dollar-a-week Hollywood writer."

Wilder's career was somewhat more turbulent. Billy has been—or so Brackett says—"everything from the city editor of an obscure afternoon paper to a gigolo in Berlin's Eden Hotel."

Wilder was born thirty-nine years ago in Vienna. His mother had been in America when she was a girl and liked the country. She gave her two sons the good Yankee names of Willy and Billy. Brother Willy, now also in Hollywood and the movies, has lately been de-nicknamed and is now known as William in order to prevent confusion.

Billy worked in Vienna and Berlin as copy boy, crime reporter, sports writer, and for a short time was a night-club dancer at Berlin's Hotel Eden. The film craze caught up early with him. Together with a then unknown director named Robert Siodmak, today one of Hollywood's foremost suspense experts, he made a picture for UFA called People on Sunday that was wildly acclaimed. He left Berlin in 1933 and went to Paris, where he lived in dignified starvation, sipping *café noir* around the Champs Elysées cafés. He was already (or is still) convinced that he was a genius, and told his players that he could make a very good picture, though they would have to shoot in a deserted garage. Among the players was a girl named Danielle Darrieux.

They made the picture, and when it was released under the title Mauvaise Grain (Weeds), other people began to think of Billy Wilder as a possibility for genius. Wilder figured that he was ready for Hollywood. Or that Hollywood was ready for him.

THERE are some weird tales about his beginnings in Hollywood, highlighted by the fact that once he supposedly jumped into a swimming pool fully dressed. He lived in a rarely used ladies' room of an apartment hotel.

"Always kept the door locked," Wilder says; "wrote many stories in there. Best use ever made of that place."

He was handicapped because he didn't speak correct English. "I finally sold my first script, called Pampam, to Columbia. They put it in one of their minor drawers and it has been there ever since," he says.

Wilder finally went back to Europe, but after a short stay returned to Hollywood. He is deeply in love with the place. It was Wilder's love for Hollywood that finally converted Brackett, who can never quite forget that he has an old family house in Rhode Island and is really an Easterner.

When they decided to film The Lost Weekend, Hollywood's wise men predicted that it couldn't be done. But they went ahead and came up with an adult, moving motion picture and, incidentally, a smash hit at the box office. So the same wise men now say that Brackettandwilder can turn anything into celluloid gold. Matter of fact, no one will be very much surprised if and when they decide to film Dante's Divine Comedy, or perhaps The Private Life of Gertrude Stein.

THE END

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE

Continued from Page 33

the tiller between his knees. Then he takes a long breath and reaches for the mainsheet.

"Jib in, Timmy," he says. "Not too tight first. We'll give this new canvas a chance."

I flip a turn on the winch and make it whine bringing that sheet in. The mainboom comes in at the same time and that pretty canvas tightens up. The Quicksilver heels over and gathers way. She gathers way fast, reaching out for open water like I reach for pie when I'm hungry.

I've crewed on a lot of Pacific Club sloops. I've ridden on Don Farrell's Skylark, the champion. Now I'm sailing on a boat, mister. A sweet ship. Peter turns his head real quick and looks back at the floats across the opening water. I know he is seeing only Kay and that he would like to whoop and holler, he is so happy. He has proved he could build a good boat all right.

I WANT to yell out myself when we come about to clear Stony Point. Peter puts the tiller over and the Quicksilver throws her bow around like she knew just what to do. Once clear of the Point the breeze freshens and she heels down until her deck is almost in the water and she stays that way, stiff and able and going like a scared cat.

"Some boat, Mister Hammond," I say. "The best Pacific Club ever built."

Peter nods his head, that funny little grin twisting his mouth. "We've done all right, Timmy," he says. "We've been honest with her. We've done everything the way it should be done. That's what makes a boat."

"You'll win the Orange Blossom race sure," I tell him. "You get yourself a good crew. You can get Miss Kay; she won't be skippering a boat this year. You get Miss Kay for a crew and nothing can beat you."

Peter looks up at the sails and back at me. "I have a good crew, Timmy. I have you. You're sailing with me in the Orange Blossom, win, lose, or go aground."

"Oh, golly, Mister Hammond," I say, "you can't—"

"Timmy," Peter says, "don't you think I know what you've been doing? I know how you got those jibsheet winches. You found out a little store up in Los Angeles had those winches in stock and you busted open your bank and rode your bicycle twenty-five miles to get them. Then you told me a little white lie about trading some boy out of them for an old fishing pole and reel. You've scoured the country for prewar paint and varnish. When you found out Sam Timbrell had two quarts of varnish for the topsides, you trimmed his hedge to get them."

"Well, gosh," I tell Peter, "we had to have those things, didn't we?"

"We sure did, Timmy," he says. "I've got to have a crew, too. I've got to have Timmy Stevens."

I turn around quick and look at the jib. Tears pop out of my eyes all over.

The floats are deserted when we get back, but Miss Kay is in the clubhouse, looking all excited. Don Farrell is with her. Somebody ought to bopp him in the face and make him look more natural. He is prettier than those ads of men in the magazines, what with his curly yellow hair and his tanned face.

"Hi, Pete old boy!" he yells. "That scow of yours still afloat?"

"Still afloat," says Peter, "but I don't know for how long."

"A waste of time, that boat," says Don Farrell. "Of course, if you just built her to sail around the harbor—why, all right. But for racing—" He shakes his head.

Peter stands there looking at both of them while he gets out his pipe and lights it. And then he says, "I guess we all use up a lot of time trying to get the thing we want. Some of us make the grade and some of us don't."

"You're telling me," says Don. "I've wasted almost all afternoon trying to convince Kay you are a no-good bum. And she's only nine tenths convinced. Women are harder to handle than boats."

"Here, here," says Miss Kay, getting up. "Come on, Timmy. Let's leave these two old salts to their grog and arguments. I'll drop you off home."

I DON'T say anything until we are through San Pedro and rolling along the highway toward the Palo Verde hills. Then I say, "I should have busted Mister Farrell in the nose, calling Mister Hammond a no-good bum the way he did."

"Why, Timmy," she says, "how fierce you are! Don was only kidding."

"Mister Hammond is not a bum," I tell her. "He is the finest man who belongs to the club. He is honest and everything, too much for his own good."

She says, "Don Farrell is honest and square too, Timmy. And sweet. He asked me to marry him this afternoon."

"Oh, he did, did he?" I say. "I guess you told him a thing or two."

"Indeed I didn't," she says. "I'm just as excited as can be, Timmy. And you don't have to look at me that way, young man. You are really just a boy, you know. When you are older you will know more about such things."

I shut up and she drives a lot faster, like she wanted to get me home as soon as she could. Just a little boy, huh? That's the trouble with old folks. They don't give us kids credit for having any sense. I'll show her. I'll refuse to sail with Peter, and then he'll have to get Miss Kay to crew for him, and when he gets her out on the Quicksilver a lot, I'll bet she won't look at Don Farrell no more.

A LOT of people came to the club dance that night. My father, being commodore, is kept pretty busy, and mother with him, so I wander around by myself, waiting for Peter to show up. Don Farrell dances with Miss Kay all the time and it makes me sick the way he makes over her.

I don't even go over and look at the entry list for the Orange Blossom race when father posts it on the board. The notice lists the boats and their skippers and crews. Time enough to look at it when Peter comes and I tell him I can't sail in the race.

I finally wander down to the Quicksilver and sit in the cockpit. It is nearly ten o'clock when Peter comes walking out on the float. He looks rumpled and beat up, so I guess he must have heard about Kay and Don Farrell.

"Hiya, sir," I say. "I've got something to tell you."

He stops quick. "Oh, hello, Timmy," he says. "What?"

"I won't be able to crew for you," I tell him quick. "By regatta time, school will be under way and beginning to get tough. I better not spend too much time fooling around an old boat."

He doesn't seem to catch on at all.

"That's tough, Timmy," he says. "I sort of counted on you. Everything's sort of gone haywire tonight."

"Why, everything is better than ever," I tell him. "Miss Kay is ten times better than me. You get her and you'll be a cinch to win. I'll bet she'd give anything to crew on the Quicksilver."

Peter shakes his head. "I don't think so, Timmy. Haven't you seen the bulletin board?"

"No, sir."

"Look at it, Timmy. Kay is skippering the Skylark and Don Farrell is crewing for her. It's kind of a joke with him. He wants her to be rated one of the best skippers in the country and the first woman to win the Orange Blossom Regatta. It would be quite an honor for her." He runs his fingers through his hair. "Who shall I get to crew for me, Timmy? You're a pretty good judge of a sailor."

I am glad it is dark so he can't see my face. "Why, I thought you wanted me, Mister Hammond," I say. "I've only been joking. You didn't think I meant what I said, did you?"

He shakes his head. "I've heard so many things tonight, Timmy, I don't know what to believe. I'm glad I can count on you."

"Until the masthead goes under way," I tell him.

He musses up my hair and laughs a little. "I'll see you in the morning then," he says. "I'm going home now. So long."

"Good-by, sir," I tell him and sit

down in the cockpit again, feeling sick, though I've only had three cokes and two ice-cream cones and some cake. Of all the dirty tricks in the world, Don Farrell can think them up. Sure it would be quite an honor for Miss Kay to win such a famous race. And loving her like Mister Hammond does, how can he beat her? And if he don't beat her, how can he prove he is the best boat builder there ever was?

I sit there a long time thinking up a lot of ways to get even with Don Farrell. The best one I can think of is to get a big boulder and haul it up to the top of the Skylark's mast and let it go. Falling from that height it would make a big hole in the deck and splash right out through the bottom of the boat. I would have done it, too, if I hadn't known Mister Hammond would not have liked me to do a thing like that.

FOR the next month Pacific Club sloop skippers are busy tuning up their boats. School started and I could only sail Saturday and Sunday, like Mister Hammond, who has to work hard at his job.

Mister Hammond got sort of thin that month and when the Skylark sailed near us and Miss Kay waved, Peter had to work hard to smile real cheery. He wouldn't let any boats get in a brush with us, either. If they tacked around with us or started to follow in our wake, Mister Hammond would let the Quicksilver fall off and not do its best. He seemed to have something on his mind all the time.

Two boats trailered down from San Francisco Bay and four came up from Balboa and Newport. The Orange Blossom Regatta attracted quite a few boats every year, being so late in the season. And the weather grew perfect as regatta day drew near.

It was something to sail in that crisp breeze with the blue water crackling and look across the land and see Mount Baldy far away with a little snow already on its peak. And in between the water and the snow peaks were thousands of acres of orange groves, all green, which is why they called the race the Orange Blossom Regatta.

When the day finally came, I was so excited I couldn't eat and Mother thought I was sick. But I was all right when I got to the club. I didn't pay much attention when the race committee talked to the skippers and crews and handed out the sheets showing the courses and things. I was too taken up with watching Mister Hammond watching Miss Kay.

After the committee meeting we hoisted sail and shoved off. The starting line was between Stony Point and a buoy two hundred yards offshore. Altogether there were a dozen boats, six of them from our club. They jammed up at the starting line and then ran off and back, the skippers watching their stop watches and getting the feel of their boats and the wind.

We were to have a ten-minute warning gun, a five-minute gun, then minute pennants hoisted at the shore starting station, and then the final gun. I was hoping Peter would hit the line at the final gun, going like a scared cat, up to weather and out ahead and never letting another boat get past him. That's what every racing man hopes.

NOW the black and white balls on the big white board ashore began to change, and Peter said, "Course Two. That's a beat to the Beach Buoy, a run down the harbor to the red flasher off Rainbow Pier at Long Beach, and a beat home. Keep your fingers crossed, Timmy."

The ten-minute warning gun sounded and I started to hold my breath for long spells. The skippers did not pay much attention to the ten-minute gun, but when the five-minute gun went, things began to tighten up.

Peter swung and ran down away from the line, one eye on his stop watch and one on the Quicksilver's sails, besides watching all the other boats, with me helping on that.

Two pennants were already up the shore mast and I knew time was getting short. The next time we came about we would strap her down and light out for the starting line. I saw Peter's knuckles turn white and I

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knew he was gripping the tiller hard, ready to come about. And I saw another boat barging up, acting funny. "Watch that one," I told Mister Hammond. "I think that skipper's a new one."

"I see him," said Peter. "Ready about."

I started to throw off the jib sheet and, sure enough, that new skipper slued around and made a standing jibe right in front of us. Peter yelled and threw the Quicksilver up into the wind. It took a minute to get clear. And when we finally got around, there we were, boxed in by the slowest boats in the fleet.

THE starting gun boomed and the Skylark went over the line to weather of the whole fleet with Miss Kay at the tiller and my skipper talking to himself, saying, "Beautifully done, Kay. Beautifully done."

The fellow who had jibed over yelled, "I'm sorry, old man. Terribly sorry."

"Forget it," Peter said. That was one thing you liked about Peter Hammond. There was more to this for him than just winning a race. But he didn't ask for favors.

With the Skylark out in front with her wind clear, the rest of the fleet jockeyed for position, trying to get one another's wind, all of them still on the starboard tack. Just as we went over the line, still boxed, Peter stood up a minute, took a quick look and sat down again. "Ready about, Timmy," he said. "We'll get clear of these fellows."

That meant we were going off by ourselves, sailing our own race. It is good stuff, if you are good. But it means getting everything out of your boat that is in it without having other boats to check on to see if you are pinching up too close to the wind or running off a little too much.

Peter held the port tack for five minutes, watching and watching, and you could almost hear the figuring going on in his head. Then, when the other boats started to tack over, Peter came about again. That put us on the starboard tack and gave us the right of way.

We were beating up for the first buoy, six boats behind us, when the Skylark made the turn down wind. I saw Don Farrell run forward with the spinnaker boom, secure it and give it a heave. The spinnaker, set up in rotten string stops, popped like a firecracker and caught the wind, making a round white cloud pulling the Skylark along.

I got a chance to watch four other boats go around. The crew of the Rum Bucket fumbled, he got his spinnaker boom fouled and dropped from third to fifth place. If I do that I will die.

"Easy," Peter is saying now. "Easy does it, Timmy. Here we go."

The buoy went by and I scooted forward, snatching up the spinnaker boom. Some angels must have been aboard. One of them snapped the boom into the fitting on the sail. Another one socketed the inboard end to the mast, and all three of us heaved down when Peter hauled in the sheet. That sail broke out so fast we took the wind of the next boat ahead and slipped past them like nothing. When I got back to the cockpit, Peter said, "Well done, Timmy. That kind of crewing deserves to win a race."

We did all right. We were the second boat to drop out light canvas and round the buoy off Rainbow Pier. Only the Skylark was ahead, the champion, strapped down and footing fast. The wind was hardening and the harbor water was roughing up.

The finish line was dead up wind. Peter rode the lee side of the cockpit, the coaming snuggled up under his arm, watching the jib like a hawk. He held the Quicksilver's tiller like the doctor holds my wrist when he is counting my pulse. That is what Peter was doing. Feeling the Quicksilver's pulse, feeling for every honest second of work he had built into her and getting it out now in sailing speed.

"Kendall, this eating in bed at night has got to stop!"

LIBERTY

THE first tack up we closed with the Skylark. The second tack I knew we'd take her. But we didn't gain an inch. Nor on the third tack. Spray was getting down my neck and I started to squirm. Something was the matter. The Quicksilver was lying down. I could feel it.

We came over on the last leg. The finish line was dead ahead now. This was it. Miss Kay was working the Skylark for every split second she could. Don Farrell was crouched down low beside the cabin house, looking back, talking to Miss Kay.

I remembered what Peter had said that night about Don Farrell. "It's kind of a joke with him. He wants her to be rated one of the best skippers in the country and the first woman ever to win the Orange Blossom Regatta. It would be quite an honor for her."

Then he said out loud, like I wasn't there, "I'm sorry, Kay. It wouldn't be square." And the Quicksilver went down and started to go again like greased lightning.

We pointed up and took the Skylark's wind a quarter mile from the finish line. The Skylark straightened and wallowed once when we went past. Miss Kay waved and I waved back, but Peter didn't seem to notice what he had done.

We got the gun two minutes ahead of the Skylark and everybody on the shore and on the boats anchored around the line were yelling their heads off for Peter—my father, Mr. Quillan, and Mr. Farrell. All of them.

We bore off from the line, easing up, and Peter relaxed. "Well, Timmy," he said, "there's your race. You earned it. I've never seen better crewing in my boat."

"Thank you," I said. "That makes me feel good." Which was a lie. I felt awful. So did Peter feel awful. I could tell by the way his mouth twisted up. We just sat there looking at each other, like we had come in last. The Skylark was close up before we heard Don Farrell yelling, "Hey, Pete! For gosh' sake, luff up and let us come alongside."

Miss Kay is standing on the Skylark's deck, hanging to the shrouds. She is calling to me. "Timmy, be a good boy and come aboard here."

I get ready. I can't help myself. Don Farrell swings in alongside and I jump, just as Kay jumps and lands on the Quicksilver. Mister Farrell swings away fast. And the last thing I see, before the Quicksilver's slatting sails hide them, is Mister Hammond standing up in the cockpit, looking like he had died and gone to heaven, because Miss Kay had her arms around him, kissing him, right in front of everybody.

Mister Farrell laughs at me. "Don't look so sad, Timmy," he says. "I'm the one who should be sad. You only lost out to Kay Meadows. I lost Kay."

"You mean you're not going to marry her?" I say.

"Me?" he says. "I never had a chance, Timmy. Well, yes, I did for a few minutes this afternoon, when Pete wouldn't pass us. If you had trailed us all the way in, I think she would have hated Pete a little for bowing to her. But Pete proved himself. He owed it to himself and you and the boat to win. He did. He won everything."

I CAN'T hate Mister Farrell any more. He has been beat all the way, but he is taking it like what father calls a gentleman. And I know now that I should never have hated him. No-good men don't last long in the cockpit of a racing sailboat, and Mister Farrell has been racing a long time. He's been the champion until Peter Hammond came along.

THE END

THUNDER OVER POLAND

Continued from Page 14

government controlled only a tiny corner of Poland, the rest still being under German occupation. The government had no way of knowing how large its land pool would be and among how many peasants it would have to be distributed.

When the reform was put into effect in 1945, the great difficulties became apparent. The government confiscated 9,000 big and medium estates. Of the agricultural acreage thus obtained, the government set aside 1,000,000 acres for state farms. The remaining acreage was parceled out to land-poor peasants, and there wasn't enough of it. At the turn of the year, according to the Polish Ministry of Agriculture, the recipients totaled 382,000 families, or something like 12 per cent of Poland's estimated farm population of nearly 14,000,000. The beneficiaries were given plots averaging eight acres and they have to pay for the land at the rate of 600 kilograms of rye per acre or its cash equivalent, in installments over a period up to twenty years. The reform, of course, was what the Kremlin wanted. It followed the lines which the Russian agrarian reform took immediately after the Revolution in 1917. Its aim is to coordinate Polish agriculture with that of Russia.

BUT this land distribution, aside from leaving a great number of peasants landless, fell far short of solving the economic problems of even those who received the land. They claim the plots are "too large to be buried in, too small to live on." The arbitrary division of land, according to the Ministry of Agriculture, has in fact produced 155,000 farms, or almost half the number of the beneficiaries involved, without a single building on them.

At the same time the Polish peasant sees the Red Army herding cattle by the thousands eastward across Poland. The peasants insist the cattle should have been given them, together with the land. In addition, the Russian Army has taken over the best agricultural land in Poland and exploits it for its own purposes. The official figure is that 600,000 acres are being farmed by the Red Army, but peasant sources claim the actual acreage is much higher. Whoever is right, all this land was withheld from the Polish peasant whose condemnation of the Russian-dominated regime is bitter. But if Poland is to emerge from economic chaos, this condemnation will have to subside.

Some of this opposition was already there when the Russians marched in. It was fostered by Poles who wanted an independent Poland without any Russian ties, and took the form of an underground organization going under the name of

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Armja Krajowa, or Home Army. In dealing with it, the Russians for once showed themselves poor diplomats. They invited sixteen leaders of the *Armja Krajowa* for a conference at Marshal Zhukov's headquarters, sent them to Moscow instead and threw them into Loubyanka Prison. After months in jail, fifteen were sentenced to varying prison terms. The sixteenth, Zbigniew Stypulkowski, escaped under mysterious circumstances, appearing in Rome in January, 1946.

When Mikolajczyk entered the government it looked as though opposition would cease. But the disastrous results of the agrarian reform have fanned the opposition into new flames. First it manifested itself through legal channels, with the Polish Peasant Party organizing open meetings where speakers registered their disapproval of the Russian-dominated regime.

The government took drastic steps. For instance, on September 16, 1945, the Peasant Party held a rally in Cracow at which Rjesvow Kojder, a prominent peasant leader, advocated the defeat of the regime at the coming elections. The day after the rally, four uniformed men seized Kojder at his home. Three days later he was found shot to death. Many other peasant leaders suffered the same fate. The government reopened the former German concentration camp at Oswiecim, a name synonymous with horror to any freedom-loving Pole, and filled it with thousands of political opponents.

SUCH tactics produced a new underground organization under the name of *Niepodleglosc*, meaning Independence. This underground matched terror with terror. Police officials were assassinated. The underground press clamored for the overthrow of the regime and a really independent Poland. When the Polish Secret Police found itself unable to cope with the situation, the Russians stepped in to stamp out "banditry." By banditry was meant the political opposition.

Equally chaotic is the industrial situation. The Russians have looted Polish industry of its equipment, a process which has left countless thousands of Polish workers jobless. The Polish government contends that the Russians took only 30 per cent of the industrial machinery in Silesia. This may be true, but what was left consists largely of irremovable properties such as coal mines and blast furnaces.

The Russians have imposed an economic agreement on Poland under which 75 per cent of all the coal and coke produced in Poland must be turned over to the Russians at a price of one dollar a ton, although it actually costs more to mine the coal. The Russians sell this coal to the Balkan countries at ten times the price. The 25 per cent left is barely enough to keep the remaining factory wheels running, and millions of Poles shivered last winter from lack of coal.

The Russians left part of the Polish textile industry. But under the same economic agreement Russia gives Poland 25,000 tons of raw cotton every six months, and in return Poland must furnish Russia with 45,000,000 meters of cotton cloth. In short, the entire Polish textile industry must work for Russia at a time when Poles are so desperately short that discarded clothing must be shipped to them from the United States. And much the same goes for the other industries left.

As if all this weren't enough, last January 4, Minister of Industry Hilary Minc, returning from Moscow, announced the outright nationalization of all enterprises employing more than fifty people. This step, which violates not only existing commercial treaties between Poland and the United States, but also the agreement reached at Yalta, affects some $400,000,000 in properties belonging to American investors. Almost half of this belongs to companies in which the former U. S. Ambassador to Moscow, W. Averell Harriman, is an important stockholder.

It is a step that definitely undermines Poland's prestige abroad. On the other hand, it ties Poland's economy to that of the Soviet Union, a development that evidently can no longer be escaped.

Poland has asked the United States for a $500,000,000 loan, and there is talk that part of this loan would be used to compensate American investors. Such an arrangement would be farcical, as it would simply mean that the American taxpayer would have to pay the American investors for the loss of their Polish properties.

Then there is the great shift of populations. Five million transients clog the roads of Poland in all directions. The Polish population in the territories ceded to Russia is being sent all across the country to the new lands taken from Germany. The Russians aren't polite about it, either; they just shove the departees into freight cars with whatever belongings they can carry on their backs. Poles do not like to be shoved.

IN the opposite direction moves a broad stream of displaced persons from Germany. Some of these display Fascist tendencies and have already given trouble to the *Bezpieczenstwo* (security police). Another stream consists of Polish Jews and some Catholics fleeing into Germany. The Jews leave for fear of being sent to Birobidjan. This is the Soviet Jewish colony in eastern Siberia, on the Amur River. Little is known about Birobidjan. Apparently Polish Jews do not want to go to this Soviet Palestine. They also want to escape the new Polish labor draft law which imposes forced labor on all men from eighteen to fifty-five and all women between eighteen and forty-five, with prison sentences of three years for failure to report to the work assigned.

This motivation also guides Catholic Poles of the intellectual classes, although fear of religious persecution has something to do with their case. The sentencing of Bishop Splett of Danzig to eight years' imprisonment on a charge of collaboration, which the Vatican claims was utterly unfounded, has added impetus to their flight. Also, the bestowing of a cardinal's hat upon Archbishop Adam Sapieha of Cracow has aroused bitter criticsm in the pro-Russian press. All these things make Polish Catholics fear, rightly or wrongly, that a religious purge is in the cards.

YET another cause of resentment is the staffing of the new Polish Army with Russian officers. The government's reply is that it is short of officer material because the officers of General Wladislaw Anders' Polish army in Italy, Germany, and England refuse to return home. The Anders Poles were for the most part recruited from among Polish deportees whom the Russians sent to slave labor in Russia and Siberia in 1939. They were rescued by the British in 1942 and taken to Egypt, there formed into Polish army cadres. They now claim that if they returned to Poland they'd be sent back to slave labor. They want no part of it.

The Polish government is trying desperately to bring order out of chaos. But the barrage of charges and countercharges, the hatreds, the deep political cleavages and, most of all, the terrific economic burden imposed by the Russians, make it an almost superhuman task. It is not too much to say that Poland is in an actual state of undeclared, ideological civil war, with something like 100,000 opposition Poles in jails and concentration camps, and political murder a commonplace. Bitterness is running a high tide. And most of it is due to the fact that so many members of the government are ex-Russians, with President Bierut heading the list.

To Foreign Secretary Bevin's and Secretary of State Byrnes' recent charges of an orgy of murder in Poland, Zygmunt Modzelewski, Assistant Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs, replied that the terror was the work of agents sent in by General Anders and that 3,000 secret police were among the casualties. It is probably true that some reactionary elements are among the opposition. But it is also a fact that by far the most victims are Polish Peasant Party members, who can hardly be classified as reactionaries.

Modzelewski has promised elections will be held soon in Poland. But these elections, he added, would be democratic "in the sense that the Poles understand democracy, and not in the Western sense." It sounds like more Yalta double talk. If the voting took place now and was unrigged, the Polish Peasant Party would win easily. For this reason the ruling Communists keep postponing the elections until the Peasant Party agrees to join in a single list. Vice-Premier Mikolajczyk has been bitterly assailed for his refusal to include his Peasant Party in a single "democratic" bloc. Other government officials accused him of having links with Western powers and of failing to co-operate for the good of Poland.

There also is talk that the Russian army of occupation may participate in the voting, to ensure a majority for the government.

Meanwhile, the Polish underground press keeps drumming about an "inevitable war between the Western democracies and totalitarian Russia." It continues asking, "When is the American Army coming to liberate us from the Russians?" Which is just another Polish pipe dream, and the sooner the Poles realize it and accept the bitter facts, the quicker there will be peace and rehabilitation in Poland. Poland's economic and military co-ordination with the established policies of the Soviet Union has reached a point where it can no longer be halted without throwing the country into a new violent upheaval that would toss the laboriously progressing peace machinery of the world entirely out of kilter. The Western powers went to war over Poland once. It is highly doubtful that they will do it a second time.

THE END

THE TUNA'S A TROUBLE-MAKER

Continued from Page 21

seas around the Cocos and Galápagos islands. Captain Joaquin S. Theodore sailed 3,800 miles southward and caught tuna off the Peruvian coast, but Captain Manuel Fritas found neither yellowfin nor the vanished albacore when, in 1933, a cannery sent him to explore the Philippines seas.

Still, the known fishing grounds had been extended thousands of miles by exploratory voyages which were remarkable in view of the small and temperamental boats that accomplished them. Fishermen proudly call the little craft "tuna clippers."

From midships aft, these clippers are a complicated series of fuel, bait, and fish tanks. Between the air spaces and the tons of liquid sloshing in the tanks, the less perfectly designed boats will capsize in a twinkling if improperly trimmed in heavy weather. No clipper measures quite 150 feet, yet cruises of 2,500 miles are commonplace, and some tuna boats can sail 15,000 miles without refueling. Never have men engaged strictly in fishing sailed so far for their catches.

Who are these latter-day Magellans and Cabrillos? Most numerous are the Portuguese from Madeira

Toss that Salad

The art of mixing a perfect "tossed" salad is easily learned. First make sure your bowl is large enough . . . not more than half full of well-washed and carefully dried greens. Add dressing. Now with a fork and spoon *gently* lift, lower, turn this way and that till every morsel glistens with the rich savor of oil and mellow Heinz Vinegar (see recipes below).

Vary the dressing—

★ Basic French Dressing

Recipe—Combine ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. paprika. Add ¼ cup Heinz Vinegar and ½ cup olive oil. Beat thoroughly. Yields nearly ¾ cup.

★ Ketchup Dressing

Recipe—Place ¼ cup sugar, 1 tsp. salt, dash paprika in quart jar. Add ½ cup Heinz Vinegar, 5 tbs. Heinz Chili Sauce or Tomato Ketchup, ¾ cup oil, 3 tbs. grated onion. Cover jar and shake thoroughly until well blended. Yields 1½ cups.

★ Chef's Special Dressing

Recipe—To recipe for Basic French Dressing add ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper and 2 tsp. grated onion. Yields 1 cup.

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Heinz Vinegar

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

MY-NEWT: Small pet salamander.

TORSINNA: As in "Never look a gift torsinna mouth."

WE'RE-D: You and I are uncanny.

SIRMEN: Taken from a text for men only.

JAZZPIRIN: For a headache from jive.

POSTHUMOROUS AWARD: For a dead comedian.

MIRROAR: Lion in a looking glass.

POSTERRIER: Rover's rear.

BOAST GRADUATE: A proud alumnus.

CHAIRISH: To have deep-seated love.

and the Azores, with Italians close in their wake. Lastly come a sprinkling of Scandinavians and transplanted New Englanders. A salty breed they are, and salty they must be: of the 140 boats sailing from Los Angeles and San Diego (home port for 90 per cent of the fleet), two or three up to six or eight boats are lost yearly. Rare indeed is the year without a casualty.

FISHERMAN usually begin and end the day with devotions in a small chapel aft of the wheelhouse. Nearly all boats have these chapels, with mahogany rails and altars as perfect in detail as any ashore, because they comfort men engaged in hazardous work. Flowers, fresh from the refrigerators, are laid each day on the altars.

Greatest single hazard to both men and boats are *chubascos*, savage storms encountered along the Mexican and Central American coasts. When one hit the Navigator, her pilothouse was smashed in and her captain and two fishermen were cut by flying glass. The speedboat was torn loose and hurled back to the bait wells; dislodged again, it plunged to the lower deck. All other gear was washed from the deck. The lights went out and the steering gear broke, yet the Navigator survived the night, her crew patched her up, and she limped into Manzanito two days later.

It's folly to venture on deck in one of these storms. One fisherman who tried it and was washed overboard, remained alive by diving each time the mountainous seas broke over his head. It was an hour before his boat could turn during a lull, and another hour before the half-drowned man was sighted. A shipmate, with a line tied about his waist, jumped into the sea and rescued him.

Manuel Severiano, swept from the Cabrillo's deck thirty miles off the Mexican coast, climbed onto a hatch cover which had washed adrift at the same time. For four days he drifted toward shore, shriveled by cold at night, roasted by day, and constantly accompanied by sharks. Picked up and cared for by peons, he was fishing again within two months.

Other disasters take their toll. The Mariner was nearly lost when rammed one night by a tanker. And the St. Veronica was wrecked on one of the Galápagos islands early one dark morning. The skiff, fortunately, was cast adrift. Captain Manuel Silva swam to it and helped rescue all his men. It was this same Captain Silva who introduced Portuguese folk music to Central Americans; now the natives of Manzanillo always serenade his new boat with an Azorean dance tune, Charmarito.

MOST tuna skippers prefer to pay the Mexican government for the privilege of filling their bait tanks at Magdalena Bay in Baja California, rather than take a chance of finding bait elsewhere. Magdalena and connecting Almejas Bay rank among the greatest bait-fishing grounds on earth, yet boats sometimes sail the two bays for days before flocks of birds signal the presence of small fish. A skiff or a speedboat then draws the seine net on a rounding course back to the boat, and fishermen ladle chums into the bait tanks with dip nets. The seine may have to be hauled in a dozen times to fill the bait wells, which must be kept at exactly the temperature of the water from which the anchovies and sardines are taken. Lights burn constantly above the bait tanks to keep the small fish from milling, losing their scales, and thereby dying. They will also die if the oxygen pumps fail; that means the loss of bait and of $3,000 in Mexican taxes.

Even bait fishing has its dramatic moments. Once Captain Frank Szalinski found himself surrounded by four harmless California gray whales seeking protection. Farther away some killer, or orcas, whales circled the boat. Having no desire to referee a battle of such giants, Szalinski broke the circle of orcas whales with his high-powered rifle. Then, sailing through the gap he had made, he found himself convoying the four gray whales to safety.

Italo Vattuone, a radioman, thrown from the deck when his clipper hit a manta ray, had to swim through a school of the ugly giants to reach his boat.

ONCE bait tanks are filled, the boat starts its search for tuna. For days or weeks the lookout in the crow's-nest may peer in vain across glittering seas for gathering birds, dark patches, or ruffled waters—the usual signs of tuna. Then one day his exultant cry brings all men on deck.

Fishing racks are swung down and the chummer casts bait upon the sea; but before poles are selected the size of the fish in a school must be determined. Usually the tuna in a school vary less than five pounds in weight. Those running less than thirty-five pounds—known as one-pole tuna because they are caught by a single fisherman—are considered sport. There are also two-, three-, and four-pole tuna, the latter weighing up to 150 pounds, the largest the canneries will buy. And landing these larger fish, which requires the combined brawn of two to four fishermen, is brutally hard work.

As fish pile up on deck, the blood and fish slime dripping from the stern attracts sharks. They bite off portions of hooked tuna, and may snatch a man's arm or leg if he's pulled overboard. These scavengers will also take a lure. Manuel Boblos and Manuel Garcia caught a shark that yanked both men off the rack. Boblos, a strong swimmer, was first to regain the rack. As he dragged his partner over the rail, the shark's vicious teeth snapped where Garcia's legs had been an instant before.

Fishermen sometimes tempt sharks away from the rack by towing a hooked tuna around the bow to give their shipmates a short breather. But sharks and tuna fishing are so inseparable that the men generally ignore their enemies and hope to escape them if they should be pulled overboard.

Sharks are not the only hazards. While serving as an engineer on the tuna boat Lusitania, Tony Rosa hooked a marlin swordfish. Then, reaching for the gaff, he lost his balance and fell overboard. The fish made a rush and rammed its sword through Rosa's thigh into the wooden hull. Then the sword broke off, leaving Rosa nailed to the hull. Rescued, he insisted on having an iodine swab passed through the wound—

heroic treatment but insurance against septic poisoning.

Sometimes an eight-man crew catches thirty or forty tons of tuna in a single hour. Even when fishing is not that good, 100 tons or more must be stowed away at sundown. Formerly fishermen spent hours packing tuna in cracked ice, but now the salt-brine tanks on most boats eliminate this disagreeable chore. When a loaded clipper ties up at one of the packing-company docks, fish are removed in hoppers, dumped into a flumelike trough, and swept by a continuous stream of water to the cannery to be graded and weighed.

Tuna boats cost about $1,100 a ton to build at today's inflated prices, thus making a 400-ton, 140-foot boat a man-sized investment. Yet even at such costs, they return a profit. The Madelyn-R, one of the small sixty-nine-footers, made ten trips in 1944 and earned more than $120,000. Three other boats each grossed between $120,000 and $170,000 in the same year. It is claimed on good authority that before she was enlarged and modernized, the old tuna boat Lusitania had taken enough fish to match her weight, pound for pound, in gold.

Fixed contracts determine the division of a catch between fishermen and owners. Depending on a boat's size and other factors, roughly 55 per cent goes to the vessel; of the remainder, the captain and engineer each receive slightly more than one share, and each fisherman a share. Fishermen earn between $8,500 and $12,500 yearly, but many also own shares in their own or other boats.

THE development of small boats with such competent skippers, extreme cruising ranges, refrigeration and great stowage capacity was Uncle Sam's good fortune when war came. The Navy called a mass meeting of tuna fishermen, skippers, and engineers in the Naval Reserve armory in San Diego on February 15, 1942. Fittingly, since men of Portuguese blood predominated, this meeting followed by exactly four centuries the discovery of San Diego Bay by another Portuguese, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. Commander (now Captain) Morcott, U.S.N. (Retired), had scarcely concluded his appeal for men and boats when he was swamped with applicants—600 men enlisted that day. Captains and engineers were given warrant-officers ratings, fishermen became Navy seamen or petty officers.

This mass enlistment of men and of all boats over 100 feet long took place when many tuna boats were getting their winter overhauls. Guns were hurriedly mounted, and within ten days forty-seven clippers sailed from the bay—largely manned by their old crews. Shorn of their colorful names, they were identified simply as YP297 or YP342, and promptly became known as the Navy's "Yippee boats."

They began by convoying small ships to Panama. Soon they were transporting gasoline from Pearl Harbor for the PBYs at Midway, and doing other strategic chores. But perhaps their greatest service was supplying Guadalcanal when that beachhead was being held by an eyelash. Refrigeration enabled them to carry substantial cargoes of fresh meat, bananas, and other perishables. They also lugged airplane wings, navigation instruments, and ammunition. The bones of many tuna boats lie between Guadalcanal and Tulagi, where the YP boats maintained their "milk run" despite everything the Japs could do to halt it.

Typical war experience was that of Captain Victor Rosa, who commanded his own 140-footer. After carrying his first cargo to Pearl Harbor, he transported gas to Midway, then made numerous 2,300-mile runs to New Zealand by way of the Society Islands, the New Hebrides, and Guadalcanal. As the only officer on the bridge, he stood watches of twenty-four to forty-eight hours without relief, until eyestrain forced his retirement.

When he recovered, he resumed tuna fishing.

Chris Rasmussen commanded YP-284 on the milk run to Tulagi until Jap destroyers scored a direct hit in the engine room. Joaquin S. Theodore, tuna skipper who delivered supplies to Tulagi just two weeks after the marines landed, lost his boat in an attack by a Jap cruiser.

Now, with the war behind them, tuna men are building bigger and finer boats. Wooden hulls cost so much that some of the newer boats even have steel hulls.

THE design of future craft can perhaps best be seen in such boats as the Pan-American, which is 149 feet 8 inches long. Another four inches would change her class and compel her to carry mates. She has such refinements as tile sinks in the galley, hardwood bunks and stall showers luxurious enough for a private yacht. Her crew can count on fresh milk for at least forty days, and a deep-freeze locker keeps bread fresh until needed. She has a gyro compass and steering device to relieve the captain, and can cruise at fourteen knots. She can harvest more than 400 tons of tuna on a cruise. And her engine room would delight the dourest of engineers.

No one familiar with their trade could begrudge tuna fishermen the added comforts these newer boats provide, for they spend most of their lives at sea. Creature comforts help, but little can be done to minimize the risks they take on the fishing racks or in the fury of a *chubasco*. It's a lusty life for the man who can take it.

But it's not overcrowded, and not likely to be.

THE END

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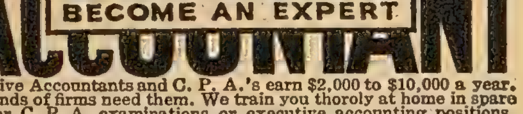

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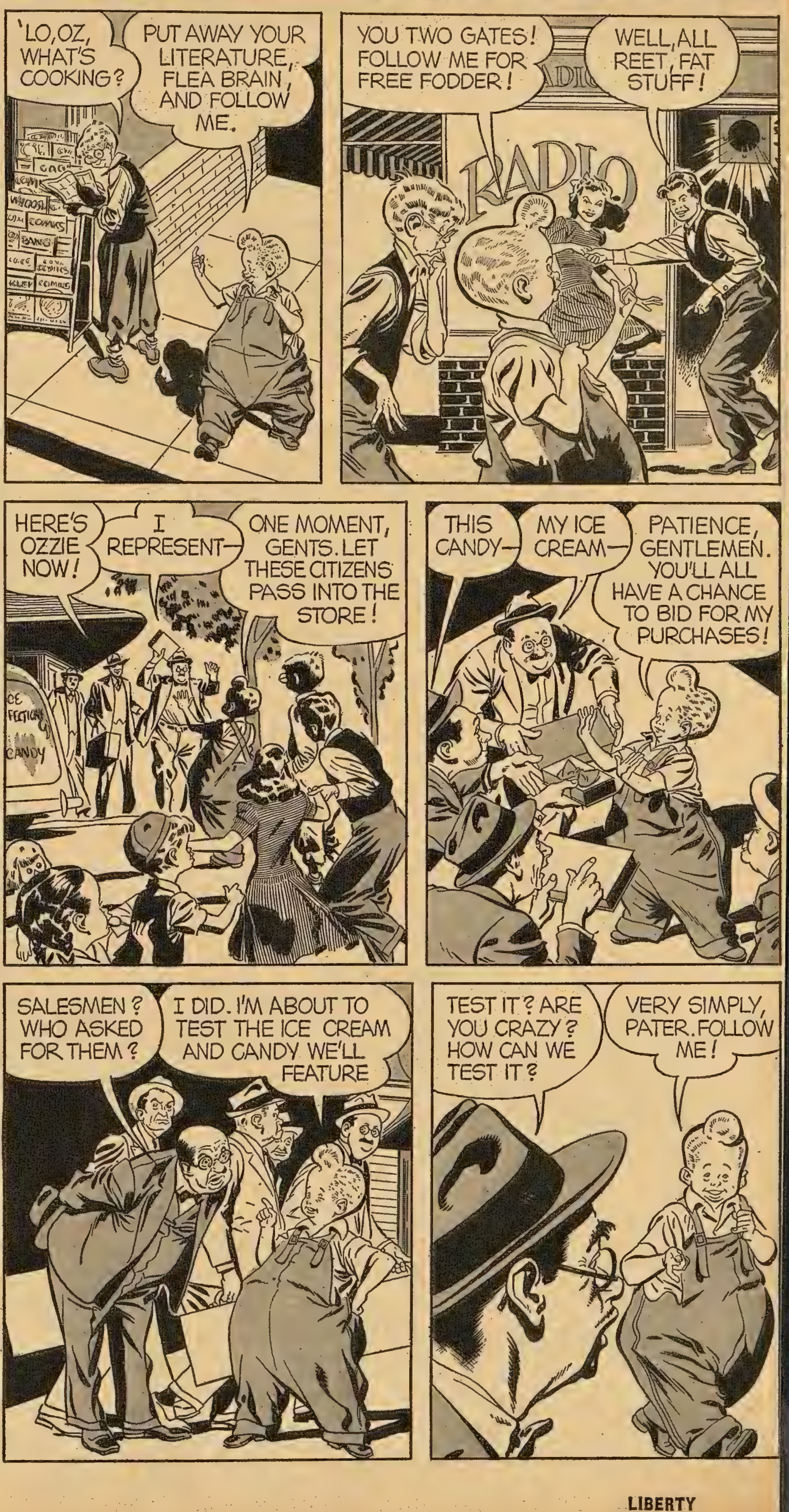
'LO, OZ, WHAT'S COOKING?
PUT AWAY YOUR LITERATURE, FLEA BRAIN, AND FOLLOW ME.
COMICS
BANG
YOU TWO GATES! FOLLOW ME FOR FREE FODDER!
WELL, ALL REET, FAT STUFF!
RADIO
HERE'S OZZIE NOW!
I REPRESENT—
ONE MOMENT, GENTS. LET THESE CITIZENS PASS INTO THE STORE!
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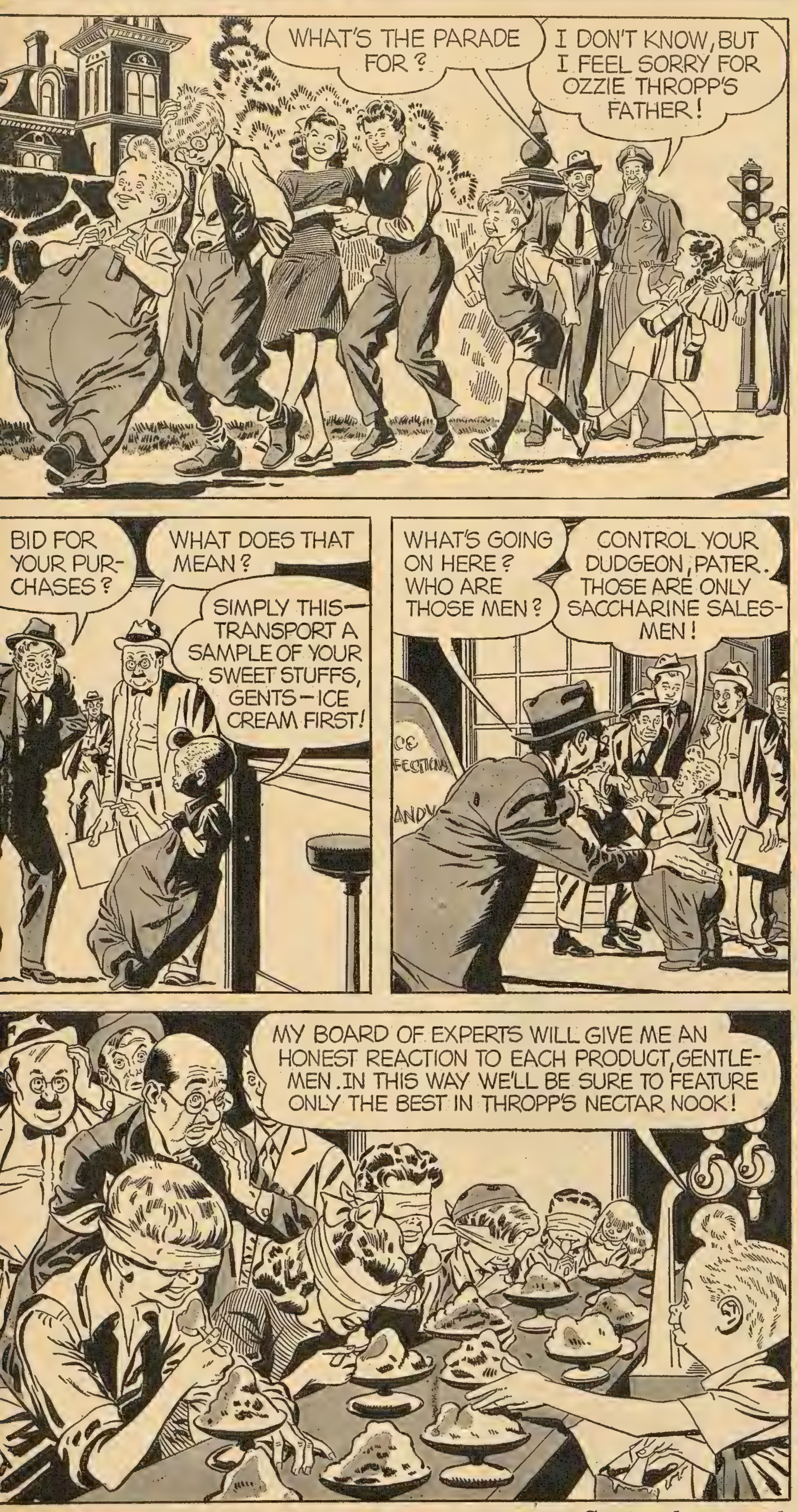
THIS CANDY—
MY ICE CREAM—
PATIENCE, GENTLEMEN. YOU'LL ALL HAVE A CHANCE TO BID FOR MY PURCHASES!
SALESMEN? WHO ASKED FOR THEM?
I DID. I'M ABOUT TO TEST THE ICE CREAM AND CANDY WE'LL FEATURE
TEST IT? ARE YOU CRAZY? HOW CAN WE TEST IT?
VERY SIMPLY, PATER. FOLLOW ME!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


WHAT'S THE PARADE FOR ?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I FEEL SORRY FOR OZZIE THROPP'S FATHER !
BID FOR YOUR PURCHASES ?
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ?
SIMPLY THIS— TRANSPORT A SAMPLE OF YOUR SWEET STUFFS, GENTS—ICE CREAM FIRST!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ? WHO ARE THOSE MEN ?
CONTROL YOUR DUDGEON, PATER. THOSE ARE ONLY SACCHARINE SALESMEN !
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Continued next week

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*PAT. PENDING

WHEN THE JAPS BOMBED MICHIGAN

Continued from Page 22

countless thousands of otherwise productive man-hours, wiped out critically needed timber, and probably taken a toll of lives.

No doubt this occurred to the Nips; the Doolittle raid on Tokyo irked them no end, and the forests of the Pacific slope must have looked inviting indeed. So at an outlandish expenditure of yen—more than 9,000,000 of them, in fact, or some $2,000,000 in prewar days—they started the balloon project. It took two years to whip into final shape, and by that time things were not going at all well in Honshu. But the womenfolks patiently cut and pasted the paper balloon envelopes, the young squirts soldered the wires, and the kids and old men filled the bombs. In all, they eventually sent off some 9,000 balloons. Even if more are found, the percentage of hits never will exceed ten, and that isn't very good. However, it's enough to embarrass those folks who felt that several thousand miles of ocean constituted a defense from all comers.

They were weird things, those paper balloons—weird and ingenious. Japan must have had a man with a veritable Rube Goldberg approach to physics and chemistry, for the gear he designed for the balloons was outlandish. In fact, the whole screwball business was typical of Japanese psychology. To begin with, there was the use of paper, in a land where paper is used for everything from umbrellas and raincoats to gaudy kites. Then again, there was the wind angle. The Japanese are definitely wind-happy; you'll find that in their history and their mythology. Was it not *kamikaze*—the "divine wind"—which worsted the fleet of the Mongolian invaders centuries ago? If now the wind would be so kind as to carry paper weapons to harass the wicked enemy across the sea—ah, so nice! So very nice!

AT this point Dame Nature deals herself a hand in the contest. And, sad to relate, she slips the face cards to the Sons of Heaven; the Allies must be content with a pair of deuces or, at best, treys. For, immutably, "weather" moves around the world from west to east. And if you go high enough, you'll find yourself in a wind current which comes across from Asia straight to the Americas, and loses no time doing it. *Banzai!* Shoot something up into the air, and let Honorable Wind carry it to your foe. That something, obviously, is a balloon.

It is idle to assume that General MacArthur's current charges do not know their weather. As meteorologists the Nipponese are tops, and have been for a long time. They know that up around 28,000 feet a constant wind stream raced eastward at 100 knots or so, at least during the fall and winter months. Past performance charts showed the paths of these currents, and simple arithmetic proved that a balloon kept in this stream would cross the Pacific in about four days. The Japs had only to design a pilotless balloon that would keep a constant level and carry a pay load of incendiary or fragmentation bombs—or both.

Inventing such a balloon would be a lot of trouble, but by the summer of 1944 a little more trouble didn't matter much to the Nips, one way or the other. The thing would have to be susceptible of mass production and it should be cheap—being intended for one lone flight. Labor being Japan's cheapest commodity, each balloon set them back only about $220 American.

The scientists got busy. The problem of keeping the balloon from going too high was simple—it called merely for a spring-controlled escape valve, which would let out some of the gas when the balloon reached the lowered atmospheric pressure at its service ceiling. Much more thought was needed to rid the balloon of ballast when it got too low, as it would do occasionally from the natural leakage of gas through the envelope, or from running into a layer of colder air, which would reduce its lift. There was much knitting of brows, much sad shaking of heads, much troubled sucking in of breath. And then Rubesaki Goldbergiyama let out a happy bleat and waved his slide rule in the air—he had it! Aneroid barometers would control the dropping of ballast, letting a series of sandbags fall, one at a time, whenever the balloon dropped to a predetermined level.

IT was a good idea, but it needed refinement. If the balloon were to carry thirty or forty sacks of ballast—which it would need—that would mean a like number of barometers, a lot of added weight, and a reduced pay load of bombs. So, with ingenuity worthy of a better cause, they made three or four barometers take care of everything. And they meant just that—everything.

The first public intimation of all this patient hocus-pocus came early in December of 1944, when the little community of Kalispell, Montana, shouldered itself into the nation's headlines with an account of a mysterious bomb which had gone off with a bright flash and a lot of noise, but hadn't hurt anyone. Fragments were identified as coming from a Japanese Army fifteen-kilo (thirty-three-pound) antipersonnel bomb—and if the Japanese Army happened to be around Kalispell in November of 1944, neither the sheriff nor the F.B.I. had heard of it.

Then someone found near by a

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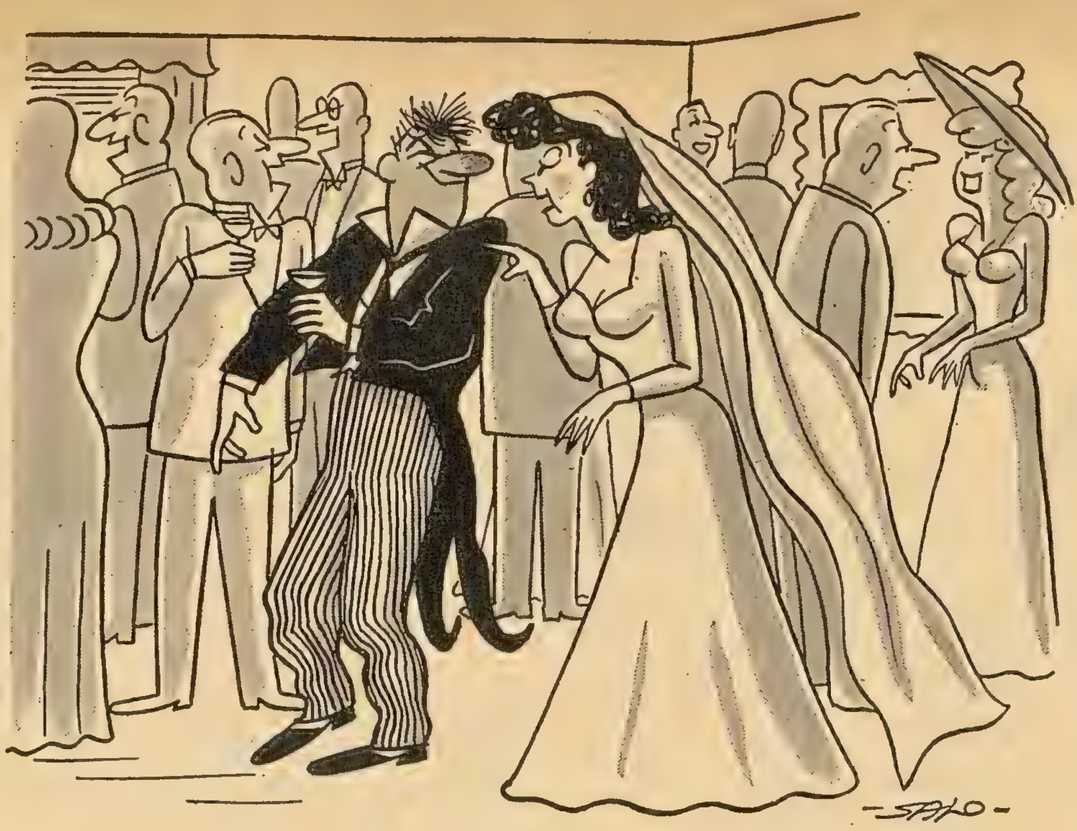

"Come, dear—it's time for us to slip away."

LIBERTY

strange-looking paper balloon with Japanese characters; the source of the bomb immediately ceased to be a mystery. Forthwith there was a lot of gumshoeing and hypothesis and drawing of diagrams by the Army, the Navy and the F.B.I., with a view to determining just what gave. At first there was some official willingness to believe that the thing had come from a submarine somewhere off the coast. This was ruled out, however, when the size and unwieldiness of the balloon were studied. To inflate and launch a thirty-three-foot paper balloon from the tiny deck of a submarine, even in a calm sea and with little wind, would be a bit of a chore. And as our own meteorologists are no dopes, it wasn't too hard to figure out that it came all the way over from Japan. Simultaneously, the American newspapers began to clam up, and the subsequent thunderous silence about balloons became one of the bright pages in the history of voluntary censorship. It was a silence which must have driven the Japs completely nuts.

Right away everyone wanted one of those balloons intact, for study and analysis. And one fine day a Navy pilot came face to face with one. His machine gun, unfortunately, chose that moment to go temperamental, and it looked as if the thing would get away. But he was a resourceful lad. Unable to shoot it down, he did the next best thing. He took a swipe at it with his plane, passing close and then banking away sharply to let the slipstream from his propeller strike it. To his delight, one side of the balloon flattened out momentarily, and he figured that he had squeezed out some of the hydrogen. Sure enough, the balloon settled slightly. So he did it again—and again—and again. As a result of this aerial badminton, he finally batted the thing down in a snow-clad forest, where ground crews recovered it. The young man didn't know it then, but all the time he was jockeying that balloon, he was living on borrowed minutes. That, however, is getting ahead of the story.

THE balloon itself proved to be a spherical bag of two-ply mulberry paper, intensely tough—in fact, you can't tear it with both hands unless you start it, exactly right, at an edge. Small hemp lines, dangling from a scalloped skirt at the balloon's equator, supported an outlandish-looking device some thirty feet below the bag. And it was upon this device that the government Dick Tracys concentrated, for that was what made the whole thing tick.

The pendant affair was the previously mentioned aluminum wheel, its thick rim studded with seventy-two plugs. It rode horizontally, and a few inches above it was a smaller aluminum ring with half the number of plugs. Back and forth across the big ring and running to the plugs in the smaller one was a network of dynamite fuse. Each plug was connected also with a fantastic array of insulated wires, and on top of the whole business, to energize it, was a battery, mounted on the wooden box that held the aneroids.

Here is how it worked: When the balloon got down to around 22,000 feet, an aneroid closed a circuit and fired a tiny charge of black powder behind each of a pair of plugs in the bottom ring; this dropped a sandbag weighing about five pounds and simultaneously ignited a fuse running up to a single plug in the upper ring. This didn't

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drop anything, but it set up the contacts of a switch controlling the circuit to fire the next pair of plugs below. So when the balloon dropped to its new critical level, two more plugs would blow out and another sack would drop.

And so, high above the rolling wastes of the North Pacific, this grotesque paper ballet danced eastward, rising and falling, sputtering and popping its little squibs of powder, spinning in those wild 100-knot currents and moving ever closer to the American coast. The thing was so arranged that when the last sandbag was dropped and, the General Staff hoped, the balloon was over a nice fat aircraft plant or a war housing project, the final circuit was closed. This did several interesting things. First, it dropped the pay load of fifteen kilos of sudden death. Then it lighted off two more fuses, of which one—a short one—ran to a two-and-one-half-pound block of picric acid, an explosive of which the Nipponese are inordinately fond. The longer fuse ran up along one of the ropes to the side of the balloon, ending in a bag of flashlight powder cemented to the fabric itself. The object was obvious; the picric acid would destroy the ballast gear, and the balloon, thus freed of weight, would leap skyward to be itself destroyed half an hour later—and many miles away—by the flash bomb. The stupid Yankee pigs would, therefore, remain ignorant of what was hitting them. *Banzai!* Two *banzais!* Or anyhow one and a half. Because it didn't always work.

Balloons trickled into North America in November and December. In January the trickle increased several hundred per cent. February was three times as bad as January —but only half as bad as March. Meanwhile our own weather people were doing some interesting things with maps and with predictions which later proved to be right on the beam. They said that April would show fewer balloons than March, and that from then on business would drop steadily as that 100-knot winter wind became the mere thirty-five-knot wind of midyear. Late summer, they said, would see an upsurge—and by November again it would be Kitty, Bar the Door. Sure enough, April saw the balloon curve breaking sharply downward.

The various governmental agencies charged with such duties as worrying about enemy balloons heaved a small sigh of relief; it looked like a breathing spell, and so far no great harm had been done. But how about the other half of the prediction—the return of the balloons in quantities by late autumn? Even by April, the wily Nips had substituted, in place of the four last sandbags to be released, incendiary bombs—no doubt on the theory that by the time these last loads were ready to go, the balloon might be over the Boeing factory or some nice lush oilfield. Up until now, the forests had been damp and green—but what of late autumn, when they would be dry?

A NUMBER of remedies came to mind, and although a few balloons were shot down, all defensive measures ran up against the same inescapable fact: from the ground, a thirty-three-foot paper sack five miles in the air is invisible, unless you happen to be looking in exactly the right spot and have excellent vision. Get up in a plane, and it's even worse. The balloons were no longer funny.

Meanwhile, in one of the mountain states a band of horses came across a deflated balloon whose block of picric acid had failed to go off and had worked loose. It looked good to eat, and an eager horse snapped his teeth into it. You will note that the past tense is used in referring to those horses.

A sheriff brought one balloon down with his trusty rifle, and there was a tale of a group of ranchers who lassoed one as it dipped close to the ground. Another rancher and his Indian cowhand chased a balloon for miles, thinking that it was a parachute with someone hanging from it—for as a balloon neared the end of its life, the lower part would collapse, up inside the bag, and the thing looked remarkably like a parachute. A thermite bomb fell in an apple orchard and hours later the charred remnants of what probably was the same balloon assembly came down many miles away—also in an apple orchard.

"The answer to this balloon business," said a veteran Navy officer, "is to bomb the hell out of Japan. Get 'em where they originate." And it looked as if he was right; not even the milder winds of spring and early summer could have produced the slump in the balloon business which was noted. It couldn't have been coincidence that the virtual cessation of the balloon attack coincided with the frightful mauling which the B-29s and their lesser playfellows were handing out to the little brown men.

And so passed the mulberry-paper barrage—9,000 balloons which killed six noncombatants and a band of horses, broke a power line and set a few fires. And they cost $220 apiece.

Tojo—you were had.

THE END

WORK SONG FOR THE INFLATIONISTS

Scuttle the penny, the nickel, the
  dime
    Blow, ceiling, blow!
Blacker the market the brighter the
  crime
    Blow, ceiling, blow!
Dole out the dollars—today—in a
  lump!
Favor the rackets so prices can jump!
Sing, as we prime the inflation'ry
  pump
    "Blow, ceiling, blow!"
Grab with the grabbers where scarcity is.
    Buy, baby, buy!
Chisel on taxes and spend as you chis
    Buy, baby, buy!
Out with the pocketbook! Make with
  the cash!
Nuts to the cautious! Hurroo for the
  rash!
Buy it on spec—and get in on the
  crash
    Buy, baby, buy!

—*Al Graham.*

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

MANY brass-hat-hating veterans are sounding off against continuation of the draft and universal military training plans. The theory is that in doing this they are getting back at the brass. In reality, they are only spiting themselves.

Look at it this way. There are more than ten million men who have already received military training. The vast bulk of them saw active service in the war and are now back in civilian life. You are one of them.

Excluding the relatively insignificant number of men now receiving training (training not particularly adapted for combat), *the war veterans are America's chief reservoir of military strength.*

New style

Unless another reserve of trained manpower is built up rapidly, many veterans of this war will be called upon to interrupt their lives again if and when international hostilities break out within the next decade.

Obviously, it behooves the veteran, for the most selfish of reasons, to lend his support to any plan which will build up a fresh reserve of trained military manpower between him and the country's international troubles. That is why this department recently went down to Washington to plead for universal military training before the House Military Affairs Committee. Our plea for extension of the draft is already on the record.

In our plea for universal military training, we recalled those early days in Tunisia when badly trained troops were being pushed in the line as replacements:

"When expected replacements fail to appear, there is nothing left for the already overtired troops to do but continue to hold their positions and lines—remain in their filthy foxholes under constant enemy fire. Complete exhaustion leaves them finally foaming at the mouth and banging their heads against the rugged stones that line their foxholes, only to emerge from their too-long combat vigil with their reason gone—helpless for the rest of their lives."

That is what happens when men are called upon to fight too much of one war. Think of the psychological implications of fighting two wars!

Neither the War Department, the Congress, nor the people desire young Americans to be liable for military service twice in a generation. Yet preparedness is a peacetime obligation. The only way we can meet that obligation is to support extension of the draft and some form of universal military training—or, if they lapse, demand their reinstatement in the name of men who have fought one war and do not want to fight another.

* * *

Maxim Barlow, Cleveland, Ohio. Your suggestion is a mite late, Max. A.A.F. dischargees are already getting a special discharge pin, along with the regular one. To get yours, write to General Leon E. Johnson, Pentagon 4E 160, War Department, Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

Dorothy Miles, Bethesda, Md. If you lower the amount of your service policy when you convert to Ordinary Life, and date the converted policy back to the time you took out the original one, you will get credit for the term premiums on a pro rata basis.

* * *

S1c John Wrigley, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. You needn't fret about keeping your new-style uniforms (when you get them) neatly folded in your sea bag. The Navy has designed a new streamlined carryall that will be light weight, fire- and mildew-resistant, and good-looking. It even has a pocket on the outside.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

*
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*So inconspicuous

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* * *

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THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

BY THE MAKERS OF ZENITH RADIOS

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CALLAHAN AND THE PAINTED JEZEBEL

Continued from Page 29

The crack widened. And Pat gave an involuntary gasp.

The girl was tall and sort of—well, foreign-looking. Her thick crow's-wing hair was fashionably upswept; her eyes black and gleaming. She was beautiful, in a dark and dangerous way.

And she looked at Mr. Callahan speculatively. Then she nodded. And then, amazingly, "Why, hallo-oh, ba-bee! Come on in!" Her voice was low, with a decided accent.

In a wide experience with the moving-minded public, Patrick Callahan had never had a reception like this. He stared at the female aghast.

"Huh?" he said, brightly.

From the folds of the negligee shot a white hand, fixed itself firmly in Pat's decent blue-denim jumper, and yanked Mr. C. across the threshold. The door slammed.

"Seet down, ba-bee!" invited the girl. "'Ave some cof-fee!"

"Look, lady—" began Pat, dazed.

"Now," said the girl soothingly, "do not wor-ree! Dolores feex you nice cup cof-fee. 'Ow you like eet, ba-bee? Cream, su-gar, no?"

Geez, thought Pat Callahan, this dame's nuts. He had never believed himself capable of coveting the society of McManus so fervently. But he supposed he'd better take the coffee. Play for time like.

"Th-thanks," said Pat, stupefied.

The girl had also provided herself with coffee. She promptly curled into a corner of the divan.

"Co-zee, eh, ba-bee?" said the Dolores woman.

Pat managed a strangled sound. "Hey," he croaked, "I come here to move the furniture."

Fingers snapped. "Poof to the furnichure! You an' I we 'ave the coffee an' may-bee we become the ver-ree good friends. *Quien sabe,* ba-bee?"

"I can't help what the queen says," Pat said nervously. "This here—"

A SHARP dinning of the doorbell cut him off. Three short rings, two long. Pat sprang to his feet. So Jamie had ridden to the rescue. Jamie was all right, even though a bum.

But the dark Dolores reacted strangely to the pealing bell. Before Pat could move farther, she darted across the room, turned the key in the lock and cached the key.

"Ha!" she said with satisfaction. "That weell feex heem!"

"Hey, lissen," barked Pat, aware of light perspiration. "You gotta leave McManus in."

"McManus?" She looked puzzled. "I not know McManus."

A tumult arose without.

"Open thees!" commanded a terrible voice.

P. Callahan turned a tasteful chalky green. Dolores took a quick step and pitched herself unreservedly into the Callahan arms.

"Keess me, ba-bee," requested Dolores.

Pat fought well. But Dolores kissed him, thoroughly. He came out of it reeling, lobster-hued, lipstick-smeared, to find her clinging to his neck with her left hand. The right, magicianlike, had produced the key and was opening the door.

Then they had a party of the third part.

He was small, slim, dapper, and swarthy. "Who ees thees caballero?" he snarled.

"Why, hallo-oh, Eduardo!" cried Dolores gaily. "Seet down! 'Ave some cof-fee! But I eentroduce you. Señor Eduardo Ramon Pablo de Medina y Gonzales, thees ees Meestaire—Meestaire Smeeth. Meestaire Smeeth an' I 'ave ver-ree 'appy time. Keess me some more, Smeetty!"

"Hey, look!" protested Mr. Callahan wretchedly.

He was answered by Señor Medina of the Gonzaleses. "Ah-ha!" quoth the señor. "I look. An' I see." His hooded eyes traveled over the painted Callahan. "Now I cut out the heart."

"Geez," roared Pat, "will youse two Spanish omelets leave me say something?"

But Señor Medina was clapping hands against pockets. "I not breeng the knife," he announced. "I get the knife from the keetchen."

Mr. Callahan uttered a bleat. But Dolores clung to him like ivy. "Eet ees we laugh, ba-bee," she whispered. "The knifes, they are pack'!"

IT was at this fascinating juncture that James Joseph McManus returned to the paths of righteousness. He sneaked quietly up the five flights of stairs. He arrived at the fifth floor.

There was a door left open, passionately, by Eduardo. There was Patrick Callahan, broad back to the aperture. And in the embrace of Patrick Callahan—a woman.

Mr. McManus was profoundly shocked. But he also harbored delicate sensibilities. He saw, with clarity, that his presence was not required. He went back to Dinny Moriarity's.

Eduardo Ramon Pablo, etc., emerged from the kitchen. "No knife, he stated gloomily. "But eet make no never mind. I go home. I get the knife. Then—" He zipped thumb past throat, accompanying the gesture with a p-sss-ting noise.

"Lissen, you Spanish onion," said Patrick. "If I ain't here on a job, I'd t'row you out the window."

The señor registered amazement. "*You* t'row *me*? Me, Eduardo? To me now you leesen! Een my conetree, before I become Spanish dancer I am the bullfighter."

"Ha-ha-ha," said Dolores. "Eet ees I laugh. He cannot the bull fight when the bull ees—'ow you say?—'amburger?"

"*Car-r-amba!*" grated Señor Medina and/or Gonzales, and departed.

Pat Callahan was only a step behind him. He, too, intended evacuating this place. But Dolores frustrated him. Once more she twined inexorable fingers in the blue-denim jumper.

"You not go, ba-bee," she declared. "Eef you do, I scream for the poleece. Like thees!"

She threw back her head and emitted an alarming eeeking sound, as of a female in distress. And Mr. Callahan halted, with food for thought.

Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. Callahan-to-be, he hoped, was an avid newspaper reader. Moreover, Miss Murphy had definite leanings toward the decent and respectable. And again, she had given him to understand that her she-didn't-say-yes-she-didn't-say-no position could be traced to the attractions of one Shamus O'Rourke. And—Pat quailed suddenly.

If he got his name plastered unsavorily in newsprint, the Callahan chances might go zip. And Shamus O'Rourke might come smoking down the stretch.

Mr. Callahan entertained, in successive waves, awful thoughts: The gendarmerie, pounding up the five flights. A public scene, with himself in a leading role. The magistrate's court and, deadliest of all, the reporters.

"Well," he said heavily, "what do we do now?"

"Now," said Dolores, "we relax. An' pairhaps we get acquainted. *Quien sabe,* ba-bee?"

"Uh," Pat said. "Where does that mug Eduardo live?"

She executed a what-the-hell gesture. "Oh, heem? Just down the street. He come back een the meeneete."

"Yeah?" Even to himself Mr. Callahan sounded hoarse.

"Why you wor-ree, ba-bee?" inquired Dolores, curling again on the divan. "You so beeg, so strong. An' Eduardo so leetle, so eenseegneefeecant. Eduardo," added Dolores comfortably, "he steenk."

THEN it was that Patrick Callahan invoked his patron saints.

"Please, Your Reverences," breathed Pat, "send McManus!"

But Jamie McManus languished in Dinny Moriarity's, quite out of reach of the saints. And the heart of Jamie McManus was heavy. To think! Pat Callahan, steady straight-going Pat, two-timing little Mary Murphy! And her as sweet a colleen as a man could meet. Jamie was very fond of Mary, in a brotherly way.

"Dinny," he said feebly, to the angel of the bar.

The angel regarded him sternly. "Shure now, James McManus, an' didn't you'd oughta be on the job?"

"Dinny," Jamie almost sobbed, "ye wouldn't be har-r-d on a poor sick man on this the blackest day iv his life?"

Dinny wouldn't. He ministered to

this stricken soul and the ministration bucked Jamie fearfully. Mr. McManus arose determinedly.

"Moriarity," he said, "'tis mesilf that's on a mission iv mer-r-cy."

"Some loose-talkin' folks," said Moriarity, "would call it a jag."

MR. McMANUS did not pause to debate this nice question. He drew a beeline for the Prattling Peacock, an eating establishment where Mary Murphy put in the golden hours as a waitress.

"Ah, Mary," he said sadly, "nivir lit it be said that James Joseph McManus seen his painful dooty an' did not do it."

Mary had reddish hair and flashing dark brown eyes. She was a nononsense, and also a Brooklyn, girl. "Jamie McManus," she said, "come to the pernt! I'm busy."

"Very well," Mr. McManus spoke with dignity. "'Tis yersilf, Mary, that's too dacint and rispictable to be the—uh—victim iv a born Philander. But nivir fear! Between us an' Father O'Flannery we shall save the scarlit sowl iv Patrick Callahan."

"What?" cried Mary. "What about Pat?"

"No call to raise yir voice, me gir-r-l," Jamie said, "whin we are but discussin' Callahan, an' him a-dancin' down the primrose path."

Miss Murphy stared at him. "Jamie, have you gone nerts?"

"Would I had," said Jamie emotionally, "before the dawn iv this tirrible day. Mary, ye do be havin' me heartfilt sympathy because"—he gulped—"Patrick Callahan is in the clutches iv a harpy. On Br-r-ooklyn Heights."

"How's that?" inquired Miss Murphy, crescendo.

In truth, Mary had not said "yes" to Pat. But it was no part of her program to let that fine upstanding lad slip away from her.

"'Twas himsilf," Mr. McManus was intoning lugubriously, "with a painted Jezebel, an' her indacintly clad. An'— Hey!"

But he'd done it. Miss Murphy tore off her apron. "We'll take a taxi," announced Miss Murphy.

The taxi was swift. In short order Mary Murphy set sail up the five flights, trailed forlornly by Jamie McManus.

Even as far down as the second floor sounds of dissension reached them. By the fourth, the dissension swelled to altercation size. On the fifth, the two principals of the threatened imbroglio faced each other like Hector and Achilles.

Embattled in the doorway of Dolores' lair stood Patrick Callahan.

"Stand back, you poisonous little runt," roared Patrick, "or, s'help me, I'm leavin' you have it!"

He addressed Señor Eduardo, who had returned a trifle earlier, presumably to make incisions. But, confronted by the colossus in the doorway, the Medina y Gonzales flesh failed to match the spirit. To date,

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his offensive had not progressed beyond the baleful-glare-fearsome-mutter stage. And the person of Callahan remained uncarved.

At Patrick's side lounged the disturbing Dolores. She wore the veiled smile of a woman who sees the boys about to fight over her.

SO intense was the drama that Mary Murphy and J. J. McManus gained the ringside almost unnoticed. But not quite. Dolores perceived the strangers in passing and was pleased that another woman should find her so favorably placed. Patrick Callahan, too, noted the invaders in shadowy fashion. This, thought Pat, was terrible. Houdini himself couldn't have gotten out of it unscathed.

He thought no more. For Dolores spoke. "Eduardo," said Dolores importantly, "you are the one beeg steeff."

This diagnosis set the pride of the Gonzaleses in motion. It was not, however, forward motion. He began to circle Mr. Callahan like a cat, but was prevented from completing the circle by the walls adjacent to the doorway. During his peregrinations he snarled "Grrrr," and one hand lurked in a pocket, hidden-snake style. True, no knife had as yet flashed into evidence. But the aspect of the señor was far from reassuring.

At least, that is how it appeared to James Joseph McManus. Mr. McManus looked intently down the hallway. He saw his friend Callahan fighting, apparently, back to wall. And then he saw the dolly which—eons ago in the Callahan record book—Pat had deposited before the door. Miss Mary Murphy had been on the verge of addressing a few cogent remarks to Patrick Callahan. But she felt herself suddenly brushed aside. And straightway she gasped.

She saw Jamie McManus leap onto the shoulders of the little man mincing around Pat. She saw the little man forced, willy-nilly, down upon the dolly. The little man poised there momentarily on his beam end, head raised cobralike, feet in air. Then Mr. McManus gave the dolly a titanic push with his foot.

The dolly zipped merrily down the hall and on it reclined Señor Eduardo Ramon Pablo de Medina y Gonzales, legs waving.

The señor was very astonished, likewise very sad. And, a victim of conflicting emotions, he had not the forethought to put his feet down and check the dolly.

The dolly made good time along the passageway, ricocheted off the wainscoting at the end and then plunged, perversely, down six steps toward the fourth floor. With it went Señor E. R. P. de M. y G. in a state bordering on apoplexy.

The six steps led to a landing. Here the dolly paused, as did Eduardo—at the feet of Mr. Augustus Schniedermann.

Mr. Schniedermann was that distrustful type of employer who occasionally checks up on his employees. And, happening to be in the neighborhood of Brooklyn Heights, he thought he would see for himself how Callahan and McManus were operating.

He saw.

The first thing in evidence was a moving van not consecrated to the moving business. Mr. Schniedermann investigated further.

And then one of his own dollies, carrying a vociferous character who looked fresh out of an apache dive, all but decapitated him. To Mr. Schniedermann's narrow-minded way of thinking, these things constituted an upset condition.

So he sidestepped the ignominious melee on the landing and reached the top of the stairs.

"Callahan," said Mr. Schniedermann succinctly, "you're fired."

Before this depth charge exploded properly, Miss Murphy wedged in a word. "And what, Patrick Callahan," inquired Miss Murphy, "is a goil to think? Mooning and palavering around night after night, and then, the foist chance you get—" She ceased—of necessity.

The scion of the Gonzaleses was creating a diversion.

Eduardo had finally succeeded in extricating himself from the dolly. Now he seized same and bounded up the steps. And the fine Castilian blood of the señor was hot with humiliation. This circumstance moved him to raise the dolly over his head and bang it against the wall.

"Hey," shouted Augustus Schniedermann, "that's my dolly!"

"Wheech one you mean, ba-bee?" asked Dolores. "Thees redhead' dame or me?"

JUST about then James Joseph McManus was well satisfied with himself. Due to quick thinking, Pat Callahan was still extant. Furthermore, he had scored a signal triumph over Pat's tormentor. And whenever Mr. McManus triumphed signally, he was wont to celebrate with song. He celebrated now.

" 'I'm gonna dance wit' the dolly wit' the hole in her stockin',' " bellowed Mr. McManus, " 'while—' "

"McManus," interposed Augustus Schniedermann, taking an encore, "you're fired."

At this point Señor de Medina, who had been doing a little dancing on his own hook, uttered a sudden cry and subsided to the floor, clasping his ankle.

Dolores quitted the doorway. She flung herself upon Eduardo.

"Dar-r-ling," crooned Dolores, "what ees eet? Speek to Dolores, dar-r-ling!"

"Eees the ankle," moaned the señor. "She 'erself 'ave sprain'. For thees, someone I keell."

Dolores bounded up. She wheeled upon the bystanding McManus.

"Now, you," she shrieked, eyes black flames, "you are the beeg fool! 'Ow can the world's most fine Spanish dancer dance weeth the ankle she sprain'? You 'ave heem dead—'ow you say?—professionally. An' me too 'ave dead professionally. Can I the dance do weethout the dancing partner? I go broke. I starve. All because you are the one beeg fool."

"Who, me?" blinked James Joseph McManus.

"*Si,*" quoth the recumbent Eduardo somewhat belatedly. "Dolores, the truth she speek. I"—he thumped his chest—"am the great arteest. Before the 'eads weeth crowns I dance. Me, Eduardo. But now—" He broke into lamentations.

Dolores came to a momentous decision. "I the move not make today," she stated to Eduardo, "from thees place to the storage. Eenstead, I put you een bed. I nurse you 'ere."

"Tsk-tsk," murmured Augustus Schiedermann, a stickler for the proprieties.

Dolores turned her fire on him. "For why you teesk-teesk? Eet ees of the appropriate. Eduardo, he ees my husband."

"Husband?" ejaculated Patrick Callahan.

"*Si,* ba-bee. But we 'ave the beeg fight. We are—do you say, separate'? But thees morning he call me. He weesh to come an' make the reconceeleeation. But first you come. An' so I theenk I teach heem the lesson. Weeth you, I make heem ver-ree jealous. But"—she spread her hands—"afterwards I take heem back, of the naturally. 'Ow can the great dance team of Dolores an' Eduardo get the top beelling eef they are separate'?"

"Then you don't want to move?" said Mr. Schniedermann in dismay. Mr. S. was irretrievably steeped in commercialism.

"Not thees day, ba-bee," said Dolores. "Now you go, all of you. Eduardo, he ver-ree seeck." She made a shooing gesture. "Out, out, out!"

In the street, Mr. Schniedermann cleared his throat delicately. He had come to find himself guilty of hasty action, in view of the labor shortage and all.

"There seems," said Mr. Schniedermann carefully, "to have been a mix-up here. And I ain't an unreasonable man. Callahan and McManus, you're hired."

"Thanks, boss," said Pat and Jamie.

"Get in that van," commanded Mr. Schniedermann, "and beat it back to the warehouse. We got other jobs. And this ain't St. Patrick's Day."

THIS laudable program struck an unexpected snag. For some time Miss Murphy had been making up her mind. And now she issued a bulletin.

"Just a minute," said Miss Murphy. "Before Pat Callahan wrestles another piano, he's taking a trip to Borough Hall Marriage License Bureau with me. Then, as soon as the law allows, he's walking around the corner, likewise with me, on account I know a monsignor around the corner. And you two can come with us as witnesses."

P. T. Callahan reeled. "M-Mary! You mean you're marryin' me?"

"That I am," said Miss Murphy. "You're not fit to be trusted single, Callahan." She sniffed disdainfully. "Spending your time in the arms of Spanish dancers! We'll have no more of *that* monkey business."

Mr. Callahan did a discreet jig. But then he bethought him of the one without whose never-failing help and sympathy this miracle might never have come to pass.

"McManus," he said with emotion, "you're a fine intelligent figure of a man, in addition to bein' a bum. On behalf of—" He signed off because overcome.

Mr. McManus drew himself up. This had all the earmarks of a prospective function and, at functions, Mr. McManus always comported himself with dignity.

"Ye speak the dacint word, Patrick Callahan," said Mr. McManus. "An' nivir lit it be said that a McManus seen his dooty an' shir-r-rked it. 'Tis a toast to the bride I'll soon be after drinkin', Patrick Callahan."

"You shure will, Jamie McManus," said Miss Murphy. But, forthwith, she took the bang out of it. "In lemonade."

THE END

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FOG

Continued from Page 17

each. What miracles they perform was dramatically shown at the finale of a recent demonstration for more than 200 visiting chiefs and insurance officials.

A half dozen barrels of volatile oils were spilled on the ground between the two huge oil pits and the simulated tank truck set up; then the truck and its three-foot ditch, the two big pits, and the oil-soaked ground intervening were all ignited. The result was a startling panorama of 1,500 to 2,000 square feet of acrid black smoke with blistering flames billowing up as high as a five-story building. Even hardened old fire chiefs among the spectators retreated a respectable distance or took cover behind fences or signboards.

At a signal from the chief, however, one of the new trucks moved slowly into the fire, its deck guns spewing fog. The forward turret hit the flame as it approached; the rear turret swept it up as the truck moved on. *And in forty-five seconds that blistering inferno was out!*

In fifteen years' association with fire fighters, I have seen many a demonstration of new equipment or techniques: this was the first I'd ever seen where such a critical audience burst into a spontaneous cheer at its conclusion.

At this same meeting the first of the chief's problems in connection with the train wreck also was given an airing: the loss of time caused because of a natural fear of the high-tension lines. Of course Heinz has long known that water broken into a spray or fog does not conduct electricity as a solid stream does. The question, however, was just how close could a nozzleman get to a powerful electric line without risk?

Heinz went into a huddle with Harry Brown, electrical engineer of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. A typical section of high-tension line carrying 12,000 volts was rigged up on the proving ground and equipped with the most delicate recording instruments and every possible safety device. With this line fully charged, the chief's men put a fog nozzle delivering *salt water* (much more conductive than fresh water) only fifteen feet away from the wires without receiving a tingle. With a solid stream at many times that distance they would be knocked for a loop.

The reason is that the water in the fog is broken into so many million droplets that it does not offer what might be called a consecutive conductor. This same principle of employing infinitesimal droplets instead of solid water is the basis of

THE GANGSTER CAME TO COLLECT, BUT THEN...
KEITH GRAY, ACE MOVIE DIRECTOR, HAS JUST PRESENTED STARLET EVE WENDY TO HIS ACTOR-SON, JOEL, WHEN A TOUGH STRANGER ENTERS THE DRESSING ROOM...
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I-I-T'S NOT HERE
JG
SO-O-O. THE DOUGH'S IN YOUR HOTEL ROOM, HUH? THEN SEND YOUR PAL HERE... AND HE'S GOT JUST 10 MINUTES OR ELSE...
I'LL GO, SON
MY SON GAMBLING WITH THUGS! THIS COULD MAKE A NASTY SCANDAL
IT WORKED! IT WORKED! AND HE SAID MY ACTING WOULDN'T FOOL A CHILD!
COME ON, NOW! A QUICK CHANGE AND A SHAVE BEFORE HE GETS BACK!
WHAT A SWELL BLADE! NEVER HAD A QUICKER, SMOOTHER SHAVE!
THIN GILLETTES REALLY RATE. THEY'RE MIGHTY KEEN AND LAST A LONG TIME
HERE'S THE MON-- WHY, WHERE'S THAT THUG?
RIGHT HERE, DAD. THE MAN YOU SAID COULDN'T ACT—LARRY PHELPS!
HE'S HANDSOME
TO THE NEW STAR OF "LITTLE AUGIE, GANGSTER"
...AND HIS LEADING LADY!
WHAT A GIRL!
FOR PLEASANT, COMFORTABLE SHAVES THAT PEP YOU UP, USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN AND LONG-LASTING. ALSO THEY'RE MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY, SO THEY PROTECT YOU FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE ALWAYS MAKES A HIT
Gillette BLADES
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fog's magic in other types of fires. As Chief Heinz explains it: "Water converted into fog is the only extinguishing agent which both cools the burning fuel and excludes oxygen. Thus it accomplishes what the old solid streams was intended to do plus what most chemical extinguishers aim at. The fact that the water is divided into droplets enables the heat to convert it into steam much quicker, thus blanketing out the air. Yet when it first hits the fire, it is cold water with great heat-absorption power."

This latter point is a godsend to the men handling the nozzles or applicators. At just about the point where a man seems unable to take any more heat, the fog stream is turned on and it feels as if an asbestos curtain had been dropped between you and the fire. Chief Heinz capitalizes on this in training his men, with the result that every man now knows that if he will get in close and take a licking momentarily, he can perform miracles with fog, not only in snuffing out large volumes of fire quickly, but doing it with infinitely less water-and-smoke damage. This is obvious from the fact that whereas a standard fire hose (two and one-half inches) delivers around 250 gallons a minute as a hand line, a hand fog line throws only fifty to sixty gallons a minute and puts out more fire.

Heinz, however, doesn't confine his demonstrations or experiments to the ideal conditions of the proving ground. A few weeks ago he pounced on a rare opportunity to give his fog nozzles a workout under actual conditions and, typically, he invited several hundred other chiefs to see it. In Hamden, near New Haven, a two-and-a-half-story frame dwelling had been condemned. Heinz teamed up with Chief R. C. Spencer of Hamden on the instructive notion of burning down the house rather than merely demolishing it. Several types of fires were set and quickly extinguished.

BUT the most dramatic show was when the whole house was touched off. The hosemen waited until flames were belching from every window and even the outside clapboards were afire. Then they advanced a line through the front door and a second one up the stairs, both with one-and-one-half-inch fog tips. The first-floor gang was backed up by a one-inch line held in reserve. The visiting chiefs could hardly believe their eyes, for all fire on the main floor was practically out in *seventeen seconds;* that on the second floor and attic was extinguished in sixty-four seconds; glowing embers were washed down and all water was shut off three minutes and fourteen seconds after the start of the attack. And the total volume of water used (at 100 pounds nozzle pressure) was only 416 gallons! In contrast, two solid streams of the size still used on dwellings in some cities would deliver upward of 1,560 gallons in that same time—with more effect on the furnishings than on the fire.

The chief doesn't claim that water fog is a cure-all. There are still those fires where strong solid streams are necessary—notably deep-seated fires of long duration. So all of his hand-line nozzles are now of the SG-40 or Navy type, giving either fog or a straight stream with a flip of the wrist. The gooseneck applicator is also used on appropriate occasions. And on all first alarms today the New Haven department uses small one and a half-inch lines with fog tips instead of the standard two and half-inch lines, common in most cities, which can flood a house with a ton of water a minute whether or not the size of the outbreak justifies it. Despite all his experimental work, the chief feels that water fog is in its infancy, offering great promise for the future.

HIS latest experiments have been a series of tests of the newest idea in fire fighting—"fog foam." This is another development adopted in the closing days of the war by the Navy, especially for use on airplane-carrier fires. Foam, an old stand-by for gasoline outbreaks, has the invaluable quality of remaining for considerable time on the erstwhile burning surface, serving as a thick blanket to prevent rekindle. Combining the outstanding qualities of water fog and foam, therefore, results in an ideal weapon for large-scale gasoline outbreaks which are probably the most treacherous of all fires. Like the proverbial possum, they are experts at playing dead until your back is turned.

So if fog foam is the answer to this problem, as it certainly seems to be, then Chief Heinz is going to have it! But he's going to give it a workout in his own proving grounds first.

It is a safe bet that more and more departments will swing over to the Heinz method of training their men, for handling fog properly is far different from the old-time method. There will still be cases, to be sure, where pouring Niagaras of water will be necessary. Yet even for some of this type of work Heinz has another innovation which is almost unique: the use of water-fog heads on monitor pipes lashed to aerial ladders. At the recent meeting he demonstrated these by damming up the fourth and fifth floors of the department's concrete drill tower, filling the area with fuel oil and gasoline, and setting fire to it.

Very few chiefs would have the nerve to try such a stunt. Yet among the visitors who witnessed it there were many who felt that it spelled the doom of the time-honored and extremely costly water tower.

It all means that Chief Heinz is well on the way to revolutionizing municipal fire-department methods just as Commander Burke's municipal firemen revolutionized the Navy's technique. For the chief has spent a vast amount of time and effort selling his department and its novel work not only to the citizens of New Haven but to other fire chiefs all over the East.

One of his early innovations was the introduction of walkie-talkie radio in fire fighting. Probably its most unusual application is on the aforementioned reconverted hose wagon with the fog-deluge guns. On this apparatus the men manning the deck pipes are often unable to see much of what goes on because of the curtain of fog in front of them and the smoke from the fire. So between the two deck pipes is a man with a walkie-talkie receiver. He passes along the orders from an officer who uses a transmitter.

CHIEF HEINZ recently introduced one of those new voice amplifiers produced by General Electric and familiarly known as "Old Big Mouth." With the aid of this portable transmitter, a whisper can be heard *one mile away;* a normal conversational tone will carry three miles. To anybody who has ever been at a big fire and heard the turmoil, the advantages of such a device for giving orders are obvious. Yet Heinz is only the second man in the country to adopt it for fire operations, the Boston Fire Department being the first by a few weeks.

Two-way radio communication between chiefs' cars, the principal pieces of apparatus, and the fire-alarm headquarters, is another one of the chief's babies—unique in that it is one of the first fire-department short-wave broadcasting stations to be allocated a wave length by the FCC. Most of our largest cities have still to catch up with New Haven in this improvement. One advantage is that companies responding to false or unnecessary alarms can be turned back en route, or those rolling to a trivial outbreak can be diverted to a more serious one.

A member of the New Haven Department since 1916, Heinz came up through the ranks. He was appointed chief in 1941 and has gradually impressed upon his fellow citizens that not only do they have a fire department, a fact of which they were but dimly conscious a short time ago, but they have one which is about two jumps ahead of any other in the country. And it adds up, too. For in the past two years New Haven has won top honors in its state for its work in the national Fire Prevention Week contest—and as a result, the entire State of Connecticut has earned a 10-per-cent reduction in fire-insurance rates.

That's a pretty substantial reward for the labors of one energetic man. Yet it is nothing compared to the fact that, due to his vision and daring, the application of ultramodern fire-fighting methods is cutting the citizens' fire losses in half!

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

Johnny (Glenn Ford) is an insistent protector to Gilda (Rita Hayworth).

GILDA *(Columbia) Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, George Macready, Joseph Calleia, Steven Geray*

THERE is no known classification for this big, expensive production. It tries, and often succeeds, to be drama, comedy, mystery, romance, and musical. The method of presentation (Glenn Ford doing a quiet narrative) will remind you of Laura. But Rita Hayworth as Gilda won't remind you of anyone else—you've never seen anything like her before! She's a combination of Clara Bow and Joan Crawford with a dash of Dietrich in modern, semi-nekkid dress.

Johnny Farrell (Glenn Ford) is the manager of an elegant gambling club in Buenos Aires owned by Ballin Mundson (George Macready) who also happens to control an international tungsten cartel. Well, this Big Time Operator buys the gorgeous Gilda for his bride, assigns Johnny as her bodyguard—all unaware that these two have had a love affair with a bitter ending.

But that's only one angle. Ballin, the smooth louse with a sword in his cane, has been double-crossing his German pals in the matter of some patents. He murders one of them under cover of a carnival, feigns suicide, then skips the country to let the mess blow over.

This leaves Gilda, to all intents and purposes, a merry widow still in love with Johnny—while he has translated all his emotion for her into hate and lust for revenge. So he marries her, then abruptly decamps, instructing a henchman of his to see to it that she doesn't have any fun. Gilda goes a little stir-crazy then, decides that she might as well live up to her unearned reputation. She puts on a black satin dress that starts just a few inches above the equator, slinks out on the Casino floor, and goes into an energetic bump-and-grind sequence to a moderately bawdy song called Put the Blame on Mame.

Hot-tempered Johnny and Gilda finally get together again in roman-

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tic reconciliation. Ballin returns, but only briefly. Pursued by the police, he dies by his own sword cane—at the hand of an enemy. This is a dramatic scene, even though it may seem implausible that an Argentine cop should bother to track down a Fascist. Much more likely that he would lose his job. But Joseph Calleia as the chief of police does his best to make it stick. In another supporting part, Steven Geray is intriguing as Uncle Pio, the philosophizing washroom attendant.

Gilda is noteworthy not only for Hayworth's shaking her red hair into the camera, but also for what is probably the most involved top-heavy story ever cooked up. You'll have a distinct feeling that it's going to take at least five hours to iron everything out; but somehow, incredibly, they manage to sew it up inside two. Which is perhaps surprising for a picture produced by a woman—Virginia Van Upp. Incidentally, it's nice to see Glenn Ford again —he's smooth and very capable.

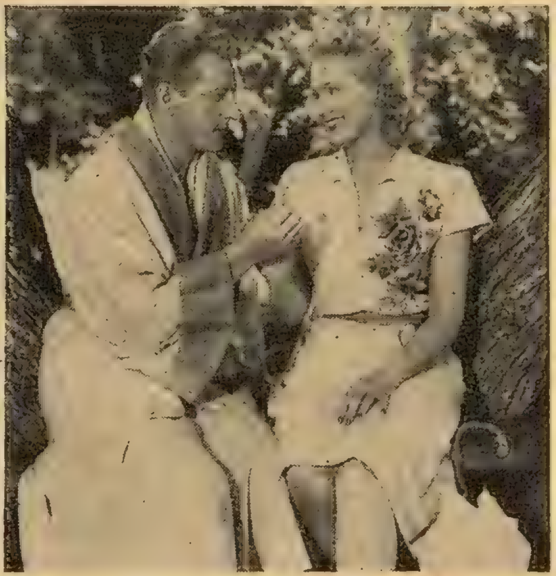
THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

(Goldwyn) Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Walter Abel, Eve Arden

HEY-HEY! The new king of scat and pantomime is back again. Danny Kaye, the Wonder Boy with the golden curls, Pinocchio nose and Chaplinesque talents, has been given another dual-personality role by the astute Mr. Goldwyn. This time he's a milkman whose chief interests are his horse Agnes and a burning desire to raise his salesmanship score.

Picking up his sister (Vera-Ellen) at the night club where she dances, he gets involved in some fisticuffs while protecting her honor. Subsequent publicity reveals that he has accidentally knocked out the middleweight champion of the world. And that is how Danny gets to be a prizefighter. Because, you see, the champ's manager, a gum-chewing dynamo portrayed ably by Walter Abel, has the idea of fixing several fights for Danny in the provinces so that a championship bout can later be arranged in the Garden, where presumably the champ will plaster Danny and recover his lost face.

But Danny, an impressionable young citizen, has been given "the Tiger" as his *nom de guerre* and has begun to behave like one. Little does he know that all his fights have been fixed. So, laboring under the delusion that he's terrific, he becomes so obnoxious that he very nearly busts up his romance with his fiancée, pretty Virginia Mayo. In the end he does win the championship, but *how* he wins it!


Danny will have to Kaye-O a lot of guys to pay for Virginia's engagement ring.

Scene-stealing all over the place are Eve Arden and Walter Abel. Danny's so busy fighting that he has time for only one musical number, a boffola about the ballet called Pavlowa. Then there are two spectacular dances by Vera-Ellen, accompanied by some good tunes well sung. All this and the Goldwyn Girls, too! The Kid from Brooklyn is highly formulized, but it's a mighty entertaining pattern, and Kaye's niche is still solid.

Milkman vs. mashers, or how Danny got to be known as "the Tiger."

A MAN OF PEACE

Continued from Page 27

moonshine stills in Burton County.

This time Gregg Lunsford was up for beating and disarming sheriff's deputies who had arrested his nephews, Cary's sons. Oh, the Lunsfords had submitted to arrest upon occasion. Gregg himself had once been sentenced to an hour in jail for shooting a neighbor in the leg, but the Governor of West Virginia had pardoned him because he was a Lunsford. You see, no member of the clan had ever stood behind bars and—so it was reported—Gregg himself had sworn publicly that never would a Burton County Lunsford submit to that indignity.

So there you were. That's the man who was going on trial. And I think you understand now what I, even at my age, had sensed. It really wasn't a Lunsford who was going on trial that week; the real defendant was Burton County, West Virginia.

LATE in the afternoon we heard my mother calling, "Benson! Benson!" And when we looked across the field to the house, we could see there was a horseman in the yard.

My daddy scowled and tight little wrinkles appeared suddenly at the corners of his mouth. "Hmp," he snorted, "when's a feller to get work done?" He waved an arm. "Hoh!" he shouted. "Hoh!"

The horseman wheeled then and came riding briskly in our direction. My daddy didn't go forth to meet him; he just stood there, his arms hanging straight at his sides.

And then, with a gasp and a sudden pounding of my pulse, I saw who the rider was. It was Gary Lunsford, brother to Gregg, big, unsmiling, sandy-haired, with a full drooping sandy mustache. When he came up he didn't say "Howdy" or "Good day," he just reined up his fine white horse in front of my daddy and looked down at him, hard and cold.

"Deblen," he said, "a feller brought word to me and Gregg that certain folks are meddling in things that don't concern them. I want to say that we don't recognize none but the regular officers of the law. No ragtail last-minute deputy better walk past me with a badge on. I'll take it off of him."

"I don't know what you speak of," said my daddy, and his voice seemed oddly strained. "I mind my business and meddle in no man's affairs."

"You heard me," said Cary Lunsford. "You know what I mean. Sheriff rode in here this morning and brought you a little tin badge to wear. All I got to say is, just you pin it on and I'll take it off of you."

"If I had a badge, and I had a mind to wear it, I'd pin it on whenever it pleased me," said my daddy. "But I ain't wearing a badge. I'm a busy man and got my planting to do."

"Speak civil when you speak to me," said Cary Lunsford, his voice rising harshly. "And mind this—if Gregg or I hear tell of you or any of your people getting mixed up in this, these mountains won't be big enough to hide you." So saying, he reined his horse around and, giving it the spur, went galloping across that barren field in a splatter of mud.

My daddy stood there a long time, looking toward the road. "I mind my business," he said softly after a while. "I harm no man. I'm a man of peace." He turned around and saw me standing there looking at him, wide-eyed and white-faced. "Eh?" he said, as though astonished to find me with him. "Let's go home, boy"—he spoke with unwonted gentleness. "Work can wait. I want to light my pipe and do some thinking."

As we trudged to the house he said, "No need to worry your mother with these things." And I just whispered, "Yes, sir."

MY daddy won't go or allow me to go to Keysburgh to that trial. But I know what happened in the Burton County courthouse next morning, the gray drizzly morning of March 17, 1910. Sometimes it seems as if I actually was there, so clear is it all in my mind.

Gregg presented himself at the court early; he came with his attorney, dignified old Judge Hinshaw. Just about court time, the rest of the male Lunsfords, ten or fifteen of them, came riding into town. They tied their horses to the hitching posts by the jail and mounted the wide dark wooden stairs to the courtroom with heavy feet. You could hear them throughout the building as they stomped up the steps, for the Lunsfords treaded lightly for no man or man-made institution.

They hadn't been there but a few minutes when the jury filed in. The jury foreman handed a slip of paper to Judge Barnwell. The judge glanced at it, then passed it to the clerk. Clerk Jesse Mock stood up and read, amid a tense silence:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Gregg Lunsford, guilty as charged."

Judge Barnwell turned to Gregg Lunsford and ordered him to stand. The huge towering white-headed man rose slowly to his feet, his bushy white mustache bristling incredulously at the news, his face grown suddenly crimson.

"I fix your punishment at confinement at hard labor in the state penitentiary for one year," droned the judge. He turned to the sheriff. "Sheriff, take charge of your prisoner."

Sheriff Hayme started toward the bar.

"I tell you," cried Gregg Lunsford, "I ain't agoin'!" He reached for his hip—there was a cry of warning, a sudden scuffle of feet throughout the courtroom, screams and shouts, and then a pistol cracked from the back of the room, and then another, then

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another, and then it seemed there were a dozen Lunsford guns exploding all at once. The sheriff reeled and fell, clutching his shirt front; the judge slumped forward; others were stumbling, falling; terrified spectators were crouching low in their seats or squatting against the walls.

Gregg Lunsford, pistol in hand, fled down the aisle to his kinsmen at the back, and a moment later the crouching spectators heard the thunder of many rapid feet descending the stairs.

It had happened. The thing that Burton County had long thought about, and talked about, and dreamed about in nightmare dreams had come to pass.

What happened next is confused in people's minds; some tell it one way, some another. But anyway, Clerk Jesse Mock, though shot through the neck, pursued the Lunsfords down the steps, and some of the sheriff's deputies and some of the courtroom spectators rushed after him, pistols in hand.

When they came out onto the lawn, the Lunsfords were already mounted and galloping down the main street of Keysburgh.

THAT morning my daddy and I had been sowing the tobacco. We were working in a light drizzle, broadcasting it in the bed, when suddenly my father stopped and cocked his head. "Hark!" he said. "What's that?"

We listened.

From up the valley came the muted sound of gunfire.

"Sounds like shooting up around Keysburgh," said my daddy, strange little wrinkles appearing on his forehead. "Reckon somebody spotted a wildcat prowling around his barnyard."

"In daytime?" I asked.

"Yes, in daytime," he snapped.

We went back to our sowing.

We heard a few more scattered shots, then all was quiet.

I guess it was seven or eight minutes later that we heard the galloping hoofs.

I looked at my daddy quick. He was standing facing the road, facing the bend up the hill where the trail emerged from a dense thicket of laurel. We waited. Round the bend came a band of racing horsemen. At the forefront was the big white horse of Cary Lunsford.

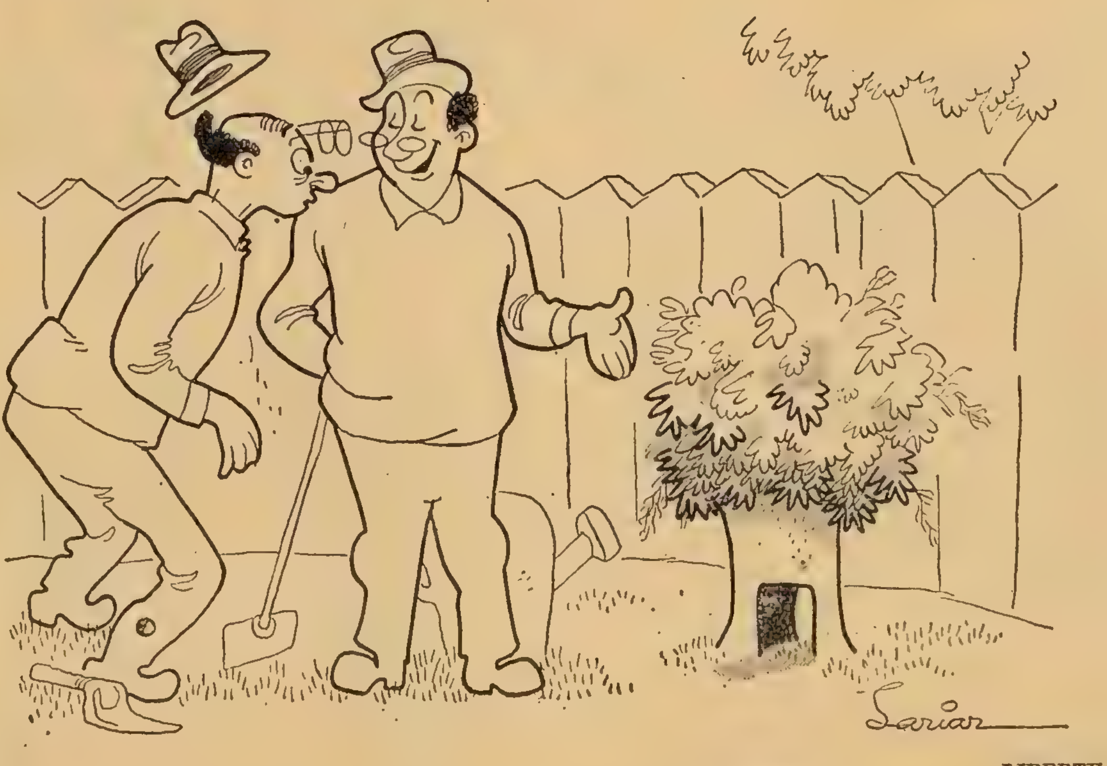
I'm sure that at that instant both of us knew approximately what had happened.

I suppose Cary Lunsford saw us standing in the field. He turned in at our place and the whole band followed. We could see now that one of them was bent over double in the saddle, and I saw with a sickening twitch at the pit of my stomach that the steaming white flank of Cary's steed was streaked with liquid red.

Cary Lunsford's tough lean face was wild and white, a terrible thing to see. He waved the others on down the lane toward our pasture, while he wheeled over toward us, and then I saw he held a pistol in his hand. I closed my eyes tightly and my legs seemed suddenly boneless like a rag doll's legs and I staggered. Then I opened my eyes.

"If you value your life, Deblen," cried Cary hoarsely, pointing his cocked pistol at my father's chest, "let no man know we passed through here!" Then he snatched his horse's head around and tore off after the others, flinging a gritty spatter of mud in our faces.

They crossed our pasture and disappeared among the laurel. There was a trail going that way, a steep weed-grown trail that descended



LIBERTY

"It's a very young California redwood!"

through our woods and came out far below into the valley road.

"Run to the house, boy!" cried my father. "Tell your mother to keep indoors. And stay there with her."

I sped as fast as my stubby legs would take me.

I saw the pursuing band of horsemen sweep round the bend. My daddy met them in the yard. I saw him point down our lane in the direction the Lunsfords had taken.

After a while my daddy came into the house. "Some awful thing has happened," he said in a low voice to my mother. "God knows how many men lie dead."

We found out later that afternoon. Five had been slain in the courtroom. The judge, the state's attorney, the sheriff, a juror, and a girl witness for the state—all were dead. Two jurors and Clerk Mock were wounded.

A telegram had been dispatched to the Governor of West Virginia, asking him to send state militia. A posse was forming.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Forney Branch rode into our yard. He held a rifle in the crook of his big bony arm. He was with a group of four mounted men, neighborhood farmers all. They waited for him out in the road.

"We need every man can aim a gun to help hunt down the Lunsfords," he said to my father. "A posse's forming in Keysburgh. Reckon you'll be coming with us?"

"No," said my father, "I reckon not. I can aim a gun at a squirrel, but not at my fellow man. This here's a kind of hunting I don't have no stomach for. The Lunsfords have shot and killed, I know; but bad as they be, they're still human beings."

"Benson," said Mr. Forney Branch quietly, "sometimes it looks to me like you favor law and order only if you ain't called on to help enforce it."

"Tracking down people with a cocked gun ain't my idea of law and order," said my daddy. "Shedding blood on top of shed blood. Piling violence on top of violence. I'm a man of peace. It's wrong, I tell you —all wrong."

Mr. Forney Branch and his four companions rode away.

IT was hard for me to sleep that night. There was too much happening. I would doze fitfully, then wake up with a start. I might hear the clatter of horses' hoofs going by the road, or sometimes a distant halloo in the mountains, or a rifle shot. I learned later what those rifle shots meant. They were warning shots, fired by partisans of the Lunsfords when searchers entered a neighborhood. We heard many of those rifle shots the next few days.

The next day was a workday as usual for me. It wasn't easy to keep at it, either, with so much excitement in the mountains. Horsemen rode constantly through our yard and pasture without so much as a by-your-leave. Every man you saw was armed to the teeth—a pistol on each hip, usually, and a rifle in his hands.

My father tried to go about his business as though nothing had happened. It was a difficult pretense to maintain.

When a crowd of young fellows from Keysburgh came prancing down our lane, talking loud, brandishing their guns importantly, as young bucks will, my father's face darkened. "Making a carnival out of a death hunt," he muttered, turning his back to them.

THAT night, after supper, my daddy sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe as was his custom. Having put my baby sister to bed, my mother joined us by the stove, for it was cold those March nights in the mountains. She sat quietly, humming a vague tune as she darned socks over a gourd. I just sat against the wall, my elbow on the kitchen table, watching a couple of midget insects dance crazily around the tall glass chimney of the kerosene lamp.

I heard a patrol coming up through the yard. The horses came around and stopped near the back door. Heavy feet ascended the steps and crossed the back porch. The door was flung open, and there, in the frame, pistol in hand, stood Cary Lunsford. Behind him stood his white-haired brother Gregg.

My mother gave a little cry and half rose from her chair, then sank back weakly.

The two men strode in.

They were unshaven and looked gray and haggard. They were muddy and disheveled, their clothing torn. Cary's left arm hung limply in a dirty sling.

My daddy was standing up now, while the two men covered him with their guns. His own gun, a double-barreled shotgun, rested on pegs above the kitchen door. I stared at it, wild-eyed and panting, and if wishes could have moved that thing of steel and wood, mine would have thrust it in his hands.

"We've come to settle a debt," said Cary in low even tones. "I gave you fair warning, Deblen, but you put them on our trail, and now the time has come to settle up."

My father's face was ashen, but his voice didn't quiver. "Blood," he said. "You want blood and still more blood. You're an evil pair of killers, you and Gregg, but a sea of blood won't quench the fires that wait for you in hell."

"Preach all you want to," said Gregg, "but preach fast, because I reckon you'll burn a few days sooner than we two."

My mind was numb; it seemed that this was something I was observing from a great distance. I stared at my father, at his taut white face, and I saw the fear of death shining brightly in his eyes.

"Fire," he said. "Fire everlasting." And he flicked his eyes at me. His

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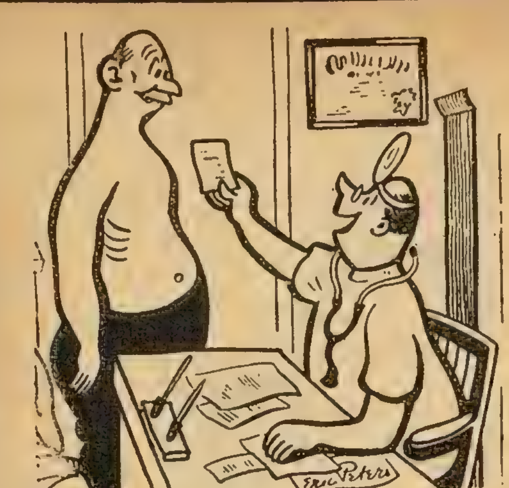

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eyes cried to me, and I didn't know what they said. "You'll burn," he said softly, "in the consuming flame."

And he seemed to gaze for an instant at the lamp.

And it came to me then with such a heady rush that I almost fainted. I popped out all over in a chilly sweat, and I wondered if I could accomplish this daring thing he wanted me to do.

Holding my breath, I lifted a pudgy quaking hand toward the lamp, and I knew he was watching me from the corner of his eye. My hand crept closer, closer. Gregg Lunsford raised his pistol then and pointed it at my father's heart. I gasped, snatched for the lamp, caught at the screw, turned down the wick. The flame snuffed out. All was dark. I ducked under the table.

THERE was a scuffling sound, a thump, my mother screamed. There were two quick bright flashes of pistol fire and then a wide red streak of flame and a shotgun blast.

There were oaths and grunts, followed by a ringing silence. The pungent stench of gun smoke filled the room. Then close to me, on the floor, I heard a brushing sound and quick panting breath. I froze in a little knot against the wall—it seemed my pounding heart must burst forth from the confinement of my breast. Quite suddenly something touched me—I gasped—a big hand clutched my blouse.

"You weasel," growled a near-by voice. "A smart one, ain't you?" Then the voice was raised and addressed itself to the pulsing darkness of the room. "I've got your boy, Deblen." And I recognized the voice of Cary Lunsford.

"Has he got you, son?"

"Yes, daddy," I gasped, hardly able to speak.

"Don't move, anybody," growled Cary Lunsford. "If I hear a sound, it'll be too bad for the boy." It was very quiet. All I could hear was the heavy breathing of my captor. "You all right, Gregg?"

The reply was a light groan. "My leg," came in a strained whisper. "Damned if that load of shot didn't smack me in the thigh."

Cary Lunsford's grip tightened.

"Can you make it outside by yourself?" he called to his brother.

"Yes, I can make it," said Gregg Lunsford in that strained voice.

"All right. Go ahead."

By now my bulging eyes could distinguish the long gray rectangle of the open doorway shimmering against the velvet blackness of the room. I saw the shadow of Gregg Lunsford rise from the floor, framed against this opening, and stagger out onto the porch, all hunched over.

"You all right, Gregg?"

"I'm all right," he groaned.

"Got your gun?"

"I got it."

"Stand back and cover the rest of them when I send them out."

Then, after a few moments, from the porch: "All right, I'm ready."

"Deblen, you and your woman get out on that porch now. Leave your shotgun on the kitchen floor. And don't forget, I've got your boy here and my pistol is cocked."

"Don't hurt him," begged my mother. "Please don't hurt him."

"Get on out there then. Both of you."

My mother and daddy stepped out through the door.

"All right, you. Get up." He yanked me out from under the table and rose to his feet, dragging me up with him. A short little exclamation of pain escaped him, and then I remembered I had seen his left arm in a sling; but his right hand clutched me in a viselike grip, never for an instant relaxing.

He stepped onto the porch, thrusting me before him.

In the faint moonlight I could see Gregg Lunsford leaning against a corner post. He looked like he was hurt bad. My mother and daddy stood below him in the yard.

"All right, Deblen," said Cary Lunsford's cold hard voice. "Give Gregg a hand here. Help him off the porch and h'ist him into the saddle. Reach me your gun, Gregg."

MY father came up and helped the groaning Gregg Lunsford down the steps; he led him to his horse and lifted him to the saddle.

"Now stand back." My father moved back, away from the two horses. "Come on, boy."

"No!" cried my mother. "No! Don't take him with you!"

"Come on." He shook me roughly. He descended the steps and strode to his mount, pushing me ahead of him. Almost before I knew it, he had swung me up to the horse's back, and the next instant had vaulted into the saddle behind me.

"Please!" cried my mother. "Please don't take him!"

"Stay where you are," warned Cary Lunsford. He caught up the reins and gripped me tightly with his huge right hand. "You can pass the word around that if they start closing in on us, and it comes to a gun fight, we got the boy with us. As for you, Deblen"— he turned to my father—"I'm settling up with you right now!"

"No!" cried my mother. "No!"

The world went black and seemed

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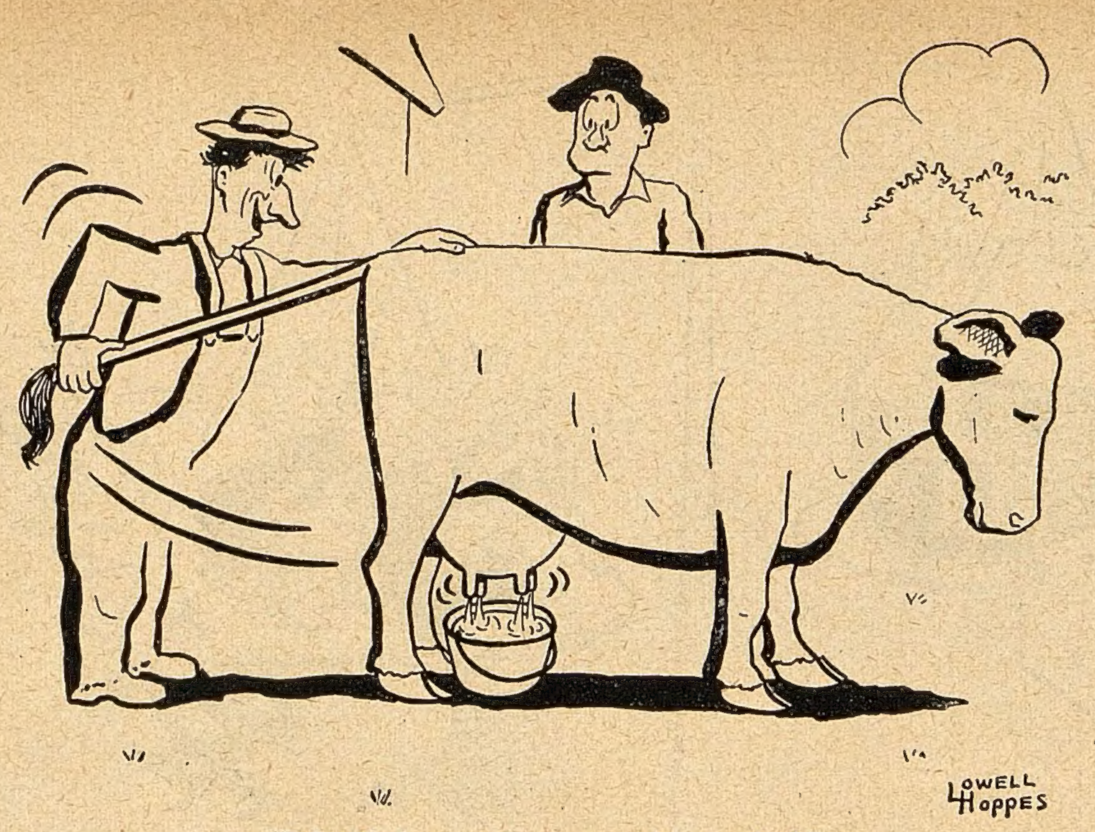

"I decided to try it once, and it worked."

LIBERTY

to spin for an instant; and then it came to me clearly that my father dared not dodge or flee or try to save himself for fear of what this evil man might do to me. The thread of my life was the thread of steel that bound my father hand and foot, and I knew then that I was the only one with the power to free him from those bonds.

Cary's gun, wobbling slightly, was pointing at my daddy now.

I sucked in my breath and lunged forward; with my two fists I struck the animal upon the neck, at the same instant kicking fiercely with my heels. The beast gave a startled leap just as the gun went off; she plunged and reared while her master, cursing furiously, tried to hold her in; amid this excitement, I flung a leg over the beast's neck and attempted to slip off to the ground, but Cary Lunsford's huge right hand would not release me. The horse gave a frightened snort and sped across our back lot. Cary Lunsford had to make a choice then between managing his steed and retaining his prisoner, and suddenly he let me go. I was conscious of a flurry of thundering hoofs bare inches from my face as I struck the ground and rolled over and over—then another flurry of hoofs dashed by. I lay there, aching, it seemed, in every muscle of my body, my breath knocked from me. After a while, though, I began to breathe. I got up, sore and shaky.

I headed toward the house at a limping trot. A moment later my daddy came running down the back steps, carrying his gun, a lantern in his hand. I heard a groan from near by in the darkness.

"Daddy!" I cried. "Come here!"

"Are you all right, son?"

"I'm all right. But come here quick!"

He crossed the yard, holding the lantern aloft. Then we both saw the prostrate form. We hurried over. The wounded Gregg Lunsford was lying in the grass of the yard where his horse had thrown him.

My daddy raised his head, cupped his hands to his mouth. He let out a series of quick excited cries such as a huntsman uses when he urges on a pack of hounds. His voice echoed through the hills. Answering cries came from below our place.

IN a few minutes posse men came galloping into our yard. Mr. Forney Branch was in the group.

"So it was you that got him, after all," said Mr. Forney Branch.

"Me 'n' the boy here," said my daddy, nodding toward me. "This boy makes me right proud." He gave an embarrassed little cough. "I'll hitch up the wagon so we can drive Gregg into town," he said after a moment. "After I come back, I reckon I'll join you fellers. We'll have to keep at the job till they're all rounded up." He paused. "I was wrong, Forney," he said. "I've always been a man of peace. But I see now that a blow ain't just a blow. There's the blow that's struck in pride and arrogance—and that's a thing of evil. But there's another blow—the blow that's struck in self-defense—and sometimes that's the only way a law-abiding man can hope to survive."

"Well-l-l, yes," said Mr. Forney Branch, "except there's more to it than just self-defense."

"No," said my daddy, "self-defense covers it all. When one face is struck by a lawless hand, the face of every decent man is likewise struck. That's where I made my mistake. I was too blind to see that." He turned to me. "Remember that, son," he said. "Teach it to your children and your children's children."

"Yes, sir," I whispered. "I'll try."

THE END

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MAY 4, 1946

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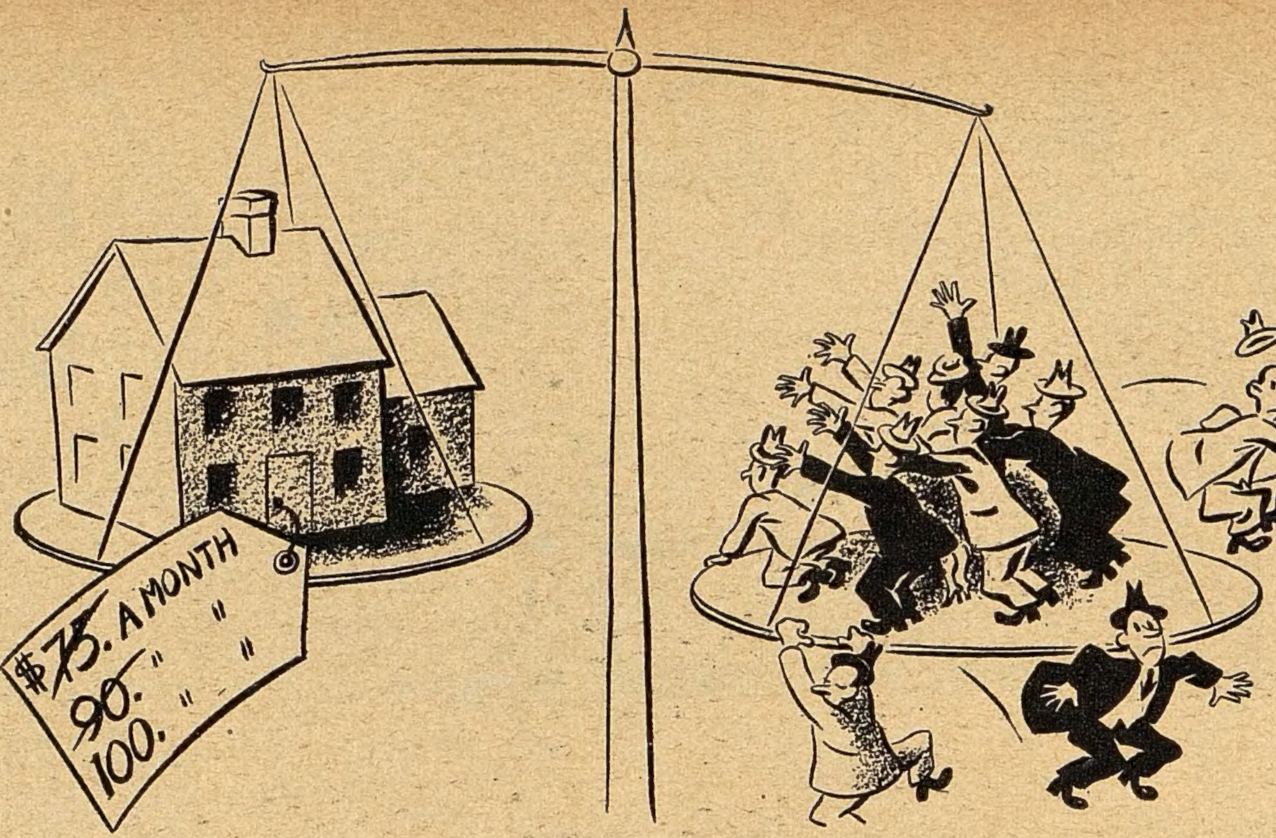


THE WHY OF THE HOUSING SHORTAGE

THE various explanations advanced for the housing shortage—no building during the war, growing population, increased marriages—taken altogether hardly add up to a lack of dwelling space as severe as we are experiencing.

Through marriage we added perhaps some two million new families during the war years to our over-all total. We failed to construct perhaps some three million new dwelling units to accommodate these families and to replace old structures no longer fit to live in. But we must remember that before the war there were many houses and apartments not occupied. Nowhere in the country was it necessary to look very long for adequate living quarters. Enough surplus dwelling units were available to house these new families even without any new construction. Now every decent dwelling unit in the country is occupied and people by the millions are looking for places to live.

Actually, the housing shortage is due to the same causes as every other shortage we are experiencing. It is caused by unprecedented numbers of people wanting something they were content to do without before the war and being able to pay for it. Let's apply a little arithmetic to the housing crisis and see where we come out. Let's say, arbitrarily, that for every 100 people who want houses or apartments, only 90 are available. These 10 home-seekers out of every 100 for whom there are no accommodations add up to a housing shortage of an acute nature.

Let's say, again arbitrarily, that of these 100 prospective householders 75 now have some place to live—perhaps doubled up, or with relatives. But the other 25 absolutely *must* have a house because there is no place else for them to go. They'll sleep in the park if they don't get one. The ones now doubled up or living with relatives are not quite happy and are looking for a place of their own if they can find one that doesn't cost too much.

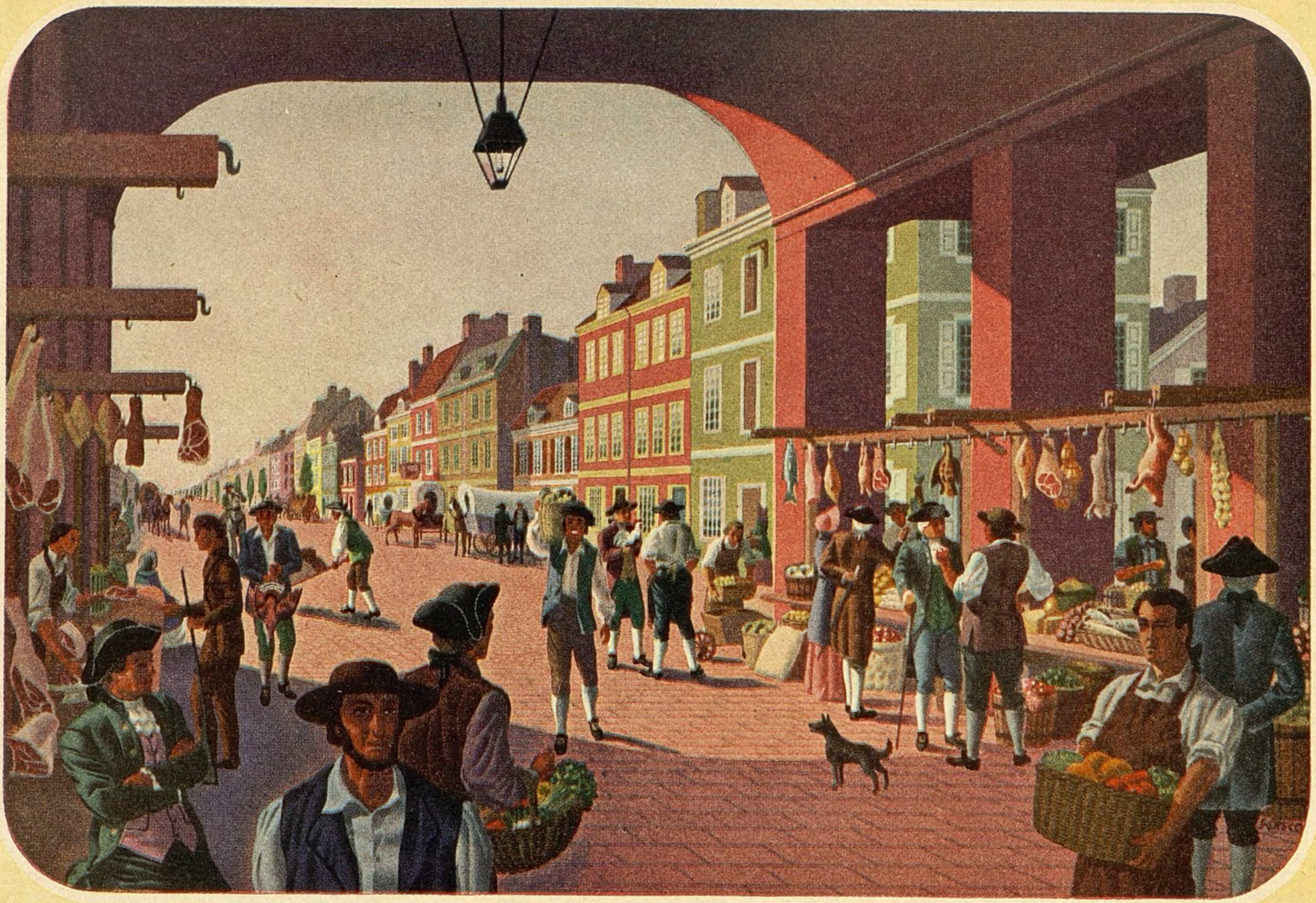
Here we come to the nub of the question. At present rents, controlled by OPA, all the 75 find it desirable to look for places of their own. If rents rose slightly, fewer would find this idea attractive. Rents only have to rise enough for 10 out of the 75 to conclude they're better off where they are, and the housing shortage will disappear. If rents rise a little further, more than 10 will say, "To heck with it!" and then we will have a housing surplus. As landlords competed with one another for tenants, rents would soon enough stabilize themselves at the exact point where the supply of housing balances demand at prices people find possible to pay.

New construction would be stimulated because builders could see their way to profitable operation. People would be attracted from older structures to the newer ones, and thus the level of quality of all our housing would rise steadily while competition held rents and house prices in balance.

During the OPA hearings before Congress it was often pointed out that disaster would overtake us if price control were eliminated, particularly on rents. However, even on such a necessity as a place to live, the inexorable laws of a free market place soon exert their own control.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



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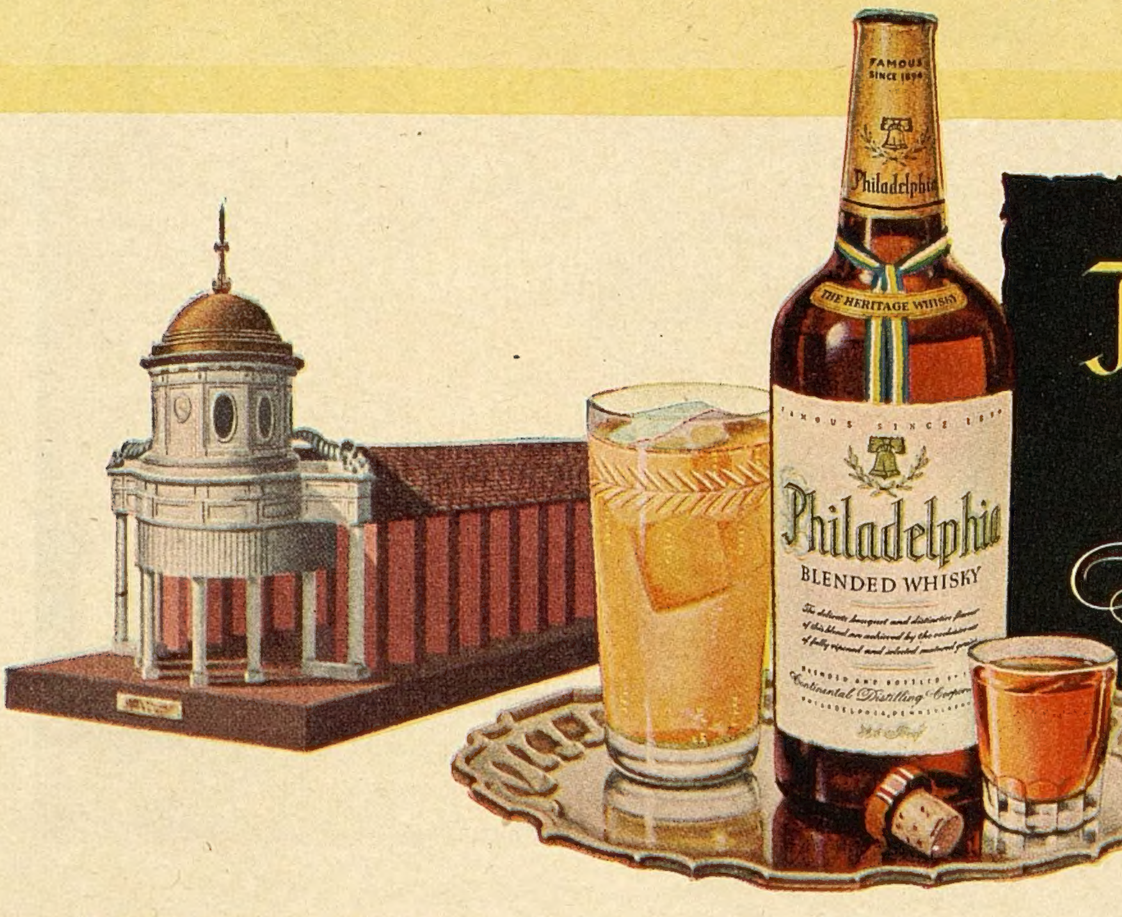
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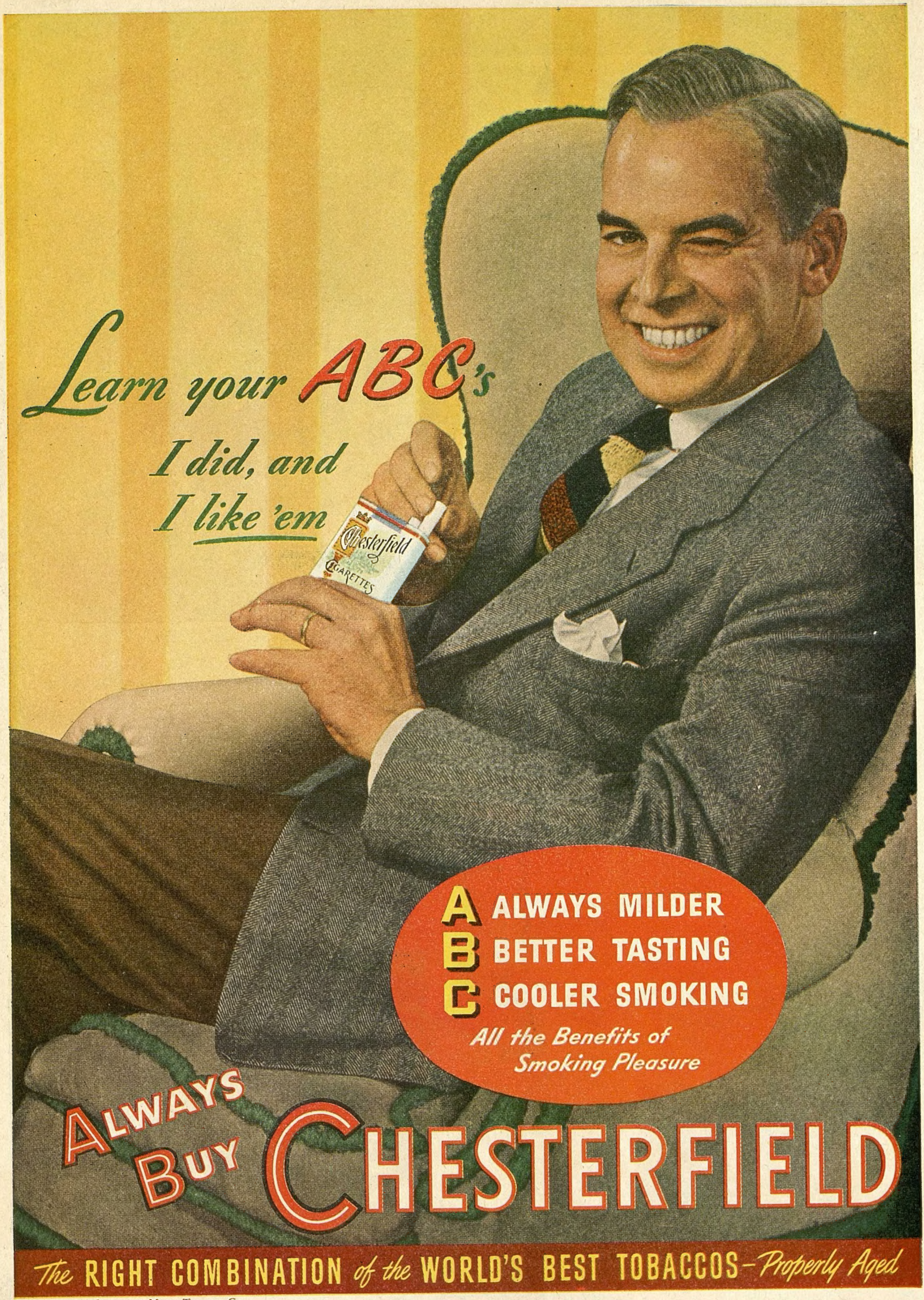
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